

# PINNACLE JAKE



as told by A.B. Snyder  
to Nellie Snyder Yost

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# PINNACLE JAKE

*as told by*

A. B. SNYDER

*to*

NELLIE SNYDER YOST

*Illustrated with photographs*



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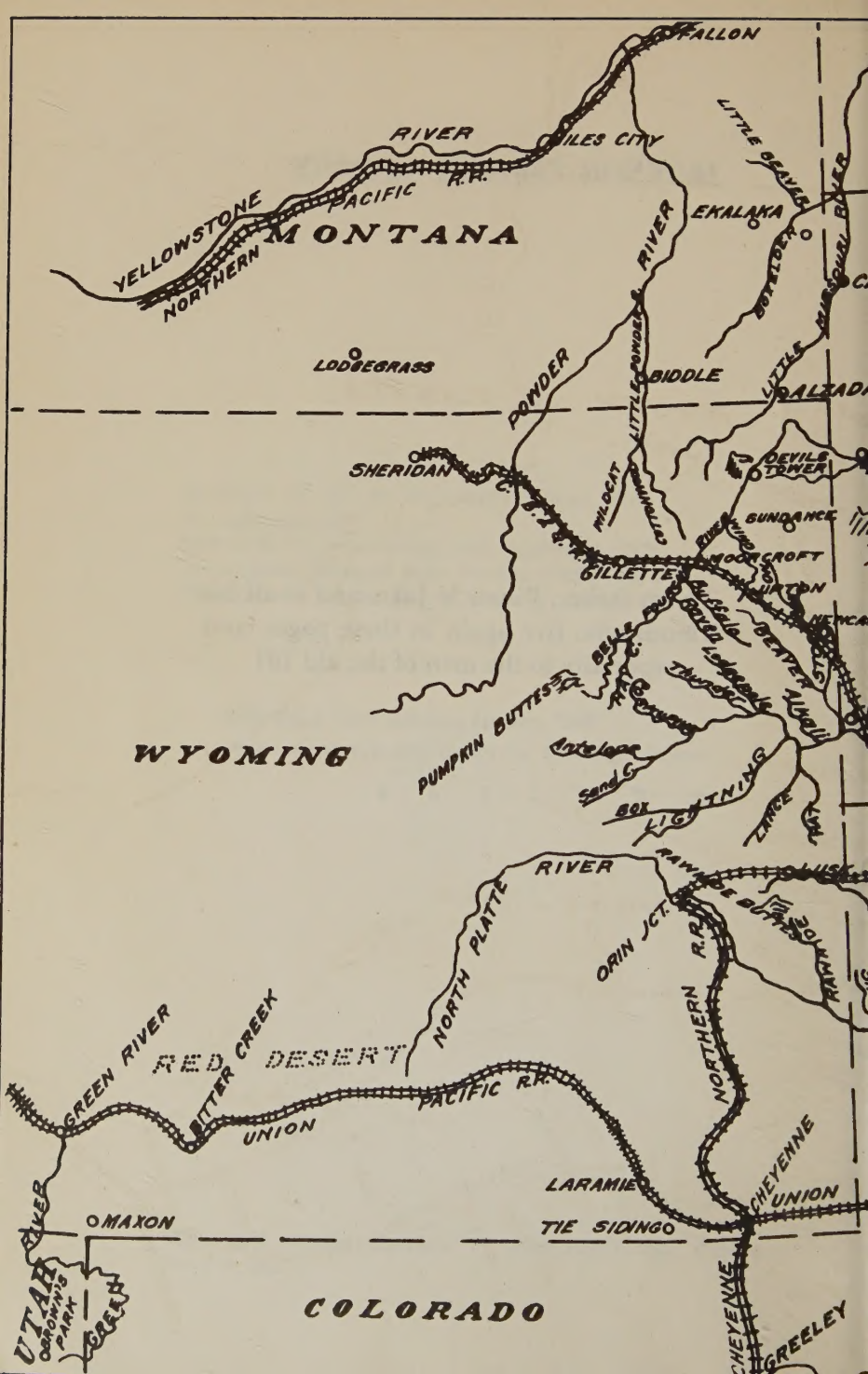
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To my father, Pinnacle Jake, and to all his  
friends who live again in these pages, and  
especially to the men of the old 101.



YELLOWSTONE  
NORTHERN

MONTANA

LODGEGRASS

WYOMING

COLORADO

UTAH  
CANYON  
PARK

GREEN RIVER

RED CREEK

DESERT

UNION

PACIFIC R.R.

NORTH PLATTE  
RIVER

RIVER

LARAMIE

TIE SILINGO

CHEYENNE

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ORIN JCT.

NORTHERN R.R.

RAVINE BUTTE

PUMPKIN BUTTES

BELLE FOUR

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BALZADA

BIDDLE

POWDER

SNAKE RIVER

EKALAKA

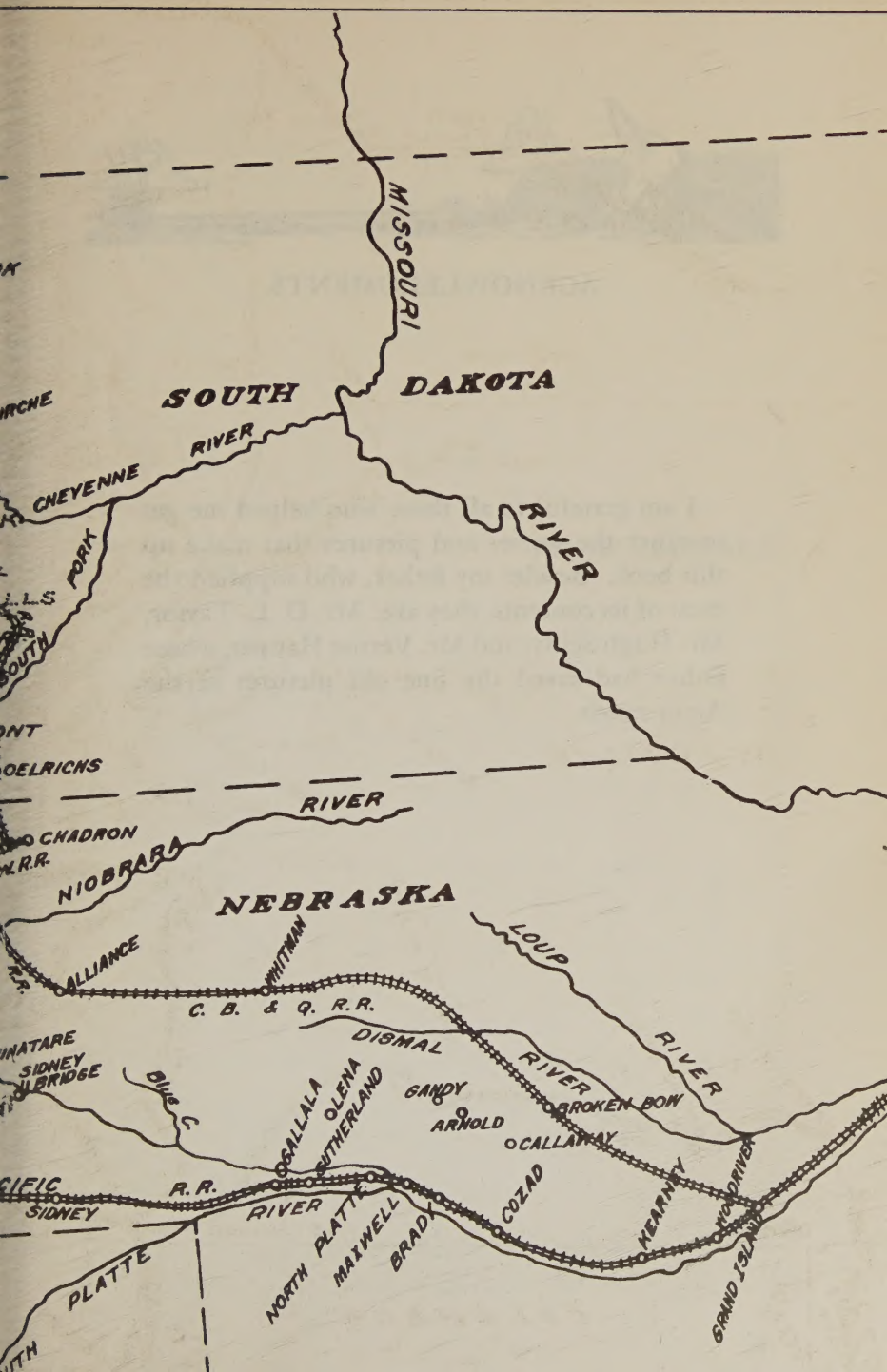
BOYALDER

LITTLE SNAKE RIVER

MILES CITY

RIVER

PACIFIC R.R.





## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I am grateful to all those who helped me get together the stories and pictures that make up this book. Besides my father, who supplied the most of its contents, they are: Mr. O. L. Taylor, Mr. Hugh Scilly, and Mr. Vernie Hansen, whose father had saved the fine old pictures of the Ames ranch.

PINNACLE JAKE

SOME OF THE RANCH BRANDS USED IN  
"PINNACLE JAKE"



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Necktie



JD connected



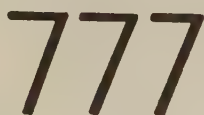
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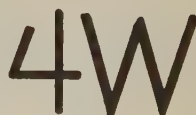
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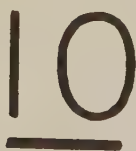
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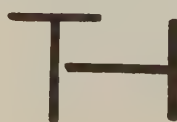
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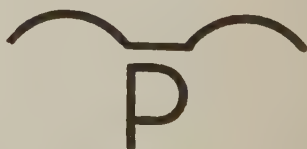
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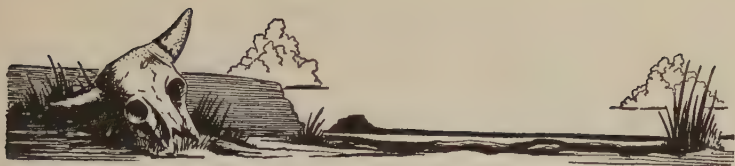
Keystone



Shipwheel



Ox Yoke P



## INTRODUCTION

**I**N MARCH, 1949, Pinnacle Jake wrote the following letter to Con Price, cowboy author of *Memories of Old Montana*, and *Trails I Rode*:

107 So. Cottonwood,  
North Platte, Nebr.

DEAR CON:

I've just read both your books and liked them a lot. They made old memories live again; as I used to ride those Montana and Wyoming ranges, too. I was sent down in the Belle Fourche country a couple of summers, for awhile, and repped with the Three V wagon there.

I worked for the old 101 in Wyoming and Montana from the spring of '93 to the fall of '95. I done about everything from running a wagon to cooking for awhile..

The cook with Doc Long's wagon, on the trail from Wyoming to Montana on the Little Missouri, got drunk and upset the wagon in a cellar at old Camp Crook. The cook quit so I cooked for about ten days, 'til Long could get another cook. There was no kicking about the grub, for I never shed my six-shooter while I was cooking.

I guess I worked at about every range job but wrangling horses and drag\* driving. I never happened to draw either of those jobs.

I still own my own spread in the Nebraska sandhills, though

---

\* Driving the stragglers at the tail end of the herd, the dirtiest and slowest job of all.

my wife and I have retired to North Platte, and my son runs the ranch.

I have most of Charlie Russell's books too, and I knew some of the fellows that used to talk a good deal about him before he quit punching cows, although I never knew him personally.

I was known in that country by the name of "Pinnacle Jake," and I guess most of the fellows out there never knew me by my real name.

It's a good thing some of the old timers are writing about what really happened then, and how we worked and lived in those days.

Yours truly,  
A. B. SNYDER.

1069 Summit Ave.  
Napa, Calif.

MY DEAR SNYDER:

I sure enjoyed reading your letter, and your praise of my books sure makes me feel good down inside; as I fully realize I am not a finished writer, no education, just an old "Cow Dog," and tried to set down facts (of course you know all old cowpunchers lied sometimes). But I tried to tell the truth as near as I could, and I have several nice letters from such fellows as yourself that knows what I write about. Some guy in Montana claims he was the hero in "Bronc for Breakfast," that Charlie Russell painted, claims he knows me (I don't recall him). He wrote in the *Texas Cattleman* magazine that I was all wrong about what I wrote about the Crow Indians, sure made me mad, because I wrote what I really seen, but the public, reading what he wrote, would think all my book was d--- lies. He was just trying to make a Hero out of himself, and trying to hurt me. I had a letter from a friend of his saying he was in a hospital in Bozeman, very sick, and would like to have a letter from me, but if I wrote him, the way I feel towards him, it would probably kill him, so I didn't write at all. If there is anything that disgusts me in anyone it is misrepresenting themselves. I have more respect for an oldtime horse thief that admits it, than I have for a four flusher.

Well anyway Snyder, I enjoyed your letter and wish we were where we could do some backtracking. If you write again give me your first name. I don't like initials or Mr. I like Tom, Bill, or Buck, anything but initials or Mr. Of course I know some of the old boys didn't give their right names in the old days, but I

imagine you are like myself, have got so d---- old the law wouldn't do anything to them now. I will be eighty years old the 14th of April, and old Father Time has sure put his hobbles on me and rivited them and about all I can do is mosey from the bed-ground to feed and water, and if anyone wanted to catch me it would be d---- easy.

Well, this old typewriter acts like it was going to buck so I better jump off, as I couldn't ride it even if it just "crow hopped." I am not a top hand at riding one of them, so if you run onto any mistakes just figger like the old cowpuncher used to say "Got my loop tangled and made a bad throw."

Sincerely,  
CON PRICE.

107 So. Cottonwood,  
North Platte, Nebr.

DEAR CON:

Sure enjoyed your letter. I was born in Nebraska in 1872 and named Albert Benton Snyder. Like you I was put to herding cattle at about seven years old, and I kept working with stock. At fourteen I was breaking quite a few saddle horses for the neighbors, to get me some spending money.

For the last three years I've been so no account that I've been living in North Platte and my son, Miles, and his family, runs the ranch.

Yours truly,  
BERT SNYDER.

Before he was a year old Pinnacle Jake's parents, Jeremiah and Frances Miles Snyder, moved from his birthplace near Peru, Nebraska, to Republican City, not far away. There his father took a homestead and built up a little herd of cattle. Most of the neighboring land was also taken by homesteaders who put out little patches of corn and garden stuff, but drouth and grasshoppers beset the settlers most of the time and they made sparse livings, at best.

Pinnacle was the eighth of nine children and the family lived in a two-room log house where the family cooking

was done over the open fireplace. At the age of seven he was put on a little old mare, a gentle Indian pony with split ears, and put to herding cattle. As far as he can remember that pony was the only mare he ever rode. With his lunch in a sack on the saddle the boy herded his father's cattle through the long, hot summer days, keeping them out of the neighbor's little corn patches.

Most of the time he grazed them on little Stapleton Creek where there was good grass and water. A poor farmer and his family lived in a little dugout, near by, but their little corn and melon patch was over a hill, out of sight of their dwelling. From the top of the hill they could see their field and, after the scrawny little melons began to ripen, they hoofed it up that hill right often, suspicioning that Pinnacle might swipe a few, which he did whenever he had a chance. Now and then they caught him, whereupon they hurried over to his home and told his father. Then, in Pinnacle's words, "Paw paid for the melons and thrashed me."

One day Pinnacle and his father climbed in their buckboard and drove seven or eight miles to visit a cousin, Henry Snyder. A few weeks earlier, while doing some ox-team freighting, Henry had been ambushed by Indians. From behind his wagon he shot the leader of the small attacking band and scared the others off. Henry had then scalped the Indian and come on home from his freighting trip.

As they talked of the incident Henry pulled the scalp from his pocket, smelled it to see if it was curing properly, and stuffed it in his pocket again.

Pinnacle's father owned a little wild mare and he had given the lad one of her colts. In the spring of 1882, when the colt was three years old and Pinnacle was ten, he started breaking it. By midsummer, when the family set

out to move to Maxwell, he was getting along fine with the job and riding the colt a good deal.

On the way north they camped near the present site of Holdredge, Nebraska, which was then only a settlers' homestead. Pinnacle, told to ride to the settler's well after water, was given two tin pails, one inside the other, to bring it back in. Before he was well started the pails rattled together and scared the colt, which bucked Pinnacle off. After that he was ornery and Pinnacle said he had "a dickens of a time with him for the next three years."

At Maxwell, when midwinter snows kept him from regular outdoor work, Pinnacle went to school until he was fifteen and started on his cowboy career. After that the only times he saw the inside of a schoolhouse were probably when he went calling on the schoolmom.

The forty-five years he spent on his Sandhills ranch in McPherson County, Nebraska, make a story by themselves. There Pinnacle and his wife raised a son and three daughters, experienced blizzards, prairie fires, the influx of the "Kincaid" settlers, all far from a town or railway or even a decent road. Through it all they built a good home and a fine little ranch, and helped to build and shape a community.

There were always good horses at the ranch and, after a few years, there was usually one, or two, good old horse "pensioners" grazing in the meadow and lazing in the sun, their working days done. Such a one was old Dewey, the last two or three years of his life. Dewey did not make it "through to grass," his last winter, but came to the end of his days one cold January evening.

Pinnacle had been keeping him in the barn nights and leading him out into the sun, daytimes, but there came a day when the tired old horse laid down on some hay in the barnyard and could not get up again, that

evening. Pinnacle tried to help him up but melted snow had frozen again, under the hay, and the horse's feet could get no hold on the slippery ground. They both knew there was no use trying any more.

Pinnacle came to the house for his six-shooter and the family stayed inside and tried not to listen, but there was no shot and shortly Pinnacle came in again and laid his gun up. The sun went down while the family went silently about the evening chores. After dark Pinnacle took the gun and went out again, to do the job he couldn't do in daylight.

Then there was Silver, the gold Kentucky Whip stallion with silver mane and tail, and his son Jeff, a bright sorrel whose mother died when he was a baby. The extra attention given him because of that misfortune made him practically a member of the family. Old Roany, wise, kind, old "kid horse" that he was, certainly had a big hand in raising the two younger girls. Later there was Antelope, handsome, big fawn and white spotted horse, and finally, old Nibbs and Casey.

In the course of time high-spirited Jeff became an old pensioner, dreaming in the sun, and Pinnacle said to his youngest daughter, "Bertie, you better saddle old Jeff an' ride him a little, now an' then. He seems to feel bad when he sees us saddle th' other horses an' ride off, but us men are too heavy for him now."

Nibbs and Casey, the big pinto and the short-coupled little bay, broken by Pinnacle eighteen years ago, are the pensioners now. In their twenties, they are no longer ridden except occasionally by the little grandsons.

About ten years ago the men cut down some big dead cottonwoods which Pinnacle wanted dragged down to the woodpile near the ranch house. They had no work horses in, that afternoon, but there was always a saddle horse

handy. The saddle horse happened to be Nibbs, the big pinto, and Pinnacle told the men to put a harness on him and pull the logs away.

Nibbs let them put the harness on him and hitch him to a log but he refused to lean into the collar or to pull an ounce. So Pinnacle said, "All right, pull off the harness and put a saddle on him." Then he tied one end of his throw rope to the saddle horn and the other end to a log and Nibbs right willingly dragged every log from the wood lot to the woodpile. Nibbs had a cow horse's pride and no one could make a work horse out of him.



## CHAPTER ONE

I WAS fifteen years old, that summer of 1887 when Jack Smallwood and I left North Platte, Nebraska, with a bunch of saddle horses that M. C. Keith was sending up to Bill Paxton's outfit, the Ogallala Land and Cattle Company. We were headed for the White Tail Ranch, company headquarters on White Tail Creek, where the little town of Keystone was built some years later.

Paxton had four wagons on the trail that summer, moving cattle from the Nebraska sandhills to Converse and Johnson counties in northern Wyoming. Paxton was moving out of Nebraska, following the hard winter of 1886-87 when so many of his cattle had died of starvation in the deep snow; also because the Platte Valley was settling up fast, and Paxton was seeking more room. The first tide of homesteaders was cramping his style.

When we pulled in to the White Tail Ranch the foreman told us that the outfits had already left for Wyoming with the trail herds, and for us to go on until we caught up with the wagons, as the horses we had in our bunch would be needed on the trail. About seventy miles west of White Tail we overtook the last wagon. Hewitt, the wagon boss, was short a man, so he put Smallwood to work and told me that I'd just as well go along to Wyoming as

they might need me later on, so I drifted along with his wagon.

There was something over thirty-five hundred head of cattle in each of the four Paxton trail herds. Gene Hall, now living in Alliance, Nebraska, was foreman of the first outfit, Bill Hanger of the second, Bud Chambers of the third, and John Hewitt of the fourth. Hewitt and Chambers were both Texas men.

Each of the Paxton wagons had a boss, a cook, a day wrangler, and eight men in the crew—if it had a full crew. The herds were strung out up the trail about a day's drive apart from each other, and the outfits trailed right along during the early part of the forenoon, while it was cool, then grazed along to water at noon.

We'd make noon camp and water up good, then trail out again about half-past two and graze along 'til evening, when we threw the herds off the trail and made dry camp for the night.

After supper we bedded the herds down. On night herd, when everything was going good, two men stood each two-hour relief, or shift. One of the two herders on each relief carried a watch, his own or borrowed, so he could tell when it came time to call the next guard. I never owned a watch, never thought I needed one.

I'd been with Hewitt's wagon three or four days when Jim Ware, the manager of the Ogallala Company, rode in to our noon camp. He had been on up the trail visiting the wagons ahead, to make sure they were getting lined out on the trail all right, and was heading back to the White Tail Ranch.

Jim told me to roll out from under the mess wagon, eat my dinner and go on up to Bud Chamber's wagon; as he was short a man in his crew. Bud was camped ten or twelve miles below the Sidney bridge, and I rode into

his camp as the outfit was getting ready to pull out on the trail after dinner.

I guess Bud wanted to get acquainted with me, for instead of putting me on the trail with the herd, he said, "Come on and ride with me, Kid." We took the mess wagon on four or five miles nearer the bridge and camped it for the night, then Bud said we'd better ride on to the store; as he wanted to get a water barrel for his mess wagon.

A fellow by the name of Charlie Moore had a store and road ranch about three-quarters of a mile north of the bridge. His layout was a big sod building, about forty by sixty feet, with two doors on the long south front. One door opened into the saloon and dining room, the other into the general store. A little yard around the soddy was fenced in with beer bottles, the necks stuck into the ground in a row about a foot wide. Moore's was the last store we'd find until we reached Lusk, Wyoming.

We went in the store and Bud asked Moore if he had a whisky barrel we could get to use for a water barrel. Moore took us into a storeroom back of the main room where he kept sacks of grain, barrels of whisky and liquor and other store goods. He went around among the barrels, thumping and tipping them to find one empty enough to let us have. Finding one nearly empty he reached up to the rafters, where he had water pails and strings of tin cups hanging around, and took down a pail. As Moore started to pour the liquor in the pail he told us that it was sherry and that he was afraid it wouldn't all go in the pail, as he thought there must be three or four gallons of it.

Bud told him not to worry, that we could easy drink enough of it so the rest would go in the pail all right. Then Bud reached up and pulled a tin cup off a string

and dipped up a cup of the sherry, which was a new drink to him. He tried it and said, "That's pretty good stuff. You better have some, Kid." So I got a cup and dipped in the bucket too. It was pretty good and it didn't cost us anything out of the bucket in the storeroom. In the bar it probably would've cost us quite a lot. Bud took quite a few drinks out of the bucket—to make sure the rest of the liquor in the barrel would go in the bucket—and we both felt pretty good when we left.

The Sidney bridge, a toll bridge at that time, was the only bridge across the North Platte River between North Platte town and Laramie, Wyoming, where there was a government bridge. Officially named the Camp Clark bridge, it was generally called the Sidney bridge because it was on the Sidney trail from Sidney, Nebraska to Deadwood, South Dakota.

Charlie Moore's place was near the north end of the bridge and an old fellow by the name of Charlie White had a little general store across the river at the bridge's south end where the tollgate was located. "Uncle Charlie," as the boys called the old fellow, was also the keeper of the tollgate.

While our outfit was trailing by, up the north side of the river, I thought I'd take a little sashay across the bridge to the other side. Uncle Charlie opened the tollgate for me and didn't say anything about charging me any toll. Maybe he thought I'd be more apt to buy something in his store if he forgot the fee.

I went in the store and looked around awhile but didn't buy anything. Pretty soon a rig drove up from the south and stopped at the tollgate. Uncle Charlie went out, took the fee from the driver and opened the gate. Kid-like, I thought it'd be fun to get back through the gate without paying any toll. Maybe the old fellow wouldn't of

charged me anyway, the same as when I came over, but I didn't know.

My horse was standing close to the end of the bridge, so I jumped on him, headed for the gate and spurred him hard. It had been raining and when my horse hit the wet planks of the bridge floor, ahead of the rig team and running fast, all four feet slipped out from under him and he fell flat with me. Neither of us was hurt and the horse got up again in less than a second and we scooted on across the bridge.

That evening we camped early, not far from the bridge, and all of us except the fellows out on the flat with the herd was setting around camp waiting for supper when a fine-looking big fellow rode up and asked for Bud. Bud didn't happen to be in camp so the fellow stayed awhile and visited with us. His name was Dick Bean and he was the boss of another of Paxton's wagons that was gathering beef in the hills north of the river. Coming down on the valley with a beef herd, which he was holding down the river away, he'd heard that Chamber's wagon was camped near the bridge so he'd come over for a visit.

Pretty soon Dick said to me, "Come on, Kid, and ride over to my camp and eat supper with us." The sun was up a ways yet, so I thought I'd have plenty of time, and it was a good thing to visit another wagon now and then and try out their grub, so I went along with him.

From the way Dick had talked I supposed his camp was only a mile or two down the river so I wasn't in any hurry. We jogged along, visiting, and I found him to be a pleasant, friendly fellow. By the time we pulled in to Dick's camp supper was over and it was late, for it had turned out to be a six- or seven-mile ride. As soon as Dick and I finished eating our suppers I fogged back down the trail pretty fast. I had to, to make it back to

camp in time to catch my night horse before the wrangler put the cavvy out to grass.

When I rode up to our wagon Bud was there and he said to me. "Where you been, Kid?"

"Oh," I said, "I just rode over to Dick's wagon for supper."

Bud snorted, "That's just like Dick. He's always gettin' all th' kids in th' country to tag along after him."

Six years later Dick was fixing himself a little ranch in the hills north of there and was going to get married. He was hauling a load of lumber from the railroad out to his ranch, to build his house. Dick wasn't used to driving horses like he was to riding them, and he had a four-horse team hitched to his load. The horses ran away with the outfit, upset the load, and killed poor Dick.



## CHAPTER TWO

**B**UD CHAMBERS was the meanest little man that ever came out of Texas, likewise one of the best cow hands. He claimed that he weighed 125 pounds, and maybe he did when he was in good shape and had his six-shooter on (and I never saw him without it). I guess I must've made a good hand for, after I'd been with him about a month he said to me, "Kid, I'm goin' to give you forty dollars a month." That was a man's wages in those days.

Shortly after I joined his outfit Bud cut me out a string of horses. As he cut out my night horse he said, "Kid, be good to this old horse. He's older than you are and he knows more about cows than you ever will. He's th' best night horse I ever saw, and he was broke by th' best cowman that ever come up th' trail from Texas." The Texan who broke that little black was a man by the name of Dick Head, and that was the name they gave the horse. By the time I got him in my string old Dick had been in Wyoming for several years and he'd grown somewhat bigger than the average Texas horse. It seemed that, after a few years in the North, Texas horses and Texas cattle got a good deal taller and heavier.

Old Dick was gentle and wise and sure-footed in the dark; I don't suppose he ever fell down at night in his

life. He liked his work, knew his job, and could find his way back to camp, day or night, from any place I took him. When he brought me into camp, even on the blackest night, he'd go right to the spot where I'd dropped his picket rope when I bridled him. When he stopped I knew all I had to do was pick up his picket rope. He was the only horse I ever had that could do that. With most other horses a fellow had to hunt and kick around in the dark, maybe in a rain or a drizzle, to find his picket pin and rope.

When we threw the herd off the trail of an evening two or three of the boys stayed with it while the rest of the crew went in to supper at the wagon. After supper we caught our night horses out of the cavy and went out to take over the herd and bed it down, while the last of the boys ate their supper and caught their night horses. The first guard came out about eight o'clock and stayed 'til ten, when the second guard came out.

I drew the second guard, the worst one of the four, that first summer on the trail. After we got the herd bedded down, a man hardly got to sleep before his turn came to go on guard at ten o'clock. After he was relieved at midnight there wasn't much time to sleep either, before the nighthawk brought the horses in at daylight (about three o'clock, in the summertime) and we had to be up and doing again, by then. In those days cowboys did their sleeping in the wintertime, anyway.

The length of a day's drive depended on water; as the outfits planned to camp between rivers or creeks at night. Sometimes we had to make long, hard drives, as much as twenty or thirty miles a day, to hit water. From Sheep Creek to Rawhide was a long, dry drive, and when we hit water on the Rawhide we laid over two or three days, resting up and watering good, before we pulled out again.

While we were trailing through that Sheep Creek country we made camp as usual one evening, and I went on guard at ten o'clock. A little while before midnight a heavy fog began to settle down over everything, and the whole herd got up and started grazing off the bed ground.

It got so dark that I couldn't see a thing, but I could hear the cattle grazing and I knew they were scattering all over the prairie. I don't know if old Dick could see anything or not, but he knew what to do and kept working back and forth in front of the drifting herd, doing his level best to hold it near the bed ground.

The other guard and I was out there in the fog all night; as we didn't want to risk leaving the herd long enough to go to camp to call the next relief, since there was danger we might lose it altogether in the soupy fog. I didn't even see the other guard that night, but he was out there all the time, the same as I was, trying to hold the herd. All I could do was to let old Dick go ahead and do what he could on his own.

At daylight the fog was still so thick that I couldn't see more than a rod or so away. The cattle were scattered all over the country and I wasn't making any headway, trying to round them up again. Anyway, I didn't know where I was going and I didn't know one direction from another.

I was just sort of drifting along after the herd, trying to bunch it up a little, when I heard a horse coming toward me, sometime after daylight. When he got up close enough I could see that the rider was John Hewitt, from the wagon behind us.

John sure laughed when he met me there, with my cattle heading *south*, and he began joshing me about taking my herd in the wrong direction. He said the fog had been light, back down the trail where he had camped

for the night, so he had put his herd on the trail early and had come on ahead of it.

I was glad to see him for I sure needed help. Both of us was trying to head the herd back where it belonged when Bud and the boys came riding down the trail, looking for us. They'd had breakfast but were still riding their night horses; as the wrangler hadn't been able to find the cavvy in the fog.

The bunch of us managed to get the herd together and headed back toward camp. They must've been scattered a mile wide over quite a stretch of the trail. That's the only time I ever knew a herd to get up and graze off the bed ground in the middle of the night. Something in the feel of the damp, foggy air must've made them think it was morning, so they just got up and started their day.

John Hewitt was still living in 1945, though he must have been past eighty years old by then. He came up from his home in Texas, that year, to Savannah, Missouri, to see a doctor.

There was a little Spanish mule in our cavvy that trip. Nobody rode him or knew anything about him, he just went along. One morning one of the boys asked Bud if he could ride the mule that day. Bud told him to go ahead. It was raining that morning and the cowboy, like the rest of us, was wearing his long yellow slicker. He caught the mule and saddled him, and the little critter stood quiet and uninterested; it was hard to guess what he might do, if anything, when a rider got on him.

The cowboy got on and the little old mule went to work in a hurry. He bucked hard and the cowboy didn't last long. He came down, setting flat on the ground with his slicker spread out around him like a full skirt. He sure looked funny setting there, but Bud didn't laugh. He was a short-tempered little cuss and he run and got on that

little mule and went to spurring him from one end to the other. Bud couldn't no ways near reach the other fellow's saddle stirrups but he sure gave the mule a good riding. When the mule give up and quit pitching Bud stepped off and told the cowboy to get on and ride him. He did, and after that he rode the mule regular and he worked fine.

In good time we came to Lusk, Wyoming, which was then called Silver Cliff. At that time the town was at the west end of the butte, and all four of our outfits stopped there to load their wagons with fresh stocks of grub. A few days later we reached the end of the trail and turned our herds loose on Paxton's new range.

Just before our wagon was ready to start back to Nebraska a man rode into camp with orders for Bud's outfit to go over on Porcupine Creek, where the OU wagon was holding a herd of cattle to tally out to the Ogallala outfit. We met the OU wagon and cut out about nine hundred head of big steers, four years old and up, to bring back to Lusk where we were to load them out for Chicago.

The third day out on the trail with this herd we came to some mean, rough country and that night we had to put our herd on a bed ground that had lately been used by another herd. That was a poor thing to do; the smell left by the first herd made our big steers uneasy, but the country was so rough that there wasn't any other place to bed the herd.

Those steers were wild and fat, anyway, and they seemed restless and uneasy and hard to bed down as night came on. I stood my guard and come in at midnight to call the relief. After I'd called them I staked old Dick and started for my bed with my bridle in my hand.

One fellow going out got on his horse and started for the herd. His horse stumbled and his saddle squeaked.

That was all it took to make that herd of big steers jump the bed ground as one critter, and the ground shook with their going. That was my first stampede, and the worst one I ever saw in my life.

I ran back to old Dick, and he came to meet me; as far as his stake rope would let him. That wise old horse knew what had happened, and by the time I'd bridled him and could get in the saddle he was going for the herd as hard as he could run, following the steers by the racket they made.

It was a terrible night and place for a stampede, pitch dark, cold and windy, and the country so rough and rocky. Pretty soon I could tell that old Dick had caught up with a big bunch of the steers. We followed them for quite a ways, on a dead run. By the sound of things we seemed to be getting ahead of them when old Dick stopped dead still, all of a sudden, and let the whole bunch go by him. As soon as they were ahead of him he tore out after them again. We overtook the steers and nearly headed them off the second time, then old Dick braced his feet and stopped in his tracks, again. We did that ever so many times on that hard night run. I didn't know why my horse stopped every time, just as he was about ready to get ahead of the steers, but I left it up to him. All I could do was hang on and hope he didn't fall down.

Finally, we seemed to come onto more level ground and the steers slowed down. We seemed to be in a sort of little park in the hills where I could ride around the steers until they quieted down. I judged I had between two and three hundred of them, and I thought old Dick and I had done pretty well to hold that many. After awhile the steers settled down somewhat, so I rode around behind a rock out of the wind.

I was about froze, and pretty well tired out by then,

so I got off my horse and set down with my back against the rock. I began to get sleepy, and the next thing I knew old Dick was punching me around with his nose, rooting me awake in a pretty rough way. I knew right away something was wrong. I jumped on to old Dick, and he was on the run before I was set in my saddle.

While I was napping the steers had begun to scatter and drift out of the little park. Old Dick knew they were gone, and which way they went, and that we ought to be going after them. By daylight we'd caught up with about eighty head of them, and old Dick was played out.

I didn't know where I was, which direction was which, or how far it was to camp. Old Dick was too used up to drive the steers anywhere, so I drifted them along to a box canyon and left them there. I let old Dick have his head and he took me to camp.

The rest of the outfit had gathered about six hundred head of steers by the time I pulled in. I told what I'd done and Bud told me to stay at camp and get something to eat while he backtracked me and got the bunch I'd left in the canyon. When Bud got back he said to me, "Kid, if you hadn't had the best night horse there is you would've gone over a bank and broke your neck. If you'd ride back over the trail you rode last night your hair would turn white."

My bunch of steers had followed a high hogback with deep canyons cutting into it from both sides. On the wider places old Dick could almost get ahead of the stampeding steers but he'd have to stop at the narrow places, to keep from being pushed over the rim. How he knew those cut banks were there, dark as it was and fast as he was running, I'll never know.

We stayed there a day or two, gathering scattered steers back into the herd. They were wild and scared after

their big run, and some were on the fight. Bill Hanger's outfit, coming down the trail behind us, saw the signs of the stampede and kept coming 'til they overtook us. His crew was a big help to us from there on to Lusk; as we could double the guard and stand nine men each half of the night. That way, we could keep riding around the herd and manage to hold it on the bed ground all night.

Those steers never did quiet down before we loaded them out for Chicago, a few days later. They were the gauntest, toughest looking beef I ever saw loaded on a cattle train.

Poor old Dick was so played out from that terrible night's ride that I never rode him again. I turned him loose that morning after the stampede and he tried to follow the outfit when it pulled out a couple days later, but he couldn't keep up. He'd catch up to us as we were pulling out from camp of a morning but he'd drop behind as we strung out on the trail. Finally he didn't catch up any more.



### CHAPTER THREE

FROM Lusk on back to Nebraska Hanger's outfit camped fairly close to ours, as neither outfit had cattle to drive, or any to hold. Near Minatare, Nebraska, we came through a Bohemian settlement where some of the settlers had some little melon and pumpkin patches along the trail. One of our crew, a fellow by the name of Bob Kine, swiped a couple of melons and brought them into camp at noon. Some of Hanger's outfit, coming along behind us, saw Bob swipe the melons and hatched up an idea for a good joke.

That evening a fellow in a white shirt, riding down the river to see his girl, came by Hanger's camp and stopped to visit awhile. From our camp we had seen the fellow ride in to Hanger's camp, but we didn't know who he was. Pretty quick one of Hanger's men rode over to our camp and asked if any one in our outfit had stole some melons from the settler's fields. Bob said he had. Then the cowboy told Bob that the man in the white shirt was the sheriff and that they would keep him talking at their camp long enough for Bob to get away.

The cowboy rode back to his camp, and Bob asked our wrangler to hurry up and bring the cavvy in again, down behind a hill out of sight of the other camp. Bob carried

his saddle down there and saddled a good little roan Texas horse. He got on and lit out, but as he loped into sight from behind the hill the fellow in the white shirt yelled at him to halt. Bob hit the horse with his quirt and tore out of there, faster than ever. A little way out on the flat the horse stuck his front feet in a badger hole and turned over headfirst, twice. Bob scrambled to his feet and ran to the horse just as it was getting up, he ran right into his saddle and was on the horse when it got up.

Bob had got a long way from camp when he met Bud, sometime that night, and told him the sheriff was after him. Bud convinced him it was all a joke, and brought him back to camp. The little roan horse was all stove up, though, and so lame that we had to leave him behind.

We came on back to the lake country, east of the Sidney bridge, and gathered our second big trail herd there. Dick Bean's outfit met us and cut out 1800 head of beef steers, which he shipped from Ogallala, and we started for Wyoming again, the forepart of October, with four thousand head of cattle.

Our cook, that trip, was a mean bugger, a big Irishman we called Pat. Every morning, when he started out for the next camp, Pat would go tearing through the middle of our herd, with his four-horse team on the dead run.

The Paxton mess wagons had a railing, a foot or more high, on top of the end-gate cupboards. The cooks carried boxes of grub on top of the cupboards and the railing kept them from bouncing off. I never knew any other outfit to use a railed packing space on top of the mess-wagon cupboards. Our cook packed his wooden cases of canned fruit on top of his mess cupboard, and some of the cases generally had the tops pried off, ready to use.

As Pat would be going through the herd with his horses

on a high run, I found that I could ride up to the hind end of his wagon and grab a can of fruit out of a box as the wagon went by. I didn't want Pat to see me doing it, though, so I'd wait till he was going downhill, and so busy with his lines and brake that he didn't have time to see what was going on behind. I opened the tin cans with my knife and sure did enjoy my fruit.

One morning Pat caught me when I swiped a can of fruit and he sure gave me a cussing. That noon I waited until I was sure Bud was in camp before I went in to dinner. I knew Bud wouldn't let Pat beat me up, and I knew that big Irishman sure could've done it, if he wanted to. Pat didn't say any more about it, though, and I kept on getting my can of fruit every time I saw a chance. He never caught me again, and I took to carrying a spoon in my shirt pocket to eat the fruit with.

That cook was really mean. One day he got his wagon stuck in a puddle of seepage water at the foot of a hill and some of us boys rode over to help him get his outfit out of the mud. One of the boys was on foot close to the front end of the wagon when Pat, who was up on the wagon seat, grabbed his ax, gripped it with both hands and swung at the man on foot. Pat claimed, later, that the fellow was hindering him from getting the wagon out. If he'd of hit him it would've split the fellow's head wide open, but the man dodged and the ax went on by with so much force that Pat followed it right off the wagon and lit in a heap on the ground.

Before Pat could get up the other fellow jumped on him and started in to beat him up, while he had a chance. Clawing and pounding each other, they rolled under the wagon into the mud puddle. When they finally gave up and crawled out from under the wagon they looked like a couple of pigs coming out of a wallow.

The trip was two-thirds done, and we were beyond Lusk, when it started to rain, late one afternoon. The weather turned cold and by dark it was snowing and the storm had turned into a blizzard. That night we camped on a timberless ridge between Little Lightning and Box creeks, and by midnight the snow was so heavy on the tent that the ridgepole broke and let the canvas down on us.

Bud had doubled the guard at midnight and the four riders kept the herd milling on the bed ground until morning. It was bitter cold and we had no shelter, so that morning Bud said, "Boys, there's only one thing to do, and I ain't sure we can do it, but we'll have to try to head the bunch straight into the blizzard, an' keep goin' 'til we hit timber."

The wrangler couldn't find all our horses in the storm, so we started out with what he did find and managed to head the herd into the storm and kept it moving right along for several hours. By late noon we neared the timber, but saw we'd have to cross a frozen creek to get to it. We broke the ice and put the wagon through first, then the horses, and finally the cattle.

There was a high bluff to the north of us there, and plenty of timber on the flat below, so we had pretty good shelter from the storm. We built big driftwood fires and took turns warming up, as we stayed on herd all day to keep the cattle from drifting into the trees. By dark the storm was letting up, but it was bitter cold and the snow was deep.

The going was pretty tough for the next few days and we didn't make much time as we pushed on north through the snow. The hard riding through the snow and cold had worn out a lot of our horses and some of them died. Good horses, too.

During that spell of cold weather we camped, one

evening, by a frozen creek and old Pat had to chop a hole through the ice to get water for camp and to cook with. The next morning I went down to the water hole to get a drink. I had leaned over the hole in the ice and started to dip up a drink when I saw the carcass of a cow, down below in the water. Pat, the old bugger, had been dipping up his cooking water above that dead cow, and hadn't bothered to find another place to get water for camp.

We took our herd on to the foot of Pumpkin Butte and turned it loose there. We came back past the OU ranch and left some of our horses there and, with two horses apiece and the wagons, we pulled in to Ogallala about the middle of November, and they paid us off there.

On that first trip up, that summer, the water and grass had been good and each man had seven or eight horses in his string. On the second trip, with poorer grass and water expected, we had used more horses. I had twelve in my string before the blizzard hit us, but I only had five when we turned the cattle loose.

The four outfits of us had moved over thirty thousand head of cattle from Nebraska to Wyoming that late summer and fall. Paxton did not use a road brand for those trail herds, but only his regular brand, the Keystone.

Old Bill Paxton was a big, rawboned Irishman and they used to tell a funny story on him and a fellow by the name of Faulk, who worked for him. Old Faulk was one of the homeliest men alive and him and Paxton drove to the north edge of Kansas one fall—so the story went—to buy a load of apples.

As they were driving along in southern Nebraska one afternoon Paxton got sleepy and crawled over the seat to the back of the spring wagon and laid down to take a nap. He'd told Faulk to keep on driving until he came to an

orchard where it looked like they could buy apples, then to wake him up.

So Faulk drove on until he sighted a likely looking orchard and a man working in it. Faulk pulled up and the man came over to see what he wanted. Faulk asked the fellow if he had any apples to sell and the orchard owner took one good look at him and said, "If you can show me another living man as homely as you are I'll *give* you a *load* of apples."

Faulk reached in back of the seat and poked Paxton with the end of his buggy whip. Paxton sat up and the apple man said to Faulk, "Go ahead and help yourself to the whole damn orchard."



## CHAPTER FOUR

AFTER they paid us off at Ogallala I went back to my father's little ranch at Maxwell where I helped out for the next year or so; haying in the summer, baling hay in the winter, and breaking a few horses for the neighbors.

In the spring of 1889 my older brother, John, and I rolled our beds, took our saddles, and got on the train headed for Wyoming. John had worked out there in the Bitter Creek country the year before for Farrell Maxon, of the Maxon and Marsh Cattle Company, on their Necktie ranch and had hired out to them again for that year.

We got off the train at the Bitter Creek station and borrowed a couple of saddle horses from the station agent. We rounded up some Necktie horses that were running loose on the range near there and picked four horses, two to ride and two to pack our beds, and went out to the main ranch, some fifty miles further on.

Tyler Maxon, a nephew of the owner, was at the ranch when we pulled in. He put me to herding horses at the home ranch while he and my brother left to work another part of the range. Along in May Old Man Maxon came out to the ranch. One of his men, an old fellow named Miner, had come down from Brown's Park a little earlier;

so Maxon sent Miner and me out to Utah to his summer horse camp with the horses I'd been herding all spring.

At the Utah camp Miner left me with the horses while he went on to a little place called "Jarvey's Store" to get a pack-horse load of grub. When Miner got back he took over the job of looking after the horses and I went on back to the Bitter Creek ranch where I worked around for the rest of the summer. While old Miner and I had worked and batched together he'd put me at most of the outside work and he'd done the cooking and house chores. Miner didn't mind doing up his dishes in the morning and at noon but he sure hated to wash the supper dishes. "Clean up yore plate good," he'd say to me at supper, "and turn it over so the mice can't run in it an' we can use 'em agin for breakfast."

Alongside of Maxon's ranch house stood a big log shed, roofed with thick prairie sods to keep out the rain. In the fall they filled the shed with firewood for winter use but in the summer, when it was about empty, they used the shed for a summer kitchen. With its wide doors opened back it made a nice, airy place to cook and eat in. Maxon had set up a cookstove in there and nailed a piece of canvas between two of the rafters to keep dirt from falling from the sod roof onto the stove and table. During hot weather Mrs. Maxon used to bake her bread out there, and the ranch hands did all their cooking and eating there.

In those days there were quite a few Indians roaming that part of Wyoming, and now and then visiting the ranches and homesteads. If there was no one around to stop them they were apt to take along most anything they happened to fancy.

Maxon was kind of a fussy old fellow anyway, and he was afraid the Indians might swipe some of his horses or

something, so he'd get me out before daylight every morning to go look around and see if his horses and other loose property was still on hand. I came in from this chore one morning just as Maxon had finished his breakfast in the summer kitchen. I told him there were no Indians in the neighborhood, and that the ranch was still intact.

He was ready to go to work but couldn't find his hat. He said he knew he'd left it on the summer-kitchen table the night before and he thought I'd done something with it. I told him I didn't know anything about his old hat, so finally he got his Sunday hat and went on out to work. For the next two or three days he kept looking for his hat, and grumbling around about it, but it didn't show up.

I'd been missing things from the summer kitchen too. Any grub I'd leave on the table at night would be gone the next morning, but I'd figgered the Indians had been swiping it and let it go at that.

Then I came in one noon and cooked my dinner. While I was eating I happened to look up at the canvas above the table and I noticed that it was all bagged down like there was something in it. I stood on my chair and looked over the canvas' edge, and there was Maxon's hat and all the beef bones and boiled potatoes that I'd been missing.

I got my six-shooter and went looking for the pack rat that had been storing all that stuff up there. I found him behind a cupboard, curled up in one of the spaces between the logs in the wall, and took care of him in a hurry. After that we didn't lose anything more from the summer kitchen that year.

Along late in the fall, October I think it was, I helped gather five or six carloads of old steers off the range. We drove the steers to the Bitter Creek station and loaded them on a Union Pacific train for shipment east to Wood River, Nebraska, where they were to be corn fed for the

winter. Maxon was delivering the steers, himself, and he took me along to help.

Sixty years ago freight trains traveled pretty slow, and a lot of things could go wrong. That trip it took us from five in the afternoon until nine o'clock the next morning just to go from Bitter Creek to Laramie, Wyoming. We started out with four of us in the caboose that night, the brakeman and conductor, Maxon and myself. The train crawled along over the desert and I went to sleep shortly after dark.

In the middle of the night Maxon woke me up. He was shaking my shoulder and saying, "Let's get out of here. The train has lost this caboose out here in the desert and if another train comes along it'll run into us." Maxon was kind of excited about it, as he'd been asleep too, and when he woke up the brakeman and conductor were gone and we were alone in the caboose.

It was a cold, dark night, so I hunted around and scraped up enough sagebrush to build a fire beside the tracks. Then we set hunkered over our fire for quite a while, somewhere out there on the Red Desert, before we saw a light coming down the track from the west.

That headlight was sure a welcome sight to us; as it belonged to a passenger train which was coming along slow, with our brakeman standing on the cow catcher looking for our caboose. The brakeman told us that he and the conductor'd been asleep too and when they woke up they discovered that the caboose'd been lost off the train, so they'd started out with their lanterns, one going each way along the track, to flag down the first train that came along.

The passenger train pushed our caboose on east, and pretty soon we met the engine of our train backing down the track looking for us. When our engine crew had

noticed that their caboose was gone they'd pulled the train in on a siding, unhooked from it and started back along the track. They hooked us on again, waited for the passenger to pass, and went on towards Laramie.

Shortly before daylight that morning the train stopped somewhere west of Laramie, and I got off and went up to the front end to the cattle cars to look at our steers. Before I had time to start back to the caboose the train began to roll. By the time the caboose came along I figured the train would be going too fast for me to get back on so I climbed up on top of the car next to the engine, thinking I could walk the top of the train back to the rear end.

By then we were heading down the east slope of the mountains and, for the first time that night, that train was getting up some speed. I'd tied my bedroll and saddle on top of one of our cattle cars and by the time I got to them those cars were swaying and bucking along so rough that I couldn't stay on my feet any longer. I got down behind my bed and saddle and hung on. A cold east wind was blowing and the smoke and cinders was something fierce up there. When the train pulled into Laramie at nine o'clock I was about froze to death.

The rest of the trip was tame enough and we unloaded the steers at Wood River and delivered them to the feeder's farm about ten miles north of town. Maxon went right on back to Wyoming, leaving me to stay several days with the feeder and help him get the steers settled for the winter; they were old and wild and Maxon was afraid they might stampede all over the farmer's fences and corrals. We didn't have any trouble with them though, so I went on back to Maxwell as soon as the farmer was satisfied that he could manage them by himself.

The next spring John and I went back to the Necktie

where we gathered beef on the Bitter Creek range during the summer, and that fall while we were still working the range a kind of funny thing happened to me.

We had the wagon camped about fifty miles from the ranch when the boss told me to ride back there and get a couple of saddle horses and bring them back to the wagon. I headed for Maxon's horse camp, which was about a day's ride nearer the ranch, to stay all night. The fall before I'd helped Maxon build a good, new cabin at the camp and I knew it was kept stocked with grub.

At the cabin I hung my coat and gun on some pegs by the door, built a fire and cooked my supper, smoking my pipe while I did so. I was about ready to dish up my supper when I saw a herd of antelope come in to drink at the spring, about a hundred yards from the cabin. Thinking I might get some fresh meat I took my gun off the peg by the door and dropped my pipe in my coat pocket as I went out.

I sneaked down toward the spring but the antelope winded me and took off before I got close enough to get a shot. When I got back to the cabin I found my coat was on fire, and in a minute more the cabin would've been afire too. My pipe wasn't hurt any but the coat was a total loss and at that time of the year it was getting pretty cold up in that country. As I knew it would be a month or more before I'd be near a town or store where I could buy another coat I was somewhat concerned over the loss of that one.

I pulled into the ranch the next afternoon. There was no one there but old Miner and I asked him if he supposed there was any kind of a coat at the ranch that I could get. He said, "Sure. I got a coat you can have if it fits you." He took me to the bunkhouse, pulled a box out from under his bed, and took out a brand new coat,

a black, cutaway, swallow-tailed coat. I've no idea why he had a coat like that, or where he got it, but he was willing to sell it and I had to have a coat. The old scamp charged me five dollars for the dang thing.

I knew I didn't dare ride into camp wearing that coat, so, before I got back to the wagon, I got off my horse, took off the coat and spread it out on the prairie. With my pocketknife I cut the tails off even with the front of the thing. Then it was quite a bit too short, but there wasn't so much chance that the boys would run me off when I rode up wearing it.

I've often wondered what the next fellow to come along that trail thought when he found those long, black coat-tails spread out on the prairie.

In late October we started from Bitter Creek to Greeley, Colorado with four hundred head of old Texas steers. Maxon had bought the steers at Hugo, Colorado in 1886 as three-year-olds and some were older. They were then branded TE connected, and Maxon had rebranded them with his Necktie brand. Now they were big, aged steers; but poor quality and thin. Maxon had decided to take them down to New Windsor, a little town near Greeley, and try to fatten them on alfalfa during the coming winter, then ship them to Denver in the spring. Feeding steers on hay or grain was a fairly new idea at that time; as most all beef was then shipped right off grass.

On this drive we had only five men besides the cook and horse wrangler. My brother John was boss. The others were Tyler Maxon, Stanley Harris, John Purdy and myself. Albert Meredith was horse wrangler but I don't remember the cook's name.

Because our crew was so small, that trip, I stood the last guard and stood it alone. I had a good, little, black Texas horse for a night horse, so I managed all right, though the

weather was cold and bad most of the way and at Laramie and Tie Siding we went through a bad snowstorm.

As soon as we reached New Windsor Maxon had us dehorn those old longhorns. At six or seven years of age they weighed twelve or thirteen hundred pounds and were hard to handle. As two men roped a steer, one his head and one his heels, the other fellows pulled him down and dehorned him. Some of their horns were so big that we had to saw from both sides to get them off. A pair of men roped until their horses played out, then two more on fresh horses took over, and so on until the job was done.

The country around New Windsor was mostly potato farms. Since it was getting so late in the season the growers were pretty anxious to get their potatoes dug before they froze in the ground. By the time we'd finished with the steers several potato farmers had been over to see if they could hire us fellows to dig potatoes.

Five of us expected to be let out anyway when we turned the steers over to the feeder, so we hired out to one of the farmers. We went to work on one of the farms about two miles from Maxon's cow camp. We worked in pairs, one fellow digging with a fork, the other picking and sacking the spuds. This job lasted three or four days and we found that we didn't care much for it but by the time we were finishing up another farmer showed up to see if he could hire us to dig his potatoes. I didn't say I'd go but some of the other boys hired out to him.

Our boss paid us off that evening and we went to bed in his bunkhouse. Next morning before daylight a rooster's crowing woke me up. I crawled out of bed, sneaked out of the bunkhouse and took off across the fields for Maxon's camp. My brother and Tyler Maxon had breakfast about ready when I got there. A few

minutes later one of the cowboys I'd left asleep in the bunkhouse walked in. Before we'd finished our breakfast the other three boys come hoofing in to camp. We'd all had all the potato digging we wanted.

I pulled out for Maxwell then, taking two horses to ride home, one a favorite old cow horse that Maxon had given John, the other a colt I owned and had broke for myself.



## CHAPTER FIVE

**A**LONG in March, 1892, I was at Maxwell when I received this telegram from Buffalo Bill Cody: "If you want situation with show come up on trial." Cody's show was in England that year, but Cody had come home to North Platte to round up more horses, Indians and rough-riders to take back to England to build up his show. I knew Cody by sight then but I had never talked to him.

I rode up to North Platte, thirteen miles west of Maxwell, and on out to Cody's Scouts Rest ranch, which was two or three miles northwest of town. There was quite a crowd of fellows around the ranch that day. Some of them worked there and others was just riding through, and had stopped to pass the time of day.

Years later, when I was working with Nate Trego up on the Birdwood, he told me that him and Ed Richards had been there that day. They were working for John Bratt at the time, and had stopped off to visit awhile at Cody's ranch.

When I rode up and told Cody who I was he turned to one of his men, Charlie Trego, and said, "Go get that bay horse. I want to see this fella throwed over the barn."

While Charlie was gone to get the horse Cody told me that he had just been to Oregon and hired a big cowboy

to be "Chief of Cowboys" in the show. He said the hired girl had been bringing in the milk cows all winter on this horse he wanted me to ride, but he wanted to see if the horse had any action. "You get on him," he said, "so I can see him turn around. See if he's all right for that big cowboy to ride."

The horse was a fine big bay, a mighty pretty horse, and I liked him. I put my saddle on him and cinched it up. I had a double-rigged saddle, like most riders used in those days, but I never cinched the back cinch tight.

Cody was watching me and he said, "Bring that flank cinch up three or four notches." I yanked it tighter, and I never saw a horse make a higher, prettier jump than that one did. I had hold of the hackamore and I pulled him down, easy enough. He stood quiet and gentle then; as he had up until I tightened the cinch.

Cody was enjoying all this. "Now," he said, "Get on 'im and spur 'im THR-R-R-UP along the shoulders." I stepped up in the saddle and spurred the horse on both shoulders. He went just as high as he had a minute before, when I was on the ground looking up at him. He sure pitched high but he seemed easy to ride. I kept spurring and the horse kept pitching, until after eight or ten jumps Cody yelled, "That's good. Jump off."

I'd never jumped off a pitching horse in my life, and I don't believe I ever did again, but I jumped off of that one, lit on my feet, and stayed on them. I don't know how I happened to do it, but it sure tickled Cody. He rushed over and patted me on the shoulder, saying, "That's th' boy, that's th' boy. Let's go up to th' house an' sign a contract an' I'll take you to England to be with th' show." He was pushing me toward the house and I said, "All right, but what about wages?" Cody said, "I'll pay you forty a month an' your keep, an' I'll pay your way to Eng-

land an' back. It'll cost me sixty dollars to take you over, an' sixty dollars to bring you back."

I said, "Bill, I can't cut much of a figger in England on forty dollars a month, an' I can get that in Wyoming anyway. I ought to have sixty a month in England." But Cody argued that I wouldn't have as much fun in Wyoming as I would in England and forty dollars ought to be enough.

I wouldn't sign his contract unless he'd pay me more money, so he hired me to break forty-five head of horses for his show. He wanted the horses broke gentle so his circus Indians could start right in riding them when he joined the show again in England. The horses were common saddle stock, raised there in the Platte Valley. After I had them broke so they wouldn't pitch, Charlie Trego and Jack Smallwood rode them down quiet and gentle.

I was three or four weeks on that job and, every few days, Cody would ask me to sign his show contract, but he wouldn't raise his wage offer. One day I told him that I knew that "Jim, th' Kid" and Harry and George Shanton were getting more than forty a month. Those boys were roughriders and had been with Cody's show for some time.

Cody asked me what I knew about those fellows and I told him I'd worked up in the Green River country where they came from. Then he said he'd give me sixty a month the next year, when he brought his show to the World's Fair in Chicago, if I'd go to England for forty a month that summer.

I wouldn't settle for forty a month, so when I'd finished breaking the horses I went on back to Maxwell. A week or two later I got another telegram that read, "Come up at once. Ready to load. Cody." It didn't say anything about more than forty dollars a month, so I didn't go.

In North Platte, quite a while later, I ran into Cody's

son-in-law, Horton Boals. He wanted to know why I didn't come up when Bill sent for me to go to England with him. I told him Cody wouldn't pay me more than forty dollars a month and I didn't think that was enough. Boals said, "Why man, Bill would have given you seventy-five a month if you'd come when he sent for you."

I saw Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show in North Platte in '98 and I recognized some of the horses the Indians were riding as some of the same ones I'd broke six years before.

Cody's reputation as a dead shot with most any kind of a gun was well known at that time but there are some in these times who'd like to make folks believe that his marksmanship was exaggerated and that he actually wasn't such a good shot after all.

Well, the best they've told about old Bill's shooting was no exaggeration. I remember one March day while I was breaking those horses when the wind was blowing something fierce. Cody was entertaining a visitor from back East and they were watching me break horses when one of Cody's nephews came hurrying up and said, "Uncle Bill, a couple of swans just lit on the lake."

Cody told one of the boys to hitch a team to the buckboard, then he got his rifle and him and the Easterner got in the buckboard and drove over to the lake, a little way north of the ranch buildings.

The swans were still swimming around out in the middle of the lake, and Cody said to his visitor, "If I can get 'em lined up right I won't need but one bullet."

Sure enough, when the swans were swimming even with their heads in line, Cody drew a bead and got 'em both with the one shot, and that a long one and a sixty-mile wind blowing, to boot.

They drove back to the ranch with the swans' heads hanging over the side of the buckboard and the Easterner's

eyes hanging out of his head. He didn't talk about much else the rest of his stay and he had the swans mounted and kept them as a souvenir of Cody's fine shooting.

I sure liked old Bill Cody. He was a fine, friendly fellow and always joking. I've wished a lot of times that I'd gone to England with him, just for the fun and experience I'd of had, but I was too much of a kid, then, to realize that.



## CHAPTER SIX

IN APRIL, 1893, I headed for Wyoming again. Jim McCullough, of Brady Island, Nebraska, who later married one of my sisters, went with me that spring. We were close to Moorcroft, Wyoming when my horse went lame, early in the afternoon. We rode on into Moorcroft, which was only a depot and section house alongside the Burlington railroad tracks. I asked the station agent about jobs around there, and he told me to try the 101 ranch, four miles up the trail.

I borrowed Jim's horse and rode out to the ranch. A little Texan by the name of Johnny Porter was foreman and I asked him for a job. He told me he didn't need any men, so I started back to Moorcroft. One of the 101 wagon bosses, Walter Scott, rode along with me and he said Porter did need men, but was suspicious of all strangers. That was shortly after the Wyoming rustler war and strangers were suspected of being spies or investigators until they were proved otherwise.

Jim and I stayed all night at the section house. The next morning another 101 wagon boss, Doc Long, and his men rode in to Moorcroft station. Doc came in the depot and asked for the fellows that were looking for a job.

Doc hired me, and told me that his wagon had already

left for the spring roundup. He said the wagon had taken a short cut that missed Moorcroft, and I'd find it camped along Buffalo Creek. He thought I'd better go on out to the ranch, if my lame horse could make it there, leave the horse and have Porter let me have another one to ride to catch the wagon. He also said that Porter would hire my pardner, Jim, so we both rode on to the ranch.

The 101 outfit was owned by an English syndicate: R. M. Allen, an Englishman, was manager and maybe part owner. The company had started in the cattle business in Texas, some years earlier, then moved up into the Indian Territory where they ran the JD Bar, connected. Doc Long had come up from Texas with the outfit, and he later told me that they had fenced a pasture twenty-five miles square, back in the Territory.

The cattlemen had had no right in the Indian Territory country and President Cleveland had put them all out, during his administration. So Allen brought his outfit to Wyoming and bought the CQ ranch on the Belle Fourche River, about four miles from where Moorcroft was built when the railroad come through some years later. He branded all his cattle 101 from then on.

The 101 raised thousands of cattle on its Wyoming range and also shipped seven or eight thousand head of two-year-olds up from Texas every summer. They unloaded the Texas cattle at Orin Junction, Wyoming, which was the end of the railroad, and trailed them about two hundred miles on up to the ranch in two herds.

In '90 or '91 Allen began trailing cattle on north to new range in Montana. In July, after winding up the general roundup in Wyoming, they started the trail herds north, and during the next two months some eight or nine thousand head of Wyoming two's and Texas three-year-olds moved up the trail to Montana. The wagon

that went up with the first herd made two trips a season, coming back to Wyoming for a second herd, trailing up to Montana again and staying there until the fall shipping was finished. Every fall the 101 shipped over two thousand head of range-fattened beef to Chicago from Fallon, Montana. Other wagons, on the home range, shipped a good many more thousand head from Merino\* and Moorcroft, Wyoming, and Belle Fourche,\*\* South Dakota. Altogether, the 101 handled about seventy thousand head a year.

Johnny Porter had been a wagon boss for the outfit for a good many years, and had been stepped up to ranch foreman about 1892.

Jim and I stayed at the ranch that night. The next morning Porter looked through a bunch of broncs. They were horses of all ages, and some had been caught from wild bunches only a few weeks earlier. Porter finally picked out the oldest, homeliest, biggest horse in the bunch and gave him to me, saying, "Take this horse. These are all just colts, and all they need is a little gentle handlin'."

I saddled the horse and got on him. He looked around at me, curled his tail over his back, whistled like an antelope and lit out for the highest hill he could see, which was a knoll about a mile from the ranch. I couldn't stop him, nor turn him, and when he got on top of that hill I couldn't spur him down off of it. He kept his tail over his back, pranced all over that hilltop, and whistled every once in a while. Finally a couple of fellows rode out from the corral and hazed us down off of there. Because of his looks I called that old horse "Mr. Bones."

I caught the wagon a little before noon and turned my

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\* Now Upton.

\*\* Most of the cattle we shipped from Belle Fourche came off the Montana range.

horse in with the horse bunch. When Doc came in at noon and saw Mr. Bones in his cavvy he said, "How did that old horse get here?" Then he asked me, "Did you ride him here?" I said I had, and Doc snorted, "That's just like Porter. I refuse to take him along in my cavvy."

But Mr. Bones went along, and every time I got on him he'd pick out a near-by butte or high hill and I couldn't stop him until he'd got on top of it, and then I couldn't get him down off of it 'til somebody come to haze him off for me. Poor old fellow; he'd been wild so long he just had to get up on a peak and look around, the way a wild horse does.

The third or fourth time I got on Mr. Bones, and he took off for the nearest peak, or pinnacle, one of the boys said, "There goes Pinnacle Jake." The name stuck, and after that the 101 boys all called me Pinnacle Jake.

There was about twenty men with Long's wagon, some were "reps"\* from other ranches, the balance 101 men. One of the reps was called "Kid" Storms; he was the one that gave me my nickname "Pinnacle Jake," a tony sort of a youngster from the D outfit. His real name was Ed Storms. Another man was called Charlie Nettlehorse, and they called another one Frankie Doolittle; I don't know what his real name was. Another fellow's name was Adam Freel, but for some reason they called him Adam Forepaws. There was a big fellow from Indiana that we called Highpo, and a comical fellow whose name was Sherman DeFord.

Another 101 man was called Billie Fewclothes, although his rightful last name was Wilcox. Billie had come up from New Mexico to Orin Junction with some cattle for the 101, and had hired out to Porter's outfit there. He came by his nickname because he had so many fancy

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\* A representative from another ranch.

clothes. The cook's name was Charlie Voss and the night wrangler went by the name of Red.

They said Red's folks were wealthy Chicago people, but Red was kind of like Charlie Russell, the Montana artist. He liked horse wrangling better than most any other kind of work, and every summer, for several years, he showed up at the 101 in time to start out with the roundup; as night wrangler.

Red liked to fool around among the horses in the corral, and the broncs didn't seem to mind or to pay much attention to him. One day we had the cavy in the ropes and I went to catch my horse. Red was there in the middle of the bunch, but he was stooped over and I didn't see him. He said, later, that he was looking at a horse's foot. Just as I threw my rope he straightened up and I caught him and the horse both in my loop. As soon as I saw what I'd done I dropped my rope and Red got out of the loop, but his neck was rope-burned pretty bad and the horse got away with my rope.

Some years later I heard that Red was killed by lightning the next summer after I left the 101, and they shipped his body back to his folks in Chicago.

I had ten or eleven horses in my string that summer. Two of them were pintos and one of the pintos was supposed to be my night horse. He was no good though, as he fell down too much if I had to run him in the dark, so then I tried the other pinto for a night horse, but he had the same trouble and was no better.

A man needed a good horse for night herding. On plumb dark nights when he couldn't see his hand in front of his face, let alone a cow or the ground he traveled over, his horse had to be a cowboy's eyes, and his life might depend on how good his horse was.

Cattle fresh gathered off the range in the fall were wild

and scary, especially at night, and they had to be handled easy and quiet. A poor night horse, one that stumbled in the dark or shied too easy, might be the cause of a stampede and jump a whole herd off the bed ground. Stamping beef could run a lot of fat off themselves in a mighty short time, besides all the trouble and extra work of rounding them up again.

It was handy to have a horse broke to stand where you dropped his bridle reins until you needed him again, or at least broke to stand on a picket rope. If a man's horse wouldn't do either, then he tied him to the bed wagon 'til time to go on night herd.

On the way to the roundup we had only our cavvy to drive and hold. There was a lot of broncs in the bunch and every night some of them tried to quit the bunch and head for home. So the boss put two men on night guard with them, the same as with a beef herd, until we started gathering cattle. By then the bunch was pretty well trail broke and one man could night herd them without much trouble.

One dark night I was helping herd the cavvy, when I heard a horse running towards the horse herd and making a lot of noise with a new, squeaky saddle. I knew he'd sure stampede our horses if he ever got among them. I couldn't see the horse at all but I took down my rope and rode out toward him. I made a big loop and threw it towards where I heard the horse running, the rope tightened and I knew I had him. He was a night horse that had pulled his picket pin and headed for the cavvy. If he'd ever got in the bunch we wouldn't of had enough horses left to saddle up the next morning.

I was riding one of those pintos, that night, and I was lucky he didn't fall down with me, just when I needed him bad.

We were near Edgemont, South Dakota, by then and a little later we started gathering cattle and night herding them instead of the cavvy. The wrangler put bells on the few broncs that still tried to quit the bunch at night, so he could keep track of them in the dark and hold the bunch alone.

I was helping night herd our first bunch of cattle when the pinto fell over a catstep\* with me. He got up first and got away from me. That herd was wild and fat and I knew if they discovered I was afoot they'd sure stampede, so I crawled under the catstep and laid there quite a while. Finally the other herder came along, leading my horse and calling me. He'd met my horse and picked him up but didn't know what had happened to me.

After that spill I cut a young horse out of my string and made one of the best night horses I ever had, next to old Dick Head, out of him. He was a big, mouse-colored horse with black zebra stripes on his legs and a black stripe down his back, a single-footer and a fine, intelligent fellow. I broke him to the stake rope, and put him on the rope every time I had a chance, but he would stand all night with his reins down if I wanted him to. He was a good rope horse too, and really liked to have me rope off of him. I named him Greuyer.†

The 101 had used to drive mules on their wagons but by the time I worked there they had quit the mules and gone to driving horses. In Long's cavvy there was an old mule the boys called Tom, the last holdover from the mule-driving days. He had come up from the Indian Territory on Long's wagon and still seemed to think he belonged with it. Every spring, when Doc cut out his cavvy for the roundup, old Tom came along and went the

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\* A series of eroded ledges like stair steps on the hillside.

† From the Spanish word *grulla*, pronounced "greuyer," meaning a horse of a mouse or dun color.

whole way around with the outfit. He was a big, gentle old mule, but Doc said he used to be pretty lazy when they had worked him on the wagon. Before long I had found a good use for old Tom.

In all cavvys there seemed to be a few horses that was mean to catch. They'd run on the rope, and try to jump the corral ropes to get away. A man hated to have a horse get away with his rope. I tried tying the end of my rope to old Tom's neck before I roped one of those bunch quitters. It worked fine. Old Tom braced himself and busted the horse when it hit the end of the rope. After that I used old Tom regular for such horses and the old mule liked it. He'd come to me every time I went in the corral, hoping I was going to tie onto him so he could bust a horse for me.



## CHAPTER SEVEN

EACH roundup the 101 worked quite a scope of country, across a long stretch of creeks and rolling prairies, over into South Dakota, past Edgemont and up the Cheyenne River to the mouth of Lodgepole Creek. They also gathered cattle north of Moorcroft, up the Belle Fourche River and the forks of the Missouri River, and over on the Little Powder. That country is full of creeks and rivers; big and little, wet and dry, and we drove them all: Iron Creek, Oil Creek, Stockade, Beaver, Main Beaver, South Beaver, Hay, Lonetree and Cottonwood. Four Horse, Deer Creek, Miller, Cabin, Buffalo, Fiddler and Mush Creek. Raven, Donkey, and Mule Creek. Wind River, Cheyenne River, and many more.

Our outfit moved right along to Edgemont, South Dakota; some ninety or a hundred miles from the ranch, and worked back up the Cheyenne. We gathered all the cattle we could handle in one bunch, a little over four thousand head, and took them back on the Buffalo where it joins the Belle Fourche, and turned them loose. We gathered everything we found, that first time over the range, steers of all ages, cows and calves, and we seldom tried to handle more than four thousand head in one herd. More than that was too hard to work and too many

calves lost their mothers. We went back down the Cheyenne River and gathered a second big herd which we shoved over on the home range, near the first one.

The junction of the Belle Fourche and the Buffalo, where we turned these herds loose, was only a few miles from the home ranch. From there we'd go on to Plum Creek, northwest of Oelrichs, South Dakota, where we'd meet the wagons of several other outfits and start on the big general roundup. But just before we pulled out for Plum Creek Porter and a broncbuster met us with about twenty head of horses that had just been twisted out.\*

I hadn't told anyone at the 101 that I'd ever broke any horses, but someone must've told them that I could ride rough ones, for this broncbuster come over to me and said, "There's two mean horses in that bunch and you'll likely fall heir to both of 'em. One is a little brown horse that was caught wild this spring and only rode a few times. He's a hard-pitchin' horse and mean every way. The other one is a big gray that's a stamperder."

The only horses I drew out of that bunch was the two bad ones. The first time I rode the gray he run until he stuck both front feet in a badger hole and turned over. I named him Badger and rode him as long as I worked for the 101. I broke him of running away, but he was never much good.

The little brown horse was so old that he was turning gray around his head; I called him Muskrat, and he was a bad one. The first time I caught him he let me saddle him without any trouble, but when I got on him he lit right in to pitching. We had camped by the river and the bank along there was eight or ten feet high. Muskrat pitched square over the bank into the river and lit on his feet in the water.

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\* Broken to ride.

He couldn't pitch so hard down in the sand and water, so I spurred him from one end to the other and made him pitch all the way across the river, a hundred yards or so. That took the buck out of him, for that time, and I rode him back across the river and on a big circle that morning.

The next time I caught Muskrat he wasn't going to let me saddle him. It took so long to get my saddle on him that the wagons and the rest of the outfit had pulled out, all but an N Bar N man by the name of Al Moss, and Doc, who stayed to see me get on and get started.

I got on the little horse and he made several big jumps, then turned on his side in the air and hit the ground. I lit clear of him but he was up before I could get to him to get on his head and hold him down, 'til he was ready to behave. I got on him again and he made five or six more jumps, then, with his mouth wide open, he made a run at Al Moss where he was sitting on his horse. I couldn't hold the little bronc and, before Moss could move, he r'ared and hit him with both front feet, in the ribs and back, and knocked man and horse into a bunch of willows a rod away.

Muskrat made several more wild jumps, then threw himself again. Then Doc said, "Pull off your bridle and saddle. I won't ask no man to ride a horse as mean as that one." He rode on to catch the cavvy and bring me back another horse and I turned Muskrat in the outlaw bunch. Poor Moss was pretty sore and stove up for several days. Some of his ribs had been broken when the horse struck him, but he kept on riding and working.

The next day we camped early for dinner, so I caught Muskrat and led him down to the creek where I snubbed him to a sapling. I tied three ropes around his flanks, twisted the ropes together like a cable, and tied the ends

to another sapling. I took the rope off his neck and waited to see what he'd do. He was plenty full of orneriness yet. He'd run as hard as he could and when he'd hit the end of that cable it'd bust him flat, every time, but he didn't quit until he'd broke all three ropes. Then he went tearing right through camp, with the ends of the ropes a-flying, and went out of sight on the dead run.

That was at noon, and when I saw old Charlie Andrews again, back at the ranch, he told me that Muskrat was standing outside the home-pasture fence the next morning, still dragging the ropes, and a hundred miles from where he'd busted loose with them.

A few days later our outfit laid over a day on Beaver Creek, twenty miles south of Newcastle, Wyoming. Doc told us boys we could go on into town if we wanted to. Kid Storms was one of those who went and he bought himself a nice blue shirt, one of the kind that buttoned part way down the back, like the style was then.

Kid put the shirt right on; as he was a dressy little fellow. He got on his horse and it went to pitching with him. He wasn't much of a rider and was hanging onto the saddle horn and hollering, "Whoa." The horse pitched under tree and the Kid ducked his head, a limb that stuck down from the tree went down the back of the neck of his new shirt, and tore it clear off of him. The poor Kid was sure mad.

Our outfit was the first to reach the Plum Creek meeting place, which was on the edge of a sort of settlement. We camped there for two or three days, waiting for the other wagons to pull in. We could see the settlement schoolhouse, across the prairie a ways from our camp, and, the first morning there, some kids come by on their way to school. Kid Storms got to talking to the kids and he told them that our outfit was the Adam Forepaw's circus

and if the teacher would let us have the schoolhouse we would put on a show for them that night.

On their way home from school the kids stopped at camp and told the Kid that the teacher said we could have the schoolhouse for the show. Pretty soon after dark that night we saw the schoolhouse light up. Kid Storms began to get jumpy and uneasy then, knowing that the settlement families had gathered at the schoolhouse to see the show he'd promised the kids. I guess he was afraid they might come over to camp to see what had become of the circus, and he didn't know how they'd feel about it when they found there wasn't any. After quite a while the light went out and nothing happened, which was a big relief to the Kid.

Several other wagons joined us on Plum Creek and we organized the roundup there. Since the 101 claimed all that range Doc Long was elected boss of the roundup every year.

When we lined out on the trail the wagons, crews, and horses belonging to each outfit traveled separately, except for the boys visiting back and forth, and at night camped some three or four hundred yards apart. After we started gathering cattle each outfit held its own herd separate from the others, and night-herded on its own bed ground.

Sometime after supper every evening Doc made the rounds of all the wagons and told the boys to meet at daylight, on a knoll he'd picked, somewhere near the center of the camps. We'd eat breakfast by firelight around half-past two or three o'clock the next morning and, a few minutes later, we'd be at the starting place, on our horses and ready to ride.

For circle bosses Doc picked men who knew the part of the country we'd happen to be working, that day. He'd tell each boss to take six, eight, or ten men and drive the

creeks he told off to him, the number of men going with a boss depending on how long a drive they had to make, or how many creeks they had to drive. The right number of men, nearest the man picked for boss, turned their horses and went with him on his drive, so a fellow had no chance to pick his circle boss, or the territory he'd drive. We just lit out on a high run, and expected to be twenty miles from camp by sunup if we drew a long drive. As each bunch of men reached their part of the country the boss of that day's circle dropped off a man or two at the head of each creek until they were all spread out over quite a stretch of range. Generally a man rode from twenty-five to forty miles on a morning's circle, gathering all the cattle he found, and was back at camp with his bunch by ten o'clock or a little later. The cattle gathered in a forenoon's drive were thrown together in several herds around the camp, and held there for sorting.

As soon as the boys got in with a drive they turned their circle horses back in their cavvy and caught their cutting and roping horses, for the job of sorting the cattle held in the herds. Each outfit put its cut of cattle, from the day's drive, into its own herd and held them until the throw-back wagons came for them, or until the roundup broke up and they took their cattle back to their home ranges. A rep held his cut with the herd belonging to the wagon he was working with. As soon as the day's cutting was finished we moved on to a new camp, and got ready to make another circle drive the next morning.

Plum Creek was on the far east edge of the 101 range, and when our first day's drive was over and the cutting done, we'd gathered only one lone 101 steer. The boys in our outfit was joking about who was going to have to ride night herd on that steer, when Doc told a couple of us to butcher him for supper. By the time we'd worked

back to the Cheyenne River the wagons of six outfits had joined the roundup: the 4W, the AU7, the Bar FS, the T7, the Keystone, and the T Cross T.

As we worked on back toward home range the 101 cuts got bigger and bigger and our throw-back wagon met us every few days or as often as it could, to take the herds off our hands and throw them back on our home range. When our throw-back wagon met us, and took over the first big herd, they had a long drive back to the ranch from there, and they hadn't made it back to meet us by the time we had another herd as big as we could handle. The 101 cattle were so thick on that range that it only took us three or four days to gather four thousand head or so.

Doc decided the roundup would have to lay over where it was for two or three days, while we took our herd back to home range ourselves. We had camped for noon and Doc said, "Water your horses now, boys, for we'll have to make a dry camp tonight."

I saddled my horse and rode him down to the creek, just back of the mess wagon, to water him. I had crossed that creek about two hundred feet further down stream when I came in to dinner, and the water there was about two feet deep. Here the water was about even with the creek bank and I couldn't tell how deep it was.

Just as I rode to the edge of the water the cook hollered something at me and I turned my head to see what he wanted. While I was looking back my horse stepped out into the water, and we both went clear under. My horse was blowing water out of his nose when he came up and struck out downstream, swimming. He swum almost down to where I'd crossed, before dinner, before he touched bottom again, and waded out with me. I was wringing wet, and the rest of the boys seemed to think it was funny and had a good laugh at me.

We headed the herd back toward the ranch, and I was about dried off when we saw a big black cloud coming up fast behind us. In a little while it was raining hard. Our slickers were all in the bed wagon, and it was miles away on another trail, while we were cutting across rough country with the herd.

Pretty quick the water was running out of our boot tops and there wasn't a dry stitch amongst us. I told the boys it served them right, for laughing at a poor bugger when he got a soaking, for now they were as wet as I was.

One morning about ten of us started down Beaver Creek on a circle drive, loping along as usual. All of a sudden we came around the point of a hill onto about three hundred Sioux Indians. They were spread out in the valley ahead of us, and all painted up and wearing their war bonnets.

We pulled up quick and set there, not knowing what to do. It looked like they was on the warpath and we'd happened along at a bad time. Then one of the boys says, "Hell, if they was on the warpath they'd have us all shot by now." That was so, so we knew there was some other reason for the war paint.

When we got over being startled we could see the Indians was sort of camped there in the valley, and pretty quick we saw a couple of Indian police across the camp. We could tell them from the others by their blue uniforms. We rode over to them and asked what the trouble was. The policemen could talk some American and they told us that these Indians were on their way to visit the Crow Indians, up in Montana. They had got hold of some whisky and some of them had been pretty drunk the night before, and the chief, an old Indian named Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses, had fell off his horse and broke his neck. So the whole camp was all

dressed up in mourning for their dead chief and the squaws were setting around on the side of the hill, wailing and hollering.

We rode on then, to finish our drive, and left the Indians to their mourning.

Eighteen ninety-three was the first year of the big drouth that hit most of the Middle West. What few rains came that year, to the farming country, came so hard that most of the water ran off and left dry ground less than three inches under the surface. But in Wyoming it was wet enough that summer. We had a good many hard rainstorms, flooding dry creeks and small rivers.

We'd got down in the Cheyenne River country and had gathered a big herd when one of those bad thunderstorms come up. Four of us fellows was on day herd that afternoon. One of the herders was a fellow by the name of Wiley DeLashman, who had joined our outfit after we'd been on the roundup for awhile. He had been with the 101 for several years, ever since the company had bought the old Shipwheel, a ranch a few miles up the river from the 101.

It was raining something fierce and the cattle had started to drift. I got in front of them and finally managed to get the drift stopped. I was just setting there on my horse, holding the cattle, when the lightning struck so close to me that I felt like I'd been hit over the head with a broom handle. My horse's ears dropped down and he hung his head almost to the ground and went staggering around in crazy circles.

I was so scared that I spurred the horse and started to get out of there. In a couple of minutes I realized that there was no place to go to get away from lightning, so I went back to the herd. When the storm was over and we began to drift the cattle to the bed ground we found

two dead ones, quite a ways apart, that had been killed by the lightning that afternoon.

That evening at supper I asked Wiley where he was when the lightning was so bad, and he said he was off his horse, laying flat in a little gully. I told him about the lightning hitting me on the head but he laughed like he didn't believe it. So I showed him my hat. It was a good Stetson hat, and there was a fresh-singed hole through the top of it. I hadn't noticed the hole there before the storm, so I supposed the lightning must've done it when I got that crack on the head.

That Wiley liked to play jokes on anybody that was handy, but particularly me after we got acquainted. One day we were going up Hay Creek with a big herd to throw back on the home range. Wiley and I was riding on the same side of the herd, but I was back of him a way, when I saw him ride up on top of a haystack butte at the side of the trail. There was quite a few of those buttes along that part of the trail, little cone-shaped hills that stuck up out of the level prairie. It was kind of nice to ride up on one of them and watch the herd go by, only I noticed that Wiley didn't stay up there, but came right down again, pretty fast.

He rode back to me and said, "Pinnacle, you oughta go up on that butte. It's jest covered with Indian beads." That sounded odd, so I rode up to see. As soon as I got on top of the butte a mess of little flying ants swarmed all over me. I saw why Wiley hadn't stayed up there to watch the herd go by, and I didn't stay either.

As I rode back to the herd I took down my rope and began fixing it to make a loop. Wiley saw me and he took out for another part of the drive. He watched me all the rest of the day, and I kept my rope handy. Wiley sure thought I meant to rope him if I got a chance.

When Wiley got tickled about anything he could laugh harder than any man I ever knew. He'd lay down on the ground and pull his knees up to his stomach and like to laugh himself to death.

He had a smart little Texas cow horse in his string. He called him Kid and he was a mighty good horse, but getting old enough that he didn't like to have to run fast enough to head a critter that had got a start on him.

We were cutting 101 cattle out of a herd we'd gathered one forenoon. Wiley cut out a yearling steer and headed him for the 101 bunch, but the steer dodged and started around the main herd on the high run. Old Kid refused to run fast enough to catch him, so Wiley pulled up and gave him a good quirting, then went back to cutting the herd.

Wiley brought another steer out of the bunch, but he was gawking around at something else when the steer tried to cut back in the herd. Old Kid knew what he'd been whipped for, and he wasn't going to let it happen again. He whirled so fast after the steer that Wiley flew off and hit the ground awful hard.

As soon as Wiley went off Kid stopped and turned to look at him, his ears pointed forward and the thoughts in his wise old head plain to see. Wiley looked at Kid a minute, then turned over on his back, pulled his knees up to his stomach and laughed 'til he cried. Then he got up and gave the old horse a pat and said, "Kid, I'll never whip you again."

That crazy cowboy liked to tell about the jokes he had pulled on people. Several times I heard him tell the story of the chuck-wagon race he got up, while he was still working for the old Shipwheel; there was seven or eight wagons on that roundup, all jogging along across the prairie, strung out one after the other in the trail.

Wiley'd been told to pilot the wagons to the next camp-site. The Shipwheel wagon was in the lead and, for awhile, he rode along with it, talking to the cook, then he dropped back to the next wagon, the 4W. He said to the 4W cook, "That Shipwheel cook says he can outrun any wagon in this outfit."

The 4W cook took him up in a hurry. He swung his four-horse team out of the trail and pulled ahead even with the Shipwheel wagon, hollered at the Shipwheel cook, and away they went, whipping their teams for all they were worth.

The Shipwheel outfit had a little the best of it, as it was in the old wagon trail where the going was a little smoother, and the 4W wagon was out on the prairie taking all the bumps. Neither outfit would give up and they were still going their best when the 4W outfit hit a deep, crossways rut, jerked the front wheels out from under the wagon, and broke the axle. The whole roundup had to lay up for two or three days while the 4W sent for another wagon, but Wiley had a lot of fun out of it.

Another time, the Shipwheel had decided to plow up a little garden patch. They had an old walking plow at the ranch, but one handle was broke off of it. The boss told Wiley to load the plow in a wagon and take it to Sundance and get a new handle put in it.

It was fifty miles to Sundance, so Wiley was gone three or four days. When he came back he had the plow laying across the wagon box with the handles sticking over the edge. As he turned in at the ranch gate he turned too short, hit the gate post with the plow handles, and broke them both off.

A little later, that summer, we'd corraled a bunch of cows and calves and had started branding the calves. The ropers were heeling the calves and dragging them up to

the fire where the boys were throwing and branding them. An old longhorn cow had got on the prod and started charging the boys every time they put an iron to a calf and made it bawl. She had put the boys on the fence, in a hurry, two or three times and the boys on horses had hazed her back in the bunch each time. After she'd scattered them for the third time Wiley said, "Boys, you keep right on with your work and I'll take care of that ol' critter next time she bothers us." Then Wiley got an old post and stood guard between the herd and the branding fire.

The next time a calf bawled here came the old cow. Wiley took a whale of a crack at her with the post, but the post broke and left Wiley with the short end in his hands. The cow came right on and knocked Wiley down while the other fellows took to the fence again. By the time the boys on the horses got there to run the cow out of the corral Wiley'd been pretty well hooked and rolled around. His clothes were about all torn off of him and he was about as dirty and messed up as a fellow could get.

Poor Wiley got up and crawled up on the fence with the rest of us and, as soon as we saw he hadn't been hurt to speak of, no bones broke or anything, we began laughing at him. In a minute or two Wiley was laughing as hard as the rest of us, Doc gave him a queer kind of look and said, "Wiley, what th' heck are you laughin' at?"



## CHAPTER EIGHT

THAT summer there was a big Fourth of July celebration at the Devil's Tower, about forty miles north of Moorcroft. That strange old butte sticks straight up out of the level prairie, six hundred feet high and about as straight up and down as the side of a house.

Since early in the spring an old man by the name of Bill Rogers\* had been at work there, building a ladder up the side of the Tower. It was slow work, drilling holes in the solid rock, and pounding green-pine pegs into them. Toward the last it looked like he wasn't going to reach the top by the Fourth, but he beat the deadline.

On the Fourth about everybody in that country gathered at the Tower for a picnic dinner and a program, after which Bill Rogers climbed his ladder and put an American flag on the butte's flat top, making him the first man ever to stand on its top. The day finished with a big dance, and I suppose everyone had a big time. None of us 101 boys was there, though. We were away south of there on the range, working as hard, that day, as we'd worked all the other days for the past two months or more.

The old pine pegs of Rogers' ladder stuck out of the side of the Tower for a good many years after that, but

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\* or Robers

finally rotted away, and so far as I know have never been replaced with any other kind of ladder. Anyway they didn't seem to have any way of getting that fellow—who parachuted to the top of the Devil's Tower a few years ago—off of there. He was up there quite a few days before some mountain climbers finally scaled the wall and brought him down.

In later years I joined the Black Hills Association of Old-Timers and my wife and I went to some of their annual picnics, there at the foot of the Old Tower. I haven't been to one since shortly before the last World War, though.

We went on gathering cattle until we'd worked up the river to the mouth of the Lodgepole, where the roundup broke up about the middle of July. Our outfit had a big herd on hand and we drifted it across to Merino, near the present town of Upton, Wyoming.

At Merino we branded seven or eight hundred head of calves, and shipped two or three trainloads of beef from the Skull Creek pens there. One warm afternoon I was helping hold the herd on the prairie near the railroad tracks while the other boys were doing the cutting. About all I had to do was keep the cattle from getting on the railroad tracks; it was a tiresome job and I was having a hard time keeping awake. I saw a hobo walking down the tracks and I thought I'd have some fun and liven things up a little. I knew that any of those old Texas cows I was holding in that herd would sure take a man if they saw him afoot, so I thought I'd cut one out and head her towards the hobo. I was going to let her chase him down the track and give him a good scare, but I meant to rope the cow before she got too close to the hobo.

The cow I picked was a mean one, and was on the prod before I got her out of the herd. I had edged her to the

outside of the herd, but before she saw the hobo she whirled and cut back in the bunch. I was riding a good Texas horse and he whirled around too, right on her heels, but caught his front feet in some old tangled sagebrush and fell down. I was thrown clear but I lit awful hard, flat on my stomach, and the horse come on over on top of me.

When I got up I was all out of the notion of playing a joke on the poor hobo. I was sure sick for a while that afternoon, and lost my dinner to boot.

After we'd finished the branding and shipping at Merino, and had turned the calves and their mothers loose on that range, we had a thousand or so head of young stuff left for the Montana trail herd, besides the reps' cattle that we'd gathered. With those cattle to drive and hold we started working on around the edge of the Black Hills, gathering more cattle and branding calves as we went. By the time we struck Wind River, where we met Porter's wagon, we had quite a herd of trail cattle. After dinner that day we threw the herds together, and Doc and I cut out about 125 head of 101 cows and their calves and shoved them over to one side. Doc told me to stay there and hold the bunch until they were ready to brand the calves.

Then the reps went to cutting their cattle out of the main herd, so they could throw them back on their home ranges from there. They had quite a bunch cut out, and a Black Hills fellow by the name of Frank Nefsy was holding the cut, a little ways to one side of the big herd. Frank was one of the reps with our outfit that season.

A little bit of a cloud came up in the sky. It didn't amount to anything and the sun was shining bright, but all at once there came an awful flash of lightning and clap of thunder. Frank was out there loping around his cattle,

and that single flash of lightning hit and killed him and his horse.

For a little while we stood around, hardly knowing what to do. Then Porter cleaned out his bed wagon and we spread Frank's bed out in it and laid him on his bed. We hitched the four-horse team to the wagon and Porter got up on the seat, alone, to take Frank home. He sent one of the boys on ahead, horseback, to Frank's home, over in the hills about fifteen miles, to tell his folks that he was coming with their son's body. It was late afternoon when Porter started with the dead cowboy, and he would be way in the night getting to the end of his lonesome journey.

We finished cutting the herd we held and drifted our trail cattle across Wind River and down to the ranch. Walter Scott's wagon had just pulled in from Orin Junction with a Texas herd. Scott was making up a trail herd for Montana so we turned our herd over to him, and our wagon laid over at the ranch for a couple of days.

Porter's wagon had been gathering cattle near home and he had pulled into the ranch, too. During the summer the three wagons seldom saw each other, but that time they were all at the ranch together for a couple of days. They all camped close to the big woodpile back of the mess house, handy to wood and water. The bunkhouse was close by but the boys unrolled their beds on the ground outside, the way they'd been used to sleeping since the roundup started.

There was more than forty of us fellows loafing around the ranch and resting up before the wagons pulled out again, and I got a good look at the home ranch.

The ranch house was a big, one-story building on the bank of the river. Porter and Long each had a room there, but they ate at the mess house with the rest of the men.

There was a cookstove in the kitchen of the big house and the boys used it to heat water on and did their washing there, when they were around the ranch. The dining room was used for a gun and ammunition room, several tons of cartridges and a good many guns of different kinds being kept there. Porter used the front room for his office and paid the men off there.

Two big cellars had been dug in the ground between the big house and the mess house and there was two more good-sized storerooms built near the mess house. The mess house was one big room where the cook cooked the grub and dished it up to the two long tables where the boys ate. The bunkhouse was four or five rods further on; it was big enough to hold about twenty-five men, but it was furnished with only three or four old home-made bunks and as many more home-made bedsteads. When the boys used the bunkhouse they mostly slept on the floor, on their own bedrolls, instead of in the beds.

Across the yard set the old low, log barn. The wagon shed was near by, big enough to hold eight or ten wagons in stalls. Next to it was the blacksmith shop, and then the hen house. The ranch buildings and corrals were laid out in a nice square, and all the buildings except the ranch house and bunkhouse, were built low and had dirt, or sod, roofs. The next spring I helped build a new barn there, a high barn with a haymow and a shingle roof.

As soon as we got the trail herd together Scott's wagon pulled out for Montana and our wagon went back to gathering beef and branding calves.

Before the end of July I met the company manager, R. M. Allen, for the first time. I'd heard quite a lot about him from the other boys, though. They said he was graduated from Harvard and Yale both, that he had relatives in England and Boston and visited them every year, and

that he came out to Wyoming and Montana several times every summer but never stayed long at a time. Him and his wife made their headquarters at Ames, Nebraska, where they had a big house run by a lot of servants. They didn't have any family. The boys also said that Allen brought a brand new saddle to Wyoming with him every summer, Western style and custom made.

Not long before, a fine horse had been brought out from the ranch and turned in with our cavy, and I heard them say the horse was for Allen when he came to visit our outfit. He was a stylish-looking, big, iron-gray horse, a single-footer that had been broke especially for Allen, but he had'nt been ridden for quite a while, probably not since he'd been broke in the spring.

That day our wagon was camped near Belle Fourche meadow a couple of miles from the ranch and we were holding a beef herd. We had about finished working that country but had Miller Creek left to drive that day, then we planned to move on to Moorcroft the next day and start shipping beef.

Doc had left four of us to hold the herd while him and the other fellows had gone to drive Miller Creek. At noon one of the boys and me went in to dinner, leaving the other two to hold the herd. When we rode into camp we saw that Allen was there. He had had his dinner at the ranch and had come out to our camp in a hack.

He was a short, chunky man about fifty years old. He was wearing two six-shooters, one in a holster under his arm and one in a hip holster. He usually carried a third six-shooter in a special-made holster on one side of his saddle and kept a sort of cartridge pouch on the same side. He wore a Stetson hat and dressed like a Westerner.

Allen greeted us and then said he believed he'd like to have a horse and take a ride through the beef herd we were

holding. We should've known better, but we caught that iron-gray horse for him. Allen pulled his new saddle out of the hack and began to cut the gunny-sack wrapping off of it. We saddled the horse, adjusted the stirrups, and held the horse while Allen got on.

Several things wasn't right about the deal: the horse was green broke, young, and feeling good; he was extra tall, and Allen had to sort of hop up to reach the stirrup; the new saddle was plenty squeaky; and the horse was a little scared.

Allen pulled himself up and got set in the saddle. We turned the horse loose and he threw Allen the second or third jump he made. The Englishman got up and said, "Ah, ah, boys. Catch the S. O. B. I *can* ride him." We caught the gray and Allen got on again. The horse threw him as quick as before, and he got up again and said, "Ah, ah, boys. I guess I can't ride him. Catch me a gentle horse."

Allen didn't hold our little mistake against us, though, but treated us in a friendly fashion afterwards, offering us tobacco and cigarettes that he had made up to his own order and called his "Yale Mixture."

Another horse in our cavvy was a pretty, big, bright sorrel. When a man got on him he'd either pitch awful hard or else fall over backwards. He wasn't in anybody's string, so the big fellow we called Highpo kept at Doc to let him ride him, and Doc kept telling him, "Why, fella, that horse would kill you."

One day Highpo and me was on herd together and he said to me, "Now if you was goin' to ride that big sorrel horse, how would you go about it?" I said, "Well, I'd watch him when I went to get on him, and if he started to sag back I'd kick him in the belly, hard, so he wouldn't go over backwards."

Next morning I saw Highpo off to one side talking to Doc. Doc had got tired of telling him "No," so he told him to go ahead and ride the sorrel. Highpo saddled him up and got on. I guess he thought the horse was starting to sag back, for he sure kicked him hard in the belly.

My, oh my, but that horse sure bucked hard and high. Highpo hadn't got set in the saddle yet and, for a second or two, he was upside down, with both feet sticking straight up in the air, and hanging on to the saddle horn for dear life. Poor Highpo sure lit hard when he hit the ground. Doc turned to me and said, "Pinnacle, that's some of your work. You can take that horse and ride him in your string, from now on." After that the big horse was called "Cyclone."

We gathered cattle over on the edge of the Black Hills and worked back by the ranch again. Porter had a new bunch of broncs in the corral there, and he told each of us to pick a horse out of the bunch. I picked a little black bronc, and he made thirteen in my string. What happened a little later broke me of ever having thirteen horses in my string again.

The next day I rode this new horse and he started off all right. We hadn't gathered any cattle to drive yet, so about twenty of us was riding along in a bunch behind the mess wagon. Then Long decided to get ahead of the wagon and he spurred up. The rest of us did the same, but just as we passed the lead team my little black bronc swung square over in front of them, stuck both front feet in a hole and went down.

The horse got up and got out of the way, but before I could move the team had jumped over me and caught me in the spreader in front of the wheel team. Both teams were scared and trying to run and they drug me quite a ways under the spreader before the cook, Charlie Voss,

could get them stopped. Charlie was sure a-hollering and a-sawing on the reins, and when he did get the outfit stopped I was between the right-front wagon wheel and the heels of the right-wheel horse. If the wheel had gone over me I guess I'd of been a goner. As it was both teams and the spreader had gone over me and I'd lost a lot of skin and couldn't seem to move.

The boys drug me out from under there and saw that I couldn't ride; as my back seemed to be hurt some way. So they loaded me on the mess wagon, caught my horse and we started on. The mess-wagon horses were still snorty and scared, and a little further on they stampeded.

The outfit was traveling along a dugway on the side of the mountain, with a hundred-foot drop from the road to the canyon bottom. The horses were tearing along that narrow road and most of the time it seemed like the wagon would sure go over the rim and pile us up down below.

Afterwards, Charlie said that he would of jumped and let the outfit go, if it hadn't been for me up there on the load. When he got the horses stopped the wagon was teetering on the edge of the dugway, and Charlie wasn't long making the boys get me off of his wagon. The teams were still upset, and he said if they stampeded again, on that road, he was sure a-going to get off and let 'em go.

So then the boys loaded me on the bed wagon. The bedrolls was loaded crossways on the wagon box, and we had so many of them that they had them piled up above the top of the wagon box and tied there with ropes running lengthways of the load. They put me up on top of the bedrolls and tied me on too, so I couldn't roll off, and pulled out again.

The next morning I was propped up against a bedroll, watching the boys catch and saddle their horses. While

we were at Moorcroft, a short time before, a man by the name of Frank Watt had joined our wagon. I saw him catch a big, yellow horse, saddle him up and get on. That horse threw poor Frank terrible high and he come down with his back across a rock. So they loaded Frank on top of the bed wagon with me, tied us both on with the beds, and pulled out.

They hauled us, roped on top of the bed wagon, for about three days before we got able to ride again. From then on the little black bronc that fell down with me was called that "Kill-a-man" horse, but he turned out to be a pretty good little cow horse.

Earlier that spring, on our way to join the roundup, old Charlie, himself, had come near crippling me up, too. When the outfit was on the trail, and neither driving nor holding a herd, we always stopped early enough to give the cook plenty of time to get the grub ready. So, one cold, raw forenoon, we made camp about ten o'clock at a place where there was plenty of firewood. Some of us boys picked out a big, old, drift log, off a ways from the cook's fire, and set fire to the rat's nests and trash underneath it. Pretty quick it was burning good, and we sat around it warming up. Then some of us stretched out beside it and went to sleep.

After a bit old Charlie slipped over and hobbled all our spurs to the log, then went back to his fire and hollered, "Dinner!" We all jumped up and headed for the wagon on the run. Next thing we knew we were sprawled all over the place. Charlie'd left me eight or ten feet of slack rope and I sure went down hard when I hit the end of it. When we were all down Charlie said, innocently, "Oh boys, you'll have to wait a little. Dinner ain't quite ready yet."



## CHAPTER NINE

WE WORKED the home range over twice that fall, finding quite a few unbranded calves that we'd missed the first time over, and gathering the fat beef from the herds we'd brought back during the summer roundup. We started shipping the beef to Chicago, and that job wasn't finished 'til snow flew.

We had shipped out a beef herd from Moorcroft one day and was ready to start back up the Belle Fourche to gather another herd when Doc told us boys that he had to go to Sundance first. He told us to take the wagons and cavvy on out to the Shipwheel and lay over there until he got back to us.

It was about twelve miles to the Shipwheel and we pulled in there about sundown. Then one of the boys mentioned that if we'd thought to get some lemons in Moorcroft we could've made us a barrel of cold lemonade to drink the next day, while we'd be laying around waiting for Doc to get back. It was too late then to go back to Moorcroft for the lemons, that day, and we were sure sorry we hadn't thought of them sooner.

Early the next morning, before breakfast, two of the boys saddled up and headed back to town after a sack of lemons, and I started carrying water from the river to

fill the water barrel on the mess wagon. When I had it filled I covered it good with several slickers so it would keep cold until the boys got back with the lemons.

I'd no more than got the barrel all fixed than Adam Forepaws come to the wagon to wash for breakfast. He looked in the water bucket, which I hadn't filled again after filling the barrel, and seeing it empty he walked over to the barrel and started to turn the spigot.

I told him, "Hey, keep out of that water barrel. That's for lemonade." Adam said, "I don't care if it is," and give the spigot another turn. So I hit him a crack. Adam came right back at me, and in a minute we were going right to it. Then I heard a yell and glanced up long enough to see old Charlie Voss coming at us with his butcher knife in his hand. He was waving the knife over his head and yelling bloody murder as he came. I broke loose from Adam and ran along the side of the wagon. Then Adam saw Charlie coming and he took out the other way, through the timber.

I didn't know whose part old Charlie was taking, or which one of us he was after, but about the time I came to the end of the wagon tongue I thought, "Well, what in th' Sam Hill am I runnin' from a cook for?" So I pulled my gun and turned around.

I saw Adam going down through the timber, as tight as he could go, and Charlie right behind him, swinging the butcher knife. Adam was outrunning Charlie though, so the cook gave up pretty quick and came on back to the wagon.

Adam didn't come in to breakfast nor show up all that day. He had slipped around and had the wrangler catch him a horse and he'd made himself scarce until things quieted down. He came riding back next day, with Doc, and nothing more was ever said about the little fuss.

We didn't know old Charlie very well, but he only had one eye and we'd heard that he'd got the other one shot out in some kind of a scrap. Adam and I weren't taking any chances with an armed, one-eyed cook who seemed to want to mix into our fight.

A little later, that summer, Charlie was making pies for dinner one day. Billie Fewclothes and one or two other fellows had got in early from a circle drive and had come to the wagon to loaf and wait for dinner. Billie crawled under the wagon in the shade to take a little nap.

Billie seldom shaved while on roundup so he had whiskers about an inch long all over his face. I guess those whiskers gave one of the other boys an idea. Charlie had some pie dough rolled out ready for a pie and the cowboy swiped it and crawled under the wagon where he plastered it gently over Billie's face. The warm dough settled down amongst Billie's whiskers without waking him up, but it also cut off his wind and that did wake him up. He r'ared up, fighting for breath, and hit his head a hard wallop on the wagon reach, then he came out from under there, clawing pie dough out of his whiskers and cussing the whole layout. If Billie could've found out which one of those innocent cow punchers was guilty it would've been tough for that fellow.

When the World's Fair started in Chicago, that year, Porter told the boys that, when we started shipping, all who wanted to could go along with the cattle to Chicago and take in the fair. Old Charlie Andrews was one of the boys who took advantage of the offer and went to the fair.

Charlie had come to the 101 along with the old Ship-wheel ranch when the Standard Cattle Company had bought that outfit, some years before. Charlie's family home was in Virginia but he had been in the West a long

while. On his way West he had worked for John Bratt in Nebraska, and he had told me that Bratt had kept him on day herd for eleven years, and had never let him see a roundup in all that time.

One day, that fall, I was helping Porter's outfit load beef at Moorcroft, when old Charlie rode up on a high run and pulled up at the corral to ask Porter if he could go to Chicago. Charlie was repping with the Ogallala outfit, at the time, and they'd been loading beef, that morning, at Gillette, thirty miles west. Charlie told Porter that the Ogallala boys would look after his next herd for him, while he went to Chicago.

He was pretty desperate. He said, "Mah folks ah comin' from Vi'ginia to see me in Chicago. Ah haven't seen them in twenty yeahs, an' if Ah don't meet them theah they will come on out heah to see me, an' Ah wouldn't fo' th' wo'ld have them to see th' occupation Ah'm in."

Porter said, "Why sure, Charlie, you can go. You didn't need to ride clear down here to ask me that." Charlie turned right around and fogged it for Gillette; as he had to be there before the cattle train pulled out that afternoon, if he was going with it.

I didn't see Charlie again until the next spring, then one day he said to me, "Albe't"—he was the only fellow out there that ever called me Albert—"Albe't, did yo' go to th' Wo'ld's Faih?" I said I hadn't, and he said, "Well, Albe't, yo' was lucky. Ah want yo' to know that Ah neveh had a bite to eat f'om th' time Ah left Chicago 'til Ah got to Alliance (Nebraska). Theah Ah saw a man on th' depot platform that Ah knew and Ah got off th' cahs and bo'ahed a dollah, an' got me somethin' to eat."

It seemed Charlie had spent all his money in Chicago and was broke when he got on the train to come home.

When the train stopped in Omaha he got off there. He told me, "Yo' know, Ah had fo'teen hund'ed dollahs in that Fi'st National Bank in Omaha an' Ah went oveh theah an' looked at that fine, big building, but Ah knew that if Ah went in theah an' told them Ah was old Cha'lie Andrews they wouldn't believe me, so Ah jus' got back on th' cahs an' come on to Alliance."

It took more than two days, then, for a train to come from Chicago to Alliance, so old Charlie must've been pretty hungry by the time he got to eat, there.

Some of the boys with Scott's wagon went to the fair too, so the boss sent me, and a fellow named Moore, over to help on that wagon 'til the boys got back. They were working over on the Shipwheel range and holding quite a herd. There was some new broncs in that outfit and Moore drew a horse he was afraid to ride. He kept at me to ride the horse for him so, on my afternoon to relieve the herder, I caught this "Reuben" horse of his and saddled him up.

As I tightened the cinch he broke away from me and tried to run. I let him go 'til he hit the end of the rope, then threw my weight on the rope as hard as I could, intending to throw him. I threw him all right, but the rope broke at the same time, and he scrubbed his bridle off some way as he fell. He got up and took off down the river like a scared wolf, with a piece of my rope dragging from his neck and my saddle on him.

One of Scott's men, Art Delabaugh, had just saddled up, and he took out after old Reuben. He ran him down the Belle Fourche to the mouth of Deer Creek, twenty miles away, before he caught him. Art roped him there and led him back to camp.

I had borrowed the night wrangler's saddle, caught another horse and gone on herd. When I come into camp

that evening and saw my saddle laying there I walked over to it, unbuttoned the saddle pocket and pulled out fifty dollars and put the bills in my pocket. Delabaugh saw me and he laughed and said if he'd known the money was in there he'd of taken it out and turned old Reuben loose again.

It so happened that, at the same time, Porter had a horse loose with a saddle on, and running on the range somewhere. Porter had offered ten dollars reward to who ever caught his horse and brought him in. After several days a fellow found the horse and brought it to camp. Porter unbuckled the saddle pocket on the run-away horse, took out forty dollars and gave the man ten. I guess saddle pockets was sort of cowboy banks in those days.

For awhile that fall we had a roundup cook that we called "Gray Jack." He was a cranky old fellow and not very tidy about his camp or his cooking. On one trip he'd been cranking around worse than usual because he'd lost his old pipe. He'd turned his gear upside down and inside out, but hadn't located his pipe. Old Gray Jack had a big four- or five-gallon coffeepot and he'd let it get pretty full of grounds before he'd bother to empty and clean it out. When he emptied it that time he found his pipe in the grounds. That cheered him up some, as he said his pipe was boiled out nice and clean, and we couldn't see that boiling his dirty old pipe had made much difference in the taste of his coffee.

One of the boys that knew old Gray Jack told me that, a year or two earlier, the old cook had played a mean trick on himself, by mistake. There had been a fellow with Gray Jack's wagon, on that roundup, who was careless about looking after his bed. Before a cowboy left camp of a morning he was supposed to roll up his bed

and leave it by the bed wagon to be loaded. If he didn't do so, then the cook or the night wrangler had to do it, and they had plenty to do without looking after a man's bed for him.

One morning old Jack was feeling extra mad about something. The boys had all rode away, and the wagons were ready to pull out, when Jack saw a bed still made out on the ground. The old cook snorted, "I'll learn that fella to leave his bed for me to take care of." So he rolled it up, tied one end of a throw rope to the bed and the other end to the hind axle of his wagon, and drug the bed all the way to the next camp. The bed was pretty well wore out and useless by then.

That night, when the boys took their beds off the wagon and unrolled them, every man had a bed but old Gray Jack. That was when he discovered that the other fellow *had* rolled his bed and left it by the wagon that morning, and the bed he'd drug to pieces was his own.



## CHAPTER TEN

AS WE gathered cattle the last time over the range in the fall we cut out the cows and steers that had got too old to fatten on grass, and when we had a trainload or two of that old stuff we shipped them down to the company's fattening yards at Ames, Nebraska. We'd have three or four thousand head of those old culls, when the season's work was done, and we were shipping the last of them from Moorcroft in late October, when, on the day we finished up, I was riding a horse that had been in Long's string that spring.

During the roundup, a couple of months earlier, I'd been the first one back to camp from a circle drive one forenoon. I'd put the cattle I'd gathered in with a herd, and was helping hold them, when Long rode in to camp. He rode on over to me and said, "Let me borrow your six-shooter." I could see he was put out about something, and I thought maybe he was mad at one of the men, so I asked him, "What do you want it for?" He said he wanted to shoot a steer.

I asked him why he wanted to kill the steer, and he said, "Look at my horse's leg." I saw then that the horse's leg was bleeding bad from a hole above the hind knee, and Long told me that he'd been coming along up the

creek behind the cattle he'd gathered that morning, when a big brindle steer had turned, all of a sudden, and run his horn through the horse's leg before he could get out of the way. I talked Doc out of shooting the steer though, and when the horse's leg got well he gave the horse to me.

I was riding the horse that had been gored, on the day we finished shipping from Moorcroft and we had quite a bunch of the big old steers in the loading pens. Doc had sent me and another fellow in the pen to cut out twenty steers to a bunch (a carload), and shove each bunch down a lane to a crowding pen. We'd almost finished the job, and was taking the last bunch down one of the narrow lanes, when the hindmost steer, a seventeen- or eighteen-hundred-pound Texas brindle with long, sharp horns, whirled around and rared up in front of me. He was almost twice as big as my horse, and he knocked us against the high plank fence, pretty hard, as he jumped over us and headed back to the pen we'd just drove him out of.

The other fellow and I both went back after him, but when we rode into that little pen with him he picked me to take after. My horse remembered the other time he'd been gored by a brindle steer, and he did his best to keep ahead of that one. We tore around the little pen several times, but the steer was cutting corners and gaining on us.

As soon as the other cowboy had seen the steer was on the fight he had rode to the fence and got on top of it and his horse had run back to the middle of the pen, and stopped there, but the steer paid no attention to him. It was me he was after.

I suppose the steer might of done us some damage, if the fellow who was working the gate in the lane hadn't yelled at me to come down the lane, where he'd try to shut

the gate ahead of the steer and cut him down another lane. I just made it, far enough ahead of the steer so the gate could be shut behind me, and the steer went off down another lane to a pen where we roped and loaded him.

Some of those old Texas steers were sure mean. I remember another time, when some of us 101 boys was helping the boys from a Spade wagon to rope and throw some big Texas steers. The Spade outfit had bought out another ranch and they had to put their brand on all that big old stuff.

One of the boys roped a steer by the neck but before the second man could rope his heels, and throw him, the steer turned on the first fellow and gored his horse in the stomach. The poor horse stayed on his feet, and kept away from the steer, but we could see that he couldn't last long, and the steer was pushing him hard.

Some of us had our guns and we started shooting at the steer, but it was risky business; as the horse and man and steer was all mixed up together, going around out there. We hit the steer several times and finally broke his legs before we could get him down so we could finish him, and we had to shoot the horse too. It seemed like things like that was part of our work.

Art Delabaugh and I went down to Ames with that last shipment of old steers, and spent the winter there.

All of the town of Ames, except the store and depot, was owned by the Standard Cattle Company, which had moved into that area in 1887. The company had bought up several good farms, and leased others, until, altogether, it owned and operated about eight thousand acres of land, making up a six-mile strip that ran from the Platte River on the south to the bluffs on the north. The layout was located about forty miles northwest of Omaha.

R. M. Allen and his wife made their headquarters at

Ames, where they lived in a twenty-room house, a little way north of town. Allen lived like an Englishman there, wearing breeches buttoned at the knee, high-topped red boots and a "hard" hat. He carried a cane and rode an English saddle on a bobtailed horse. He was very polite: whenever he met a man, beet hauler, cow hand, or anybody, he stuck his cane under his arm, lifted the hard hat and whacked himself on the head with it, by way of greeting.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen kept at least six servants to run their big house, and had speaking tubes in all the rooms so they could talk to them. They kept several dogs, and one man's job was mostly to feed and take care of them. They also kept a coachman, whose job was to take care of the spanking carriage teams and drive the Allens out in their carriage at five o'clock every evening, and whenever else they wanted to go.

Mrs. Allen was a very large, dark woman, who'd met and married Mr. Allen in Texas. She was kind and friendly to all the help. The Allens also had a liquor room in their big house, with shelves from floor to ceiling filled with liquor of about all kinds. They seldom had company, but used most of it themselves.

The biggest building on the place was the barn. It was said to be the biggest barn in the nation at that time, and it could have been, as it covered five acres of land and held 3008 head of steers, each in his own stall. The big barn was built of solid oak, and floored with the same.

As I remember it, that old barn had four tiers of windows, on each side, running the full length of the building. The windows were hinged and a narrow catwalk ran in front of each tier. Thermometers hung in certain places in the barn and a man was kept on duty, day and night, when the barn was full of steers, to watch the ther-

mometers and open or shut the windows, as needed, to keep the temperature right. Over three thousand head of big steers put out a lot of heat and steam, even in cold weather.

The stalls ran in long rows clear across the barn, a pair of stall rows facing each other, and an alley behind each row. A continuous water trough was located in front of each row of stalls, and a feed bunk between each pair of watering troughs.

Iron rails, mounted on the inside edges of the water troughs, made tracks for the feed cars to run on, and a feed car held about a ton of grain. A man walked in the feed bunk and pulled the car by a rope fastened to its front end and another man walked along behind the open end of the car and shoveled the feed into the bunk. It was pretty nice for the steers, with their drinking water right in front of them and their feed just one reach further over, all winter long.

A flowing well 160 feet deep furnished water for the barn, and also supplied the water, under pressure through a hose, to clean out the big building, washing the litter into cross gutters that carried it away to a ditch that emptied into the Platte River.

An elevator about eight times as big as the ones you see along the railroad tracks, in the little towns, nowadays, stood between the railroad tracks and the big barn. The feed cars were filled in the elevator and shunted out on a turntable to the tracks in the barn, and the elevator machinery was powered by a steam engine that had a boiler as big as a railroad locomotive.

The company shipped in cotton cake by the trainload. The cake came in corrugated strips about a foot wide by two feet long and three-quarters of an inch thick, and was unloaded and stacked in big ricks alongside the railroad

tracks, then moved into the elevator and ground into meal as it was needed. The cattle in the barn were fed the cottonseed meal and grain of different kinds, but very little hay.

The feed lots and pens, where several thousand more head of cattle were fed out each winter, covered a good many acres of land along the river, the lots being twenty to forty acres in size, and four to six hundred head of cattle was fed in each of them. As a side line they kept almost as many hogs as cattle in the feed lots, the hogs cleaned up the grain the cattle wasted, and what few didn't die of cholera, and other things, got fat and went to market.

They sure had a lot of trouble with those pigs. The little ones 'd get sore mouths and noses from biting each other, when fighting over their dinner table, and get so they couldn't eat, then die of plain starvation. Some one told Mr. Allen that if he'd have the little pigs' teeth broke off with pincers or pliers when they were only two or three days old, he wouldn't have any more trouble with sore-mouthed pigs. So Allen had his hog men break off the newborn pigs' teeth. It wasn't any fun for those boys, climbing in a pen with a man-eating old sow, and mistreating her baby porkers that way, and the broken, splintered teeth only made the little pigs' mouths sorer than ever and more of them died than before that treatment, so they soon gave it up. In the long run they must've lost the company a lot of money.

Every morning us cowboys had the chore of roping and dragging the dead pigs out of the corrals and pens, so the dead wagon could load them up and haul them off to a dump by the river. Every few days some Indians from Omaha drove out in an old wagon and loaded up a load of the dead pigs, and an occasional dead steer or

cow, and hauled them away to their camps for food, so the dead pile never got big enough to bother much.

Another side line was sugar beets. Sugar beet raising was new to that section of the country, so Allen imported a professor from Germany to show them how it was done. The professor had a long black beard and used to travel over the fields, sometimes on horseback and sometimes in a little two-wheeled cart, to watch the progress of the beets. It used to worry Mr. Allen, when he saw the professor driving over the young plants in the cart, he seemed to think the narrow cart wheels were damaging too many beets. The German was only there the one year, after which Mr. Hugh Scilley took over the beet project.

Hugh Scilley and his brother Jim were Irishmen who came from Ireland as young men. Hugh went to work for the company during its first year in Ames, 1887. At that time Mr. Nat Johnson was head bookkeeper there, but he had an agreement that he did not have to work on Sundays. The feed had to be weighed out to the cattle on Sundays, as well as weekdays, so Mr. Johnson proposed that Hugh Scilley be made office man on Sundays.

Mr. Allen used to go to the office on Sundays to write letters, and one day he said to Hugh, "You ought to study shorthand, Hugh, and someday I might be able to give you a steady office position." Hugh said he didn't know that a person could learn shorthand without a teacher, but he sent off and got a book and started studying in the evenings, when he was through with his day's work outside.

About a year later Mr. Allen mentioned the matter again, saying that he could give Hugh that office job right away, if he could only write shorthand, and Hugh told him that he could write it, as he'd been studying on it ever since Allen had first mentioned it. From then on

he wrote all of Mr. Allen's letters for him, and later became clerk and bookkeeper also.

Hugh Scilley had a certificate in agriculture from the British government, so in 1899 he was made superintendent of agriculture at the Ames place, in charge of the beet raising and the sugar factory. The factory was built out north of the town in 1899, four years after I left Ames, so in my time the beets were shipped to Norfolk, or some place west of Ames, to be processed, and the pulp shipped back to Ames for cattle feed.

The beet workers topped the beets in the fields, where the tops could be fed to cattle too; but beet raising was not a success at Ames. The fall rains usually began about digging time and caused second growth, which lowered the sugar content of the beets, and often a sudden hard freeze, on the way to the sugar factory, would make pulp out of a trainload of beets, so the losses were too heavy.

The sugar factory closed down, after a few years, and was then moved to Scottsbluff, where today it is a part of the huge sugar factory there. In 1907 Mr. Scilley went to Brush, Colorado, as agricultural superintendent of the Great Western sugar factory there, and the next year to Loveland, Colorado, as manager and agricultural superintendent until his retirement in 1932. He is still a vice-president and director of the First National Bank of Loveland and president of a prosperous building and loan association. His present age is eighty-four.

The company also raised some fifteen hundred acres of corn, and had ten hay outfits putting up hay, in the summer, on their meadowland, and twenty-five or thirty wagons hauling hay to the feed lots and hay presses in the winter. They raised more hay than they could feed at Ames, so the surplus was baled and shipped to hay dealers. Two big hay presses, located beside the big

elevator and run by the elevator engine, did the baling.

It took a lot of men and horses to do all the work on the Ames ranch. In the spring there'd be thirty or forty plows in the fields at one time, getting the ground ready for beets and corn, and tending and harvesting the crops kept a slew of men busy, well into the fall, when the cattle began to come in from the West for winter feeding in the pens and barn, and it was summer again before the last of the fat cattle were shipped out of the barn.

Seven or eight hundred men worked on the Ames place at the peak of the busy season and, since many of the men were married and had their families with them, the total number of people living there sometimes counted up to two thousand. At the height of its operations the company ran six big boardinghouses for the single men, and there was about eighty dwelling houses on the place, where the family men lived. The houses were ten by thirty feet in size, all just alike, painted red and set in rows at different places on the ranch. They cost three hundred dollars apiece to build and were sold for twenty-five dollars apiece, when the ranch broke up. The managers and foreman lived in the big houses that came with most of the farms the company bought.

The company built a good schoolhouse for the workmen's children, and church was held there on Sundays. The store was owned and run by a man named John Seivers. Chris Madsen was the company blacksmith for years. Regular wages were around a dollar a day, and keep,\* for the single men and you could get a good meal there for fifteen cents, and a bed for the night for a quarter. The dwelling houses rented for from three to seven dollars a month to the family men.

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\* Board and room.

Delabaugh had shucked corn at Ames, the past two or three winters, so he went to work at that, as soon as we got unloaded. He made two and a half cents a bushel and could earn as much as two dollars a day, and he got his keep free at one of the boardinghouses.

They sent me out to the Mills farm, about three miles from town, to herd cattle on the beet tops. The herders got a little less than a dollar a day, but they did most of their work on horseback, and worked in pairs, taking three or four hundred head of cattle out to the field at a time. When one bunch had filled up on beet tops we penned it and took out another bunch, each pair of herders feeding four bunches a day. By the time we'd cleaned up the beet tops the corn fields were husked, and we'd start feeding the cattle in the cornstalks. By early December we'd finished the cornstalks and put the herds on full feed in the pens, when I moved into town and helped in the feed lots.

There were feed racks and a water tank in each lot, and the men who worked in the lots had to see that the windmills were turned on and pumping and that the hay was down in the racks where the cattle could reach it. The hay haulers filled the tall hay racks from outside the pens (the racks being located just inside the fences) but often the hay didn't slide on down in the racks as the cattle fed from below. A six-foot, iron-pointed pike pole was kept at each rack to use to push the hay on down where the cattle could reach it.

Some of the windmills that pumped the water for the tanks were a hundred feet tall and it was eighty-six feet up the three-legged steel towers to the platforms where a man stood to oil the engines. The cowboys who worked in the pens were supposed to oil the mills, but the whole bunch of us refused to climb those tall towers, all except

an old fellow we called Buffalo. Buffalo's real name was Bill Thomas and he'd come up from Texas with the outfit. Along with Buffalo was a man by the name of Charlie Lister and another named O. L. (Ollie) Taylor, a native of the Platte Valley, those three being the only fellows there who would climb those towers and tend the engines.

Old Buffalo was the hog boss and him and his assistant, Bill Tucker, did most of their work on horseback. Buffalo also had another odd job; during the season when the wild geese were flying over he was required to ride out through the pasture and feed lots, nearly every day, to scare the geese off the feeding grounds. I was never there at that time, but the boys said they'd seen as much as a hundred and sixty acres of land covered solid with geese. If they stayed there long they ruined the grass, so the steers wouldn't eat it, so Buffalo'd ride out towards them, swinging his rope and hollering. He couldn't shoot at them; as a gunshot might've stampeded the cattle.

In winter a man was hired just to look after the water tanks and keep them from freezing. There were coal-burning heaters in all the tanks and it was his job to keep them filled and burning.

About Christmas we started shipping beef out of the pens, twice a week, four loads to a shipment. On Wednesdays and Sundays, shipping days, Jim Scilley, the cow boss, went through two or three of the lots with us and cut out enough of the fattest beef to make up the four loads, the next shipping day we cut out beef from some of the other pens, and so on, all winter. We had the stuff in the pens pretty well shipped out by about March 1. With some of the pens empty and only small herds in the others, there wasn't much left for us cowboys to do.

About that time Allen got back from a visit to Boston

or England and I met him, one morning, between the store and the depot and he said, "Ah, ah, Snyder, don't you think you'd better be starting back to the range country?"

I said, "Yes, I guess I had." Then he asked me if I wanted to go to Wyoming or Montana, and I said Wyoming would be all right. Then Allen said, "Ah, ah. I'll have your transportation here by day after tomorrow."

I drew my pay over at the office, and that was a funny thing, the way they paid the men there, always in cash, instead of by check. On paydays I've been in the office, where Nat Johnson would be making up the pay envelopes, and he'd have a good-sized table heaped up with bills and silver money. He put every man's pay in an envelope, so many bills and so much silver.

A couple of days later Allen gave me my ticket, and I took my saddle and bed and boarded a train for Moorcroft.



## CHAPTER ELEVEN

WHEN I pulled in to the ranch Porter put me to breaking horses. He had some unbroke horses they'd bought and some others that had been caught wild that spring. Porter said to me, "Break those horses from running on the rope, or break their damn necks." That was all the instructions he ever gave me about breaking horses.

I'd run a bunch of broncs in the corral, rope one, throw and tie him and pull and trim his tail. Next I put a heavy hackamore on the bronc's head and ran the end of the inch rope, that was around his neck, through the hackamore and snubbed it to a good broke saddle horse. Then I got on the saddle horse and took the bronc out of the corral and up on a grassy flat above the ranch where six or eight big old logs were strung around. Twenty-foot lengths of inch rope, with iron rings tied to their free ends, were fastened to the logs. I tied the bronc's lead rope to the ring in the end of the log rope and left him there for a couple of days.

I had horses tied to all of the logs most of the time for the next few weeks. Staked out to the logs they could graze a little, but they couldn't get away. If a bronc tried to run he generally threw himself when he hit the end of the rope, and that was a quick way to get him used to it.

Most of them soon learned to stand still as long as they had a rope around their necks. Poor fellows; they had a lot to learn that was different from anything they'd ever done before, and they hadn't long to learn it. Less than two months was all the time I had to break out a new bunch of broncs and have them ready to go on the spring roundup.

Sometimes at night a horse whistling out there on the flat woke me up, then I'd hear a loud "plop" and I'd know one of the broncs had got scared and tried to get away. Seemed like every time one of them got scared they all did, and I'd hear every horse that was tied to a log whistle and "plop" when he hit the end of his rope and went down.

When a horse had done his time on the rope I took him back to the corral, saddled and rode him. Mostly, I tried to keep a horse from pitching and break him so he'd let a man get on him without much trouble. Some had to be hobbled, or have one foot tied up to the saddle, before they'd learn to stand 'til I got on them.

A few was bad ones though, and never did gentle down so they'd be much good. If a bronc stayed scary, and mean to get onto, we sometimes tried tying beef hides to his neck and tail and let him fight it out with the hides. A few hours with them flopping around him generally got him used to anything that might happen to him.

During April, while I was still breaking horses, the rest of the boys began pulling in to the ranch, to help get ready for the roundup. Most of them had spent the winter in town somewhere, or visiting around at other ranches. There was a bad snowstorm on the day Wiley DeLashman rode in to the ranch wearing an old fur coat with most of the hair wore off of it.

A few days later "Little Martin" pulled in. Little

Martin was a small, light cowboy and him and Wiley was sort of partners and usually worked and loafed together. I was visiting with Little Martin one day and he told me about a trip that he and Wiley had took, that winter.

They'd been living in town and had gone broke and needed some money, so they'd gone to round up some horses they owned together so they could exchange them for a little cash. They ran their horses on the range over on the old Tom Waggoner horse ranch, so they put some grub and their beds on a pack horse and started over there.

By the time they reached the old abandoned cabin on the Waggoner place it was getting dark and a snowstorm was blowing up on a hard wind. Martin said Wiley always made him do the cooking when they was out together, so when they pulled in that night Wiley said he would take their horses to the barn while Martin took the grub and beds in the cabin and got a fire started.

Wiley took the horses on to the barn and started inside. The barn was a big old shed, partly dug back under the hill, partly roofed with logs and dirt. The roof was held up by several big, heavy posts. It was quite a ways to the back of that old barn, where Wiley thought he'd tie the horses, as it would be warmer at the back; and it was black dark in there as Wiley went feeling his way along, leading the horses.

All at once he heard a rush and a racket ahead of him, and the first thing he thought of was that a bear had holed up back in there. If it was a bear in there with him Wiley sure wanted out. He dropped the lead ropes and turned to run for the outside, but just as he got going good he hit one of those big posts and knocked himself flat. Before he could move something jumped over him and went tearing out of there.

When Wiley got up and got outside he saw an old cow taking off across the prairie. She had taken shelter from the storm in the old barn, and she had been as scared as Wiley was; and Wiley had been plumb tickled to find she wasn't a bear.

Little Martin said he and Wiley had stayed there several days, gathering their horses, and Wiley had got a chance to play a joke on a poor old jackrabbit. Near the cabin they found an old open well, some ten or twelve feet deep and partly filled with snow. The rabbit had tumbled in the well and couldn't get out, so Wiley had found an old ladder and got the poor, scared jack out. Then he tied a piece of rag to its tail and turned it loose. The poor rabbit made two or three jumps, then bucked way up in the air and kicked at the rag. He kept that up, sometimes turning clear over in the air when he kicked at the rag. Martin said Wiley got so tickled he laid right down in the snow and howled and laughed for a long time.

Old Charlie Andrews had had a little exciting experience too, over at the Burgreen place on the Little Missouri. Old Man Burgreen and his wife had a little ranch there and Porter knew they butchered 101 beef right along, as 101 cattle run on the range along there.

Along in late June, when the trail herds began to come up from Texas, Porter had to put a man along the trail to cut back all the cattle that got in with the trail herds but didn't belong there. A trail herd was bound to pick up extra cattle along the trail, and it was said that some herds reached the end of the trail with more cattle than they left Texas with, in spite of their losses to the Indians and in crossing rivers.

So Porter had sent Charlie over to stay at Burgreen's awhile, the summer before, and cut the trail herds that were coming up the Little Missouri. He figgered that

Burgreen wouldn't be butchering 101 beef, while Charlie was there anyhow.

After awhile Burgreen must've got tired of going without beef. One evening Charlie rode in from cutting a trail herd and unsaddled his horse and staked him out to graze. As he started for the house he met Burgreen, setting on the woodpile and pointing a gun at him. "You take off your gun an' throw it on the ground an' get right back on your horse an' get outa here," Burgreen ordered him.

Charlie was sure surprised, but he dropped his gun the way he'd been told, then he told Burgreen that he'd get out all right but that he'd have to give him time to catch his horse and saddle him. Burgreen got Charlie's gun and set there on the woodpile, while Charlie went back to his horse and saddle, but he had forgot that Charlie had a rifle on his saddle.

Of course when Charlie got to his saddle he got his rifle and throwed down on Burgreen, and he had the best of the deal then; as he was out of range of Burgreen's six-shooter. Charlie made Burgreen drop his gun and go saddle his horse for him, then Charlie took back his six-shooter and pulled out.

That Burgreen was an ornery, queer fellow anyway, sort of a hunting-for-trouble kind. The 101 had some big corrals built on the range near his place and branded cattle there every year. One summer Walter Scott's wagon was camped on the flat there, branding cattle, and Burgreen rode over to the corrals, wearing his six-shooter. He looked around at the bunch of fellows working there and saw that Porter wasn't among them, then he said, "Where's Porter? I'm goin' to kill him."

Walt told him he didn't know where Porter was and they went on with their work, while Burgreen hung

around and looked mean. After a while Walt saw a rider coming toward the corrals and he pointed him out to Burgreen and said, "There comes Porter now." But Burgreen rode on around to the far side of the corrals, and stayed as far away from wherever Porter was as he could get.

As soon as he had a chance Walt told Porter that Burgreen was there and had said he was going to shoot him. Porter hadn't even noticed that Burgreen was there, until then, so he started to ride over where he was. Burgreen saw him coming and didn't wait to see what he was going to do, he just hauled his horse around and lit out of there.

One afternoon, during that spell of bronc-twisting, I went over to the bunkhouse and found a fellow who I'd never seen before, there. He was all dressed up and wearing shoes and was writing some letters. His suitcase was open, and his stuff all spread around, and I saw he'd laid out a nice six-shooter with a well-worn scabbard and a beltful of cartridges.

I picked up the belt and gun and fastened it on myself, and said, "You don't need this. You'd better give it to me." He just laughed. From the way he was dressed I couldn't tell if he was a dude or a cattle detective, or what, but I found out that his name was Johnny Pierce and that he had worked for the 101 before the rustler war. After that trouble had come up he'd gone to Arizona and been boss of the Hashknife outfit for awhile. He didn't like Arizona I guess, so he drifted back to the 101. A few days later he went on to Montana to work for our outfit up there. He was a mighty fine fellow, as I found out when I got to know him better, later on.

Late one cold, windy day that spring a bunch of us fellows was in the bunkhouse, loafing after supper, when an old fellow I'd never seen before came to the door and

wanted to know the way to Moorcroft. Old Charlie Andrews spoke up and said, "Why Billie, yo' all have knowd th' way to Moahc'oft fo' th' last fo'teen yeahs."

The old fellow was afoot and carrying a rifle. The boys persuaded him to stop long enough to get a bite to eat and Herman, the blacksmith, took him over to the mess house and told the cook to feed him. It wasn't dark yet by the time he'd finished his supper and he hiked right out toward Moorcroft. The boys told me he was a poor old crazy man who had been around that country for a long time. They called him Hobo Billie.

The next morning Deford and I started to Moorcroft in a drizzly rain, and about two miles from the ranch old Hobo Billie got up out of a ditch and stood in the road ahead of us. He still had his rifle and was wearing a slicker. I don't know where he got the slicker though, as he hadn't had one the night before.

He asked us which way it was to Moorcroft. I pointed back over my shoulder, toward the ranch, and said, "Right that way." The old hobo wasn't as crazy as I thought he was, for he upped with that rifle and aimed it straight at us, and we got out of there in a hurry.

A few days later the Sundance sheriff came out to the ranch and asked Porter to send us all out to hunt for old Hobo Billie. The sheriff told us the old man had come to Sundance a while before and had pitched an old tent square in the middle of the street, and settled down to live there. The Sundance citizens hadn't wanted him there so they gave him some old traps and talked him into going away on a trapping trip. After he'd been gone awhile, and nobody had heard anything about him, they got worried and sent the sheriff out to hunt him up.

We hunted all through those hills. We found some of his old traps and two or three hen eggs in an old cabin

over on Wind River, but we never did find poor old Hobo Billie. I never heard of him again, and I never figgered where he got the hen eggs, scarce as they were in that country then.

There was a little Spanish mule in with a bunch of broncs that we run in the corral one day. He'd been running on the range with that bunch of wild horses and they'd caught him along with the rest of the bunch. Several of the boys were loafing around the corral, watching me work on the broncs, and one of them said, "Let's see Pinnacle ride that mule."

I said, "One of you fellows ride him. I get enough of that sort of thing." But they said, "No. We'll take him over in th' park and Pinnacle has to ride him." The park was the yard between the bunkhouse and the other ranch buildings, and the boys took the mule and my saddle gear over there. They saddled the mule and I got on him, and he lit right in to pitching. He pitched hard, and he headed straight for the bunkhouse door. I stayed with him all the way to the bunkhouse, but when I saw he was going to pitch right on in I thought I'd better get off, or I might get my knees broke going through the door.

Just as I stepped off the mule he stopped dead still, with his head all the way in through the open doorway. The mule had me thrown, all right, and the side of the door was all that kept me from falling down, but it looked to the boys like I had just stepped off the mule and leaned up against the door casing. They always thought that was the way of it, and I never told them any different. I never rode another mule, either.

One day, while I was working on some broncs in the corral, ten or twelve of the other boys were saddling up to ride out and gather the horses that had wintered in the hills around the ranch.

I saw Wiley's saddle on a nice, big gray horse. He was a plumb gentle horse and I'd never seen him pitch, but I owed Wiley a little interest on some of the jokes he'd been playing on me. I waited 'til he was close enough to hear me, then I said, "I wonder who's goin' to ride that gray? He was the hardest pitchin' horse in Doc Long's outfit last year."

Wiley spoke right up. "Damn that Tom Hunter! He told me to ride that horse, today, an' he knows I can't ride a pitchin' horse. Pinnacle, I'll give you a pound of Climax if you'll ride 'im and take th' buck out of 'im for me."

I said, "Oh pshaw, I can't ride as hard a pitchin' horse as that one for no pound of tobacco."

Wiley said, "Well then, I'll give you two pounds. It's in my war sack\* right now, hangin' on th' wall in th' bunkhouse."

So I said, "All right, Wiley, bein' it's you I'll ride him."

I got on the horse and hit him down one side with my quirt. He trotted off nice and gentle, and Wiley saw right off that the joke was on him. When I rode the gray back to the corral Wiley was down on the ground with his knees pulled up to his stomach, laughing harder than anybody. I claimed my two pounds of Climax and he paid up.

In '95 that same gray horse was in DeFord's string. DeFord was a queer fellow with a horse. He'd soon have a gentle horse pitching, and almost all the horses in his string pitched. He'd get on a horse, hit him over the head with his quirt and start him off pitching, and he didn't care which direction he headed him, or what he pitched into. Several times I saw him pitch his horse into the

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\* A bag or sack that served a cowboy as a suitcase, often just a seamless feed sack.

corral ropes and tear them down. He usually rode with his stirrups hobbled, or tied together, under his horse's belly, as he stood a better chance of staying on a pitching horse, that way, but he didn't care if he rode him or not.

One time when Porter had sent DeFord down on the Platte River to work with one of Coffee's wagons for awhile, the gray and another horse had got away from him and drifted back to their home range. The other horse was a big bay, and I had seen him do some pretty hard pitching.

Our outfit ran onto those two horses one day, on the Cheyenne River, and put them in our cavy. When Porter saw them in our bunch he asked me if they were gentle, and I said, "Yes, th' gray's all right, but th' bay's a hard pitchin' son of a gun."

"Well," Porter said, "let's catch 'em and give 'em a good ridin'. You ride th' bay and I'll take th' gray."

We caught them and I saddled the bay and got on him. Darned if he didn't ride off as quiet as you please. For some reason Porter changed his mind about riding the gray that afternoon, and said he'd ride him the next morning, and he had saddled another horse.

When I rode into camp that evening DeFord was there. Riding up from the south country, on his way back to the ranch, he had happened to run on to our wagon, and when he saw me riding his bay he said, "Well, I see you're ridin' pretty good stock now days."

We had gathered a pretty good sized bunch of cows and calves that day, planning to hold them overnight and brand out the calves the next morning, and Porter put DeFord on the last guard that night. After breakfast the next morning the rest of us went out to take over the herd and put it in the corral, for the branding, while Deford and the other guard went to camp to eat and catch their

fresh horses. Porter had turned the gray back in DeFord's string, and Sherm came back to the herd, riding him.

We noticed that DeFord seemed so stiff and stove up that he could hardly get off his horse and climb over the fence in to the corral. "What's th' matter, Sherm?" Porter asked him, and DeFord said, "Oh, that darn gray horse throwed me off, back at th' wagon, an' knocked down both my knees."

Porter didn't say anything, but the look he gave me wasn't friendly.

Another day, when DeFord was riding the bay, he seemed to be going along quiet enough, so he unhobbled his stirrups. A little later he started to roll a cigarette and the bay saw his chance, ducked his head, and lit into pitching. He threw Sherm and got away, but we caught him and brought him back and DeFord got on again, without stopping to hobble his stirrups. We rode along a ways and Doc said, "When you goin' to finish that cigarette, Sherm?"

DeFord grinned and got down and buckled his stirrups together again, then he got on the bay and rolled himself a smoke.

Late in April I was breaking a bronc to drive on the wagon. I had hitched him with a gentle horse to give him a little workout, and the boss told me to drive in to Moorcroft and get nine hundred pounds of rifle cartridges from the depot. Four or five of the boys, who were waiting at the ranch for the roundup to start, went along.

We pulled up by the depot platform and the boys started loading up the shells, while I stayed on the wagon and held onto the lines. We didn't want to risk a runaway with that load of live ammunition.

A work train was pulling by the station, taking some crews on up to work on the railroad that was building west

from Sheridan at that time. The crews had been hired at Omaha and on west, wherever they could pick up extra men.

An old hobo dropped off the train and came over to the wagon. He asked me how to get to the 101 ranch. I said, "Follow the railroad to the river, then follow the river to the ranch." It was about eight miles to the ranch that way, but only about four by the road. The old fellow didn't say that he wanted to go to the ranch, just asked me how to get there.

We drove on back to the ranch and I went in the corral to ride some more broncs. I saddled a horse and rode him. Just as he quit pitching I noticed the old hobo looking through the corral fence at me. He didn't look friendly.

When we went to the mess house for supper the hobo was there, helping the cook. The next day, for dinner, we had a lot of fancy dishes of grub on the table, things we hadn't been used to, so we figgered the hobo must've fixed them, as he was still helping the cook. He worked there with the ranch cook until the wagons pulled out on the roundup.



## CHAPTER TWELVE

A FEW days before the roundup started Porter bought about twenty-five head of green broke horses from a Black Hills man by the name of Dickinson. A young fellow I didn't know helped Dickinson deliver the horses to the ranch, and later the same afternoon I was tinkering in the blacksmith shop when Porter came over to me and asked, "Pinnacle, do you know what a scientific broncobuster is?"

I said, "No, I guess I don't."

So Porter told me that the young fellow who had helped Dickinson bring the horses over had said that he was a scientific broncobuster and he wanted a job breaking horses for the 101. Porter said he had told the boy that he was satisfied with the ordinary broncobuster he had, but for him to come back when the roundup started and he would give him a job, and that he'd probably get all the bronc riding he wanted in his everyday work.

I had just broke a big horse, a tall, ugly, blaze-faced bay. He was a bad one and I'd had a time with him. I'd tied him down, trimmed his tail and let him up, then hobbled and saddled and fooled with him like I did all the wild ones, until I thought it was time to get on him. But when I dropped the hobbles and started to get on that

tall son of a gun he rared up and began to go over backwards. I got out of the way and let him go.

He fell on his side and broke the brass-bound wood stirrup on that side. I had Herman, the ranch blacksmith, make me an iron ring for a stirrup. I fixed it on my saddle and started to get on the horse again. He tried the same trick, and I stepped out of his way again. That time he fell on his other side, and broke my other stirrup. Herman made me another stirrup ring and I went ahead and broke the horse, rode him some, and turned him in Porter's cavvy. Shortly afterwards Dickinson and the scientific broncobuster had delivered the new bunch of horses, and a few days later I left on the roundup with Long's wagon.

Porter's wagon was the last to leave the ranch, and the broncobuster came back to the ranch the day it was pulling out. The cavvy was in the corral and Porter asked the boy which horse he wanted to ride that day. The boy said, "Just catch me any horse, Mr. Porter." So Porter caught him that big, ugly bay, and told the boy to come on with Charlie Andrews and the wagon. Then Porter saddled up and left for Moorcroft, where the wagon was to meet him later in the day.

The boy waited until they had turned the rest of the horses out, then saddled the bay and got on him in the corral. The horse throwed him, hard. He got on again and was piled again. Old Charlie Andrews had watched the whole show, and when the horse had throwed the boy five times in a row, Charlie said, "Youah betteh pull youah saddle off that ho'se, boy. He might hu't youah afteh while, if he keeps th'owin' youah on that ha'd ground." Which was good advice, for that horse was so big and strong that he must've thrown that boy plenty hard.

That night, at the first camp Porter's outfit made, they found that the scientific broncobuster had no bed and had to sleep with one of the other boys. Naturally the boys called the poor kid "Plenty Beddin" from then on, and they called that ornery bay horse "Plenty Beddin," too.

It turned out that the hobo cook I had steered the long way around to the ranch went along with Long's wagon, when we left on the spring roundup. We had been out on the trail a few days when one of the boys asked me if I knew that the cook had it in for me, and he was saying he was agoing to "get me" because I had made him walk the long way out to the ranch from Moorcroft, when I could've let him ride.

I knew that, sometimes, it wasn't healthy for a man to have the cook mad at him. With all those sharp butcher knives he had handy he could be dangerous, and I didn't know what sort of a fellow this cook was, so I figgered I'd better ride in to the wagon and see about the deal.

As I rode up to camp the cook was taking some mighty good-looking berry pies out of the dutch ovens. I said to him, "I hear you've been a-sayin' you're goin' to get me for makin' you walk to the ranch. Is that so?"

He stood and looked at me for a little while, thinking it over, then he grinned and said, "Aw, get down and have a pie." Well, I'd never turn down a pie, especially one of his, so I got off my horse and ate one and after that we were the best of friends. It didn't hurt a man none to keep on the good side of the cook, anyway.

I learned that his name was Hank Allen and that he'd been a ranch and roundup cook for quite a few years. He had come West from New York where he'd cooked for big hotel dining rooms. His trouble was that he couldn't keep sober when he was where he could get whisky, but

out here where he couldn't get to town very often he could stay sober long enough to hold down his job.

He had hired out to a work-train crew, and had got a free train ride from somewhere down the line, intending all the time to get off in the ranch country and get a job cooking for a roundup wagon. Which was how he had happened in to Moorcroft that day he'd asked me how to get to the 101. Old Hank was sure one of the best cooks in the country, being able to cook for twenty-five or thirty men, and sleep half the time besides. He kept cake and pie on hand most of the time, and had light bread nearly every day.

Baking light bread on a roundup was quite a trick. The dough had to be mixed and set to raise the night before, then carried along in the pans when the wagon moved on, next morning. The cook had to get his wagon camped in time to get his fire going, his dutch ovens heated and his bread baked by noon, if he could. If he couldn't get it done for dinner then he mixed up a batch of baking powder biscuits for that meal, and went ahead and baked the bread for supper. When I had worked up in the Green River country they had sour-dough biscuits and bread quite a lot, there, but the 101 had yeast bread and baking-powder biscuits all the time I was with them.

All roundup wagons carried a big, iron coffee grinder fastened to the side of the mess box, and they bought whole-bean coffee in paper sacks. The favorite brands were: Arbuckle, Lionhead and Four X; as those companies put a stick of striped peppermint candy in every sack of coffee. In the evening after supper, while the boys loafed around the campfire, the cook emptied a sack of coffee in the grinder and yelled, "Who wants th' candy t'night?"

Two or three of the boys would make a run for the

grinder, each one trying to keep the others from getting there first. While they were tied up in a scuffle another one would sneak in and grab the grinder handle, wind out the coffee and get the candy. Those crazy cowpunchers had many a scrap over that stick candy.

Most roundup wagons had a piece of looking glass fastened to the side of the wagon box with bent nails. The boys carried their razors in their war sacks, along with their extra socks, and did their shaving in front of the looking glass. The cook always had a big can of hot water on his campfire and carried a wash pan for the men's use.

Long's wagon was headed for Plum Creek, to work about the same country we'd worked the year before. We made camp one evening, west of Edgemont, among some old, crooked cottonwoods and sagebrush along the Cheyenne River. The next morning I caught a little sorrel that I had in my string. I saddled up and got on him but he started pitching before I'd had a chance to tighten up my reins.

He was wearing an "earhole" bridle without a throat-latch and, with his head down and going to it there in the sagebrush, he caught the bridle on the brush and pulled it off, then he ran away with me. He angled through the timber and hit the road, running for all he was worth. Pretty quick, from the top of a hill, I saw a wagon coming toward me down on the flat.

I recognized the outfit as one of Jess Driskil's T Cross T wagons. Charlie Cree was boss of that wagon and an old fellow they called Happy Jack was cook and driver. He was driving four big mules and coming on the lope. I yelled at him to pull up; as I was headed right for him and couldn't do a thing about it, myself.

But Happy Jack must've been in a hurry, anyway he

whipped up his mules and come right on. My horse didn't slow up none either, and he hit that outfit square between the lead mules and set them back on the wheelers. We sure stopped the mules in a hurry, and tangled them up besides.

I'd figgered that if my horse did hit the mules it would stop him long enough for me to get off, but the little sorrel had whirled and was out of the mess before I could move. I don't know how old Happy Jack got out of the tangle; I didn't have a chance to see before my horse tore off across the railroad tracks and headed north into the badlands, without even slacking up.

The boys at camp had seen my horse jerk his bridle off and run away with me, and three 101 men had been trying all this while to catch me, but, so far, hadn't been able to get close enough to rope my horse. But when my horse angled north across the tracks it gave those fellows a chance to cut across and head us off.

One of the boys roped my horse, but nobody stopped or slowed down, they just headed back toward camp, three or four miles away, where I got my bridle and we went on down the trail.

As we passed Edgemont we made camp for the night near the river and about a hundred yards from the railroad tracks. I was the last one to come into camp that evening, about sundown, everybody else was there and supper was about ready when I rode up. I stopped my horse and looked over at the boys, loafing around the fire and waiting for the cook to holler supper. I noticed there was a stranger there, a sort of a small-like fellow, waiting for supper with the boys.

Then I heard one of the boys say, "Is that him?" Another one said, "Yep, that's th' fella." They rushed me then and pulled me off my horse, saying something about

a trial. They appointed Doc as judge and some of the rest of the boys as a jury.

Before I knew what was going on they had found me guilty of horse stealing, or something, and Doc had sentenced me to be hung. They slammed me across a bed and tied my hands behind my back, and started to get a hanging rope ready.

That was all the stranger could stand, and he lit out for the railroad tracks as hard as he could go and took off west between the rails. Then Billie Fewclothes pulled his gun and fired a couple of shots in the ground. The poor fellow wasn't long getting out of sight.

The boys thought it was a good joke. They said the stranger was a hobo who had come over from the railroad tracks to our camp, expecting to get his supper. Hank said that he'd seemed like a nice fellow, and had got the wash pan and washed and cleaned himself up the best he could.

The poor hobo probably hadn't had a meal all day, but those ornery cowboys couldn't miss a chance to play a joke, anytime that the setup looked about right.

The next morning we found that some of our horses were gone from the cavy and Doc sent me to look for them, while the wagon went on toward Plum Creek. I supposed that they'd headed back towards the ranch, so I rode back, half a day's ride, then started circling, hoping to locate them. Along towards sundown I hit the railroad tracks again, at a water tank and siding called Argentina, about fourteen miles from Edgemont. I hadn't found the horses, but I ran into the poor hobo, there at the water tank waiting for a freight train to come along.

I stopped and talked to him a little while, and I noticed he was wearing moccasins and seemed kind of lame. I asked him what was the trouble and he said he'd run

through some cactus, in his moccasins, the night before and his feet were sore. He didn't tell me why he'd run through the cactus, and I didn't ask him. He hadn't recognized me; as he hadn't had a good look at me, before he'd lit out from camp, the night before. I didn't stop long with him, anyway; as I wasn't feeling very good either, not having had anything to eat all that day, and being pretty tired and hungry myself.

The next day we made noon camp in east of Edgemont and I caught the sorrel again, and that time he wasn't going to let me bridle him. He was another of those rough ones, caught with a wild bunch that spring. I had my rope on his neck but he wouldn't let me touch his head. I'd work up to him and reach for his head and he'd whistle and run. I'd brace myself and stop him when he hit the end of the rope, then work up to his head again, but he'd whistle and snort and run some more.

I worked with him so long that the wagon and the rest of the outfit had already pulled out on the trail; all but Doc Long, who stayed to see how I made out. Doc had kept up a big horse he called Smoky. Smoky was said to be a fine roping horse, except that he broke the necks of everything that was roped off of him. I didn't know if that was so or not, but I'd heard it was.

I finally got so mad and disgusted with that sorrel that I said to him, "I'll just climb on old Smoky and break your damn neck."

Smoky was standing there with his reins down and I got on him. Holding the loose end of my rope in my hand I threw a loop along it toward the sorrel's head. He whistled, jumped over the loop, and started to run. I took two or three quick turns of the rope around my saddle horn, and old Smoky began to sag back against the rope just as the sorrel hit the end of it. The little bronc

sort of went straight up in the air, turned over and come down square on his head. His neck popped like a pistol shot. It seemed like it was all done in twenty seconds.

Doc had watched it all, and he said, "That's good, pull off your rope."

Doc took old Smoky and galloped off up the trail, leaving me setting there on my saddle. In about a half hour he came back with another horse for me.

Two or three days later the metal skein on the end of the right hind axle of the mess wagon came loose and was apt to let the whole wheel come off. That evening Long said we'd have to send a man back to Edgemont after a new skein. Wiley was with Long's wagon that spring and Doc said he guessed he'd send him. I spoke up and said, "You better let me go, so you'll be sure of getting, th' right thing."

But Doc said he wouldn't trust me to go after it; as I might get put in jail, or something. The next morning he sent Wiley and Billie Fewclothes, both, back to Edgemont after the repair, and we wedged the loose skein on with a piece of gunny sack and went on up the trail. Wiley and Billie would have to ride nearly a hundred miles by the time they caught the wagon again.

They hadn't got back by dark, but they pulled into camp sometime that night. Next morning Doc got us up extra early to fix the wagon, and then we discovered that those crazy fellows had got the skein for the left wheel and it wouldn't work on the right one. Doc threw the thing in the wagon, told us to wedge the old skein on again with some more gunny sack and get the outfit on the trail for Plum Creek.

During the next few days we worked back to Beaver Creek where Porter met us, coming after the first big herd we'd gathered. I wasn't with the herd when it was de-

livered to Porter, so I didn't see him then, but when Doc came back to camp after turning the herd over to him, I asked, "Do you suppose Porter's got any extra horses along?" Doc said, "I don't know. Why don't you ask him? You broke the horse's neck, so it's you and him for it."

So I rode over to Porter's camp, some four miles from ours. They'd had dinner and were saddling up when I got there. I rode up to Porter and asked him if he had any extra horses along. He said, "What's th' matter? Did you let a horse get away with a rope on?"

I said, "No, but I had the misfortune to break one's neck."

"Sure," Porter said, "I've got an extra horse."

He caught me a big, young, bay horse and I took him back to Long's wagon. I thought I'd just as well ride him that afternoon, and see what he was like, so I saddled him up and we started out from camp. The mess wagon, pulled by four big roans, was on ahead out of sight around a hill, then us fellows jogging along, and then the bed wagon, quite a ways behind.

Pretty soon we heard a racket behind us. That new horse of mine heard it too, and it sort of excited him. He went to trying to get his head down so he could pitch, and I was busy trying to keep it up so he couldn't. Then here come the lead team off the bed wagon, running as hard as they could with the spreaders a-clanging at their heels. The chain underneath the wagon tongue had broke and let them loose with the spreaders, and they were sure running away.

Doc was riding next to me. He didn't happen to have his gun on him that day but I was wearing mine, so he reached over, grabbed my gun out of my holster and went after the runaway team, shooting as he went.

One of the runaways was a good, gentle, old horse we

called Tom. The other one was an old Shipwheel horse, a kind of an outlaw, that had been a saddle horse before they took him for a leader on the bed wagon. They called him old Ku Klux. Pretty soon old Tom's hind leg flew out sideways, kind of queer, and he slowed down as fast as he could, stopping old Ku Klux too. Doc had shot old Tom through the hind leg, but hadn't hurt him bad.

I said to Doc, "Why did you shoot old Tom?"

He said, "Gee Whiz! If that runaway team had caught up with the mess wagon and stampeded those big roans we wouldn't 'a had a thing left of it."

Doc hadn't meant to shoot old Tom especially, but with them running as fast as they could he couldn't tell which one he was going to hit, and he was in a hurry to stop them, whichever one he had to hit. Old Tom wasn't hurt much and he kept up with the outfit until his lame leg was well and he could work again. It was a shame that he got hit instead of that old rascal, Ku Klux.

Old Ku Klux was ornery about being caught in the corral too. If a fellow didn't put a loop of his rope over the old outlaw's nose as soon as he caught him he'd stampede over the corral rope and get away with the throw rope on his neck. Every once in awhile he'd get away from some new fellow that didn't know his tricks.

One noon I went in the corral to get him and hitch him to the bed wagon. I had noticed a big old log, laying under the corral rope, with a heavy stub limb on it that pointed toward the corral. I saw a chance to fool old Ku Klux, so when I roped him I dropped the loop in the end of my rope over the stub on the log, instead of putting a loop over his nose to cut his wind when he tried to run. The wrangler dropped the corral rope for me to lead the old horse out, and old Ku Klux snorted and took out. When he hit the end of the rope that solid old log sure

busted him hard, and put a kink in his neck for the rest of that day.

A little later that summer, after we'd joined the general roundup, I had some more dealings with one of the roans Hank was driving on his mess wagon. The four roans were big pretty horses, all just alike; two of them had been broke the year before and I had broke two of them just that spring. Porter had bought fancy new harness outfits for them, with big, gold-colored 101's on the bridle blinders, and they made a classy-looking turnout.

About daylight one morning, as we were ready to start out on circle, Doc said to me, "Pinnacle, you go with Hank to camp the wagon." I was kind of surprised; as nobody had been going with him, since we joined the other outfits. Hank didn't know the country, but he'd been following the other wagons and making out all right, so I didn't see why he needed anybody to go along with him.

I jogged along beside Hank, visiting and joshing with him, and he told me that one of the big roan wheelers had been giving him a good deal of trouble lately; he'd behave all right to be hitched up but wouldn't stand to be unhitched, Hank said, and as soon as he'd get the tugs unfastened and the neck yoke loose the horse would stam-pede with the harness and bridle. The wrangler had been trying to help him but the roan had been getting away from both of them, then the wrangler'd have to put up his rope corral and drive the horses in, so he could catch the roan again. Hank was scared of the big horse, and getting pretty disgusted with him.

When we pulled into our noon camp I helped Hank unharness. We unhitched the leaders and led them out of the way, then I hobbled the stamper's front feet and tied one end of my rope between the hobbles. I led my

saddle horse up close to the mess wagon and tied the other end of the rope to my saddle horn, giving the roan fifteen or twenty feet of slack rope.

I unhitched him, and got the belly band and breeching straps unbuckled, but as I jerked the hame strap loose he stampeded. I hung onto the harness, but he got away with the collar and bridle. I had my back to my horse, so I didn't see if he sagged back on the rope, or not, but he sure threw the roan hard, and it was a wonder he didn't break its neck.

I thought I'd get the horse up and lead him back to the wagon, where I could fool with him awhile and see if he wanted to try it again, but the roan was too smart. He wouldn't move until I'd taken the rope and hobbles off of him, and he was a plumb gentle horse when he got on his feet again.

Old Hank was sure tickled: he said he guessed Doc knew I'd fix that horse if he sent me along with the wagon, that morning. The roan never stampeded again, or so much as moved from the wagon tongue until he was unharnessed.

That same summer Porter had a little trouble, too, with a mess-wagon team. Early one morning the lead team on his mess wagon broke loose, some way, and ran off with the spreaders. The bed wagon and all the rest of the outfit, except the wrangler, Ed DeFord, a younger brother of Sherm's, had already gone on ahead and was out of sight.

The wrangler took after the runaway team and his horse stepped in a hole and fell, breaking its neck. That left Ed and the cook just about afoot. They had plenty of horses, but it was going to be tough to catch one of them.

So Ed put up his ropes and unhitched the wheel team.

Those old wheelers, Fred and Clyde, were about the gentlest team on the 101 ranch and Ed was able to ride one of them, and haze his cavvy into the ropes where he could catch another saddle horse. Even then they were in bad shape; as the one team couldn't haul the mess wagon alone, and the other team had run off with the harness so they couldn't harness any more horses.

Before they had been stalled too long Art Delabaugh came riding up, leading the runaway team. He'd run onto them seven or eight miles from camp, still running, with the spreaders clanging along behind them.



## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

OLD HANK had got hold of a canvas, which was about three times as long as an ordinary wagon cover, and an eleven- or twelve-foot hickory well pole. At the middle of one end of his canvas he had made a hole and reinforced it with leather. With the canvas stretched out behind the wagon, the hickory pole stuck through the hole to hold up the canvas, and the corners staked out, Hank had a dandy shade to do his work under. He'd stop with his wagon headed into the wind, make a fire at the far end of his shade and do his cooking there. The boys could eat under the canvas and do their loafing there too, and old Hank was mighty proud of his shade.

We'd been gathering cattle up the Cheyenne River and had a couple of thousand head in the herd we was holding. I came into camp from day herding, caught and saddled my horse and set down to eat my supper. On his way out to bed the herd Doc stopped and said to me, "Pinnacle, I cut a Texas steer into th' herd today that we must've lost coming up from Orrin Junction. He don't have a 101 brand on him, so when you get through with your supper you slip out and put a 101 on him." He didn't say anything about anybody helping me, and I didn't like it too much.

It took me quite a while to find the steer in that big herd. When I had him I decided it would be handier to run him over near the wagon and brand him where I could use the cook's fire, instead of building a fire of my own. I tied the steer down about fifty yards from the wagon and rode in and put the irons in the campfire. Billie Fewclothes was loafing at the wagon so I swapped windys\* with him and Hank, while I waited for the irons to heat.

Billie was lots of help. When I got on my horse he handed me the hot O and I rode out to the steer and branded him with that. I rode back to the fire, and he handed me the bar. I loped out and finished branding the steer and was ready to turn him loose.

By that time the big steer was sure on the prod, so I turned his head toward the wagon before I let him up. I wanted to see Hank and Billie climb the wagon wheels in a hurry, and they sure swarmed up on top of the wagon when they saw that steer coming at them. But the steer came to the fire first, saw the big, old coffeepot and jumped on to that. He butted it over with his head, then backed off, and bawled, and butted it again. He did that three or four times, and then he saw the hickory tent pole. So he backed off and bawled and charged the pole. He broke the pole in two in the middle and let the canvas down on himself, and that bluffed him out. He pawed his way out from under the canvas and lit out for away yonder, and I had to go after him and bring him back to the herd.

When Doc rode in and looked around he asked, "What's been goin' on here?" Hank said, "Oh, that steer Pinnacle branded come inta camp on th' fight and tore things up."

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\* Tall stories.

Doc didn't say anything, but when he looked at me I couldn't hardly keep my face straight, and he knew I'd done it on purpose. It was several weeks before we got to any place where we could get another pole to hold up the canvas, and Hank sure missed his shade.

While we were going up the river with that herd a big steer that belonged on that range dropped in with our cattle and wanted to go along. Several times we cut him out and drove him back away, but he'd catch right up again and try to stay with us. Finally Doc said to me, "Pinnacle, you rope that steer and hold him here 'til we get out'a sight with th' herd."

I roped the steer and led him out beside the trail where I sat, holding him. A half-hour later, when the herd was out of sight up the trail, I was about to turn him loose when I saw four or five Indians riding up the trail toward me.

The steer was on the fight by then and I saw where I could have some fun. I spurred up and busted the steer, then turned him so he'd be headed toward the Indians when he got up. I jumped off my horse and took the rope off the steer's head and he scrambled to his feet and charged the Indians. He was right in the middle of them before they knew what was up. They sure took out of there, beating their old ponies and scattering in all directions. They were still pounding their ponies, even after the steer went out of sight back where he belonged.

I set on my horse watching the show, and finally the Indians bunched up again and rode on back to me, laughing like everything and seeming to think it had been a lot of fun.

One old Indian was wearing a coyote skin, head and all. He wore the head for a hat, with the nose sticking out over his face like the bill on a cap, and the rest of the

skin hanging down his back. The skin was stiff and dry and he used the nose for a handle to lift the thing on and off with. The other Indians kept laughing and pointing at old Coyote Skin. I didn't know what the joke was, but they seemed to think it was mostly on him. Several times, in the next year or two, I saw that same old Indian, wearing his coyote skin.

After the wagons had all got together and we had started on the general roundup, I went on a circle drive one morning, led by Jim Lee. Jim was boss of the Ogallala wagon, and had been with that outfit for years. We got back to the roundup ground with our drive before any of the other drives showed up. It was a bright, pretty summer morning so Jim told a fellow by the name of Cole to watch our herd of some three or four hundred head, and said to the rest of us, "Come on boys," and rode up on a little pinnacle. We got off our horses and set there on the hill in the cool breeze, to watch the other drives come in.

Down below on the prairie Cole got off his horse and set down in the shade of him and watched the herd. All of a sudden a three-year-old steer curled his tail over his back and took out for the brakes.\* Cole was riding "Swede," a good little bay cow horse that had been in Bud Chamber's string when I was with his wagon in '87. I don't know why Cole was using him for a circle horse, but he was, that morning.

Cole jumped on Swede and took after the steer. He was about up with it, and going fast, when the horse stuck both front feet in a badger hole and turned over twice. Cole was thrown but got up and run and jumped in the saddle again, just as the horse was getting his front feet

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\* Rough, broken, hilly country.

under him to get up. He was on the horse when it got up and they went right on, almost as if they'd never stopped, and caught the steer and brought it back.

I said, "There's a man Bud Chambers must've trained," and old Jim said, "Yes, but I've got a hell of a lot of 'em Bud didn't train." He had a bunch of kids in his outfit, that year, and only two or three good riders in his crew.

Sherman DeFord told me that one summer old Jim was sent down on the Platte River to rep. He got drunk somewhere on the way down, fell off his horse and lost his whole outfit: saddle horse, pack horse and string. He sobered up and took to the trail afoot. He must've had a bad time of it, hoofing it over the prairie in his high-heeled boots, until a Montana outfit had come along the trail and picked him up.

DeFord was repping on the Platte for the 101 that year, and he saw the Montana wagon pull into camp with old Jim riding on the mess wagon with the cook. So Jim was at the roundup, but without a horse, a saddle or a bed. A few days later another Montana wagon pulled in, bringing Jim's outfit. They had caught his horses heading back toward home range and brought them along, so Jim was all right again.

Later that summer we turned a herd over to our throw-back wagon, and all the roundup wagons camped on Black Thunder Creek that night. Along there the creek run through a flat, with nice timber on one side of it and a forty- or fifty-foot bluff on the other. Some of the wagons went down the creek a little ways, crossed over to the low side and camped on the flat in the shade of the timber. But our cook and the T7 cook camped their wagons up on the bluff above the creek. There was no shade up there and they had to carry water from the creek up the bluff to camp. I wondered why they camped

up there, instead of down on the shady flat near the water.

As we had no herd to hold that night, all us 101 fellows turned our horses in the cavvy. Even Long turned his horse loose, and that's the only time I ever knew him to turn himself afoot. The wagon boss usually kept up a night horse, even if none of the rest of the outfit did, and the T7 boss did keep his up, and tied him to a bed-wagon wheel.

The wrangler drove the horses down to the creek to water them, and then crossed them over to the other side for the night. I don't know why, but it seems like a wrangler nearly always did that, ending up with the horses across the creek from the wagons.

That night a big rainstorm came up. We were all right on the high side of the creek, but the fellows over on the flat had a bad time of it. They had to get up and push their wagons to higher ground, and lash the wheels to trees, to keep the outfits from floating away. One of the boys over there told me that he had to get up twice in the night and pull his bed higher up the hill.

Next morning the water was only eight or ten feet below the high bank on our side. A lot of timber on the low side next the creek was under water, and our horses were all over on that side. The wranglers were over there with them of course, and our wrangler and the T7 wrangler tried to put the 101 horses in the creek and swim them across, but they wouldn't take the water.

Tommy Mathews, the owner's son, was boss of the T7 wagon. His horse was standing, all humped up and cold, where he had been tied to the wagon wheel all night. Tommy untied him, stepped up on him and went to help bring the horses across the creek. Instead of riding down the creek a little ways, to where he could walk his

horse into the water, he jumped him off the bank right where he was. It was an eight- or ten-foot drop and they both went out of sight, and come up quite a ways down the creek, the horse blowing water and swimming hard. They had swimming water for fifty or sixty yards, that morning, where they had waded across the day before.

Tommy and the two wranglers got the T7 horses in the water and swum them across to our side. Mathews rode back up to his wagon and Long went over and said, "Tommy, I'll have to borrow a horse from you and go help my wrangler get our horses across. Tommy stepped off his horse and said, "Here, take this one."

Long got on the horse and jumped him off in the water at the same place Mathews had and swum him back to the other side and helped bring the 101 horses over to our camp. That was a lot of swimming for one horse that morning, four times across the old Black Thunder, almost without stopping. But he was a good horse and could take it.

We had to wait there until the water went down enough for us to get the wagons all on the same side of the creek. When it did go down there was a horse hanging in a tree where he had caught his hind foot in a tree fork, and drowned.



## CHAPTER FOURTEEN

FOR YEARS a big renegade steer had been running on the Cheyenne River range. He had a fine set of long, pointed, black horns, both curved the same way and very even; he was a spotted blue color and wore a Cross Anchor brand. Every year Doc had tried to hold him in the roundup until we could ship him, and every year he got away.

We had picked him up on the roundup in '93 and Doc had ordered the night herders to be sure and hold him. He had told us boys, "I want you to keep him, this time, and I want each night guard to turn that steer over to the next guard."

Well, that's pretty hard to do. On a dark night you can't tell if it's that same steer or not. The herder going off guard could point out some big steer and say that was him, but the herder coming on guard wouldn't know for sure if it was or not, but he could do the same with the next guard. That way the last guard got the blame if the steer was gone, come morning.

In '93 that particular big renegade had been gone the next morning. We had picked him up again in that day's drive, but he got away again that night. Every day, for several days, we had picked him up and put him in the

herd, but he'd be gone the next morning. I wanted to rope him and put a horse bell on him so the night herders could tell when he started to leave the herd and head him off, but Doc said, "Why Pinnacle, that steer'd kill you if you tried that." Finally the old steer got back on to range we'd already worked, and we didn't see him any more that year.

That second summer, as we worked back toward home on Hay Creek, Doc saw the big old renegade one afternoon and put him in the herd we were holding. That evening I had caught and saddled my night horse, old Greuyer, and was eating my supper when Doc rode up on his best roping horse and said to me, "Are you game to tie onto that Cross Anchor steer, Pinnacle?" I said, "Gosh yes! I been wantin' to get my rope on that steer ever since I first seen him." So Doc said, "All right. You and me will tie him and saw his horns off."

Out on the flat the herd was scattered over seven or eight hundred acres of prairie and the boys were sort of working the cattle in toward the bed ground. The big spotted steer was out toward the middle of the bunch and he suspicioned something as soon as he saw us riding toward the herd. He pulled his tail over his back and headed for the outside, as hard as he could go.

As soon as the steer quit the bunch, Doc said, "You take him first, Pinnacle." Old Greuyer got me right up alongside the steer and I tossed my loop and caught him around one horn and under the chin. He had such a wide horn spread that it was pretty hard to get a loop over both horns at once. I had him all right, but I pulled my horse up too soon. I had a good new rope, and when old Greuyer felt me pull up on him he set himself like a post. The steer hit the end of the rope and turned clear over, with all four legs in the air; the rope busted, and the old

renegade slid about fifteen feet on his back, before he could get turned over and on his feet again. He got up on the fight and went straight for Doc. Doc turned his horse out of the way and dropped his rope on the steer as he sailed past him. Then he spurred up his horse, and his rope popped in two when the steer come to the end of it.

By that time some of the fellows were coming out from the herd to join in the fun. They all took a turn at roping the steer. None of them threw him again, but he broke every rope, until he had pieces of seven ropes hanging onto him.

Then Billie Fewclothes, who was a left-handed roper, asked me if I had enough of my rope left to tie onto the steer again. I said, "Yes, if I can get close enough to him, I have." So Billie said, "Let's you and me rope him from both sides at the same time." We did, and that time we held him. One of the other boys heeled him and one got a rope on his front feet, and they stretched him out with their saddle horses.

Doc sent somebody back to the wagon after the meat saw, and five or six of the boys piled onto the poor old steer and held him down while they sawed his horns off. I asked for the horns but Doc said he'd already promised them to somebody else.

When they had his horns off, Doc said, "Does anybody here have a horse that can hold that steer, alone, after the rest of us take our ropes off?" I told him my horse could hold him, if the rope didn't break. Doc said, "Are you sure? If he gets up before we are all on our horses he'll kill somebody, sure."

They put my rope on the old steer's heels and took the other ropes off. Old Greuyer kept him stretched out on the prairie until the boys were all on their horses, and I

slacked up on the rope. In a flash the old fellow was on his feet and headed straight for one of the boys, who took out for the herd, quirting and spurring for all he was worth, with the steer right behind him every jump. The cowboy made it to the herd first, and lost the old outlaw in among the cattle. The next morning the big steer was gone from the herd, and I never saw him anymore.

We worked back into the neighborhood of Snyder Creek and camped for the night. Snyder Creek was an extra-long watercourse, and the fellows who made that drive didn't get back to camp 'til well after dinnertime; as it was a fifty- or sixty-mile ride. That made a long, slow drive from the head of the creek, with cattle, and whoever had to make the Snyder Creek drive usually took along a biscuit or two.

Out on the knoll that morning, at the start off, Wiley and me were setting next to a man by the name of Steve Franklin from the AU7 wagon. Doc said, "Steve, you take ten men and drive Snyder Creek," so we had to turn and go with Steve when he lit out. Wiley sure hated to get caught on that Snyder Creek drive and he was kind of cranky about it.

Little Martin was on day herd, that morning. As we loped away from camp we saw a steer break out of the herd and Martin take after it. He was riding a lazy horse, a young horse broke only the year before but just naturally lazy. Martin was spurring and trying as hard as he could to head the steer, but his horse wouldn't hurry and he was getting further behind every jump. The steer was heading for the brakes, and it looked like he might make it.

Just then I said to Wiley, "Did you bring a lunch along?"

Wiley growled, "Hell, no! There goes the fella that needs the lunch." And he pointed at Little Martin.

That summer I had started out on the roundup with two coats, one big enough to go over the other one. Nights in that country could be pretty cold and two coats felt good when a fellow was standing his turn at night herding.

I didn't have the two coats very long, though. Doc sent DeFord away to rep with another wagon and he up and swiped my top coat and took it with him. I was kind of cold and cranky about it, but the rest of the boys seemed to think it was funny. Then Doc sent Wiley away for a few days, and he thought it would be a good joke if he took my other coat, even if it was away too big for him.

I about froze then, for awhile. I could borrow a coat, to wear on night herd, from one of the boys who was doing his sleeping then, but daytimes I had to go without a coat, and the mornings and evenings were pretty chilly.

After a few days of that I met a band of two or three hundred Sioux Indians, on their way back to Dakota from visiting the Crows up in Montana. I rode into their camp and tried to buy a coat from them, but they couldn't understand what I wanted, or pretended they couldn't, so I rode away without a coat.

On the way back to our wagon I met old Spotted Elk, a big Indian I knew. I told him I wanted to buy a coat and he said, "Come to camp. I get you coat." I went back with him and he rode up to his wagon and fired some Indian talk at his squaw. She reached back in the wagon, pulled out a sack and took out a brand new *wak-pa-mni* coat. We called them "walk-a-pomony" coats. The government issued them to the Indians and *wak-pa-mni* was the Indian name for government issue supplies. The coat was a sort of a black color with the letters "U.S.I.D."

stamped on it. I asked how much and the squaw held up one finger, so I gave her a dollar and had me a coat. I don't know how Spotted Elk happened to have that coat, for it sure wasn't no ways near big enough for him.

Later that fall I met another bunch of Indians and bought a walk-a-pomony overcoat from one of them for seventy-five cents. The Indians weren't supposed to sell their government coats but it was lucky for me that they did, for I never saw either of my other coats again.

One evening while we were in the Indian country some Indians came into camp and sat down at our fire with us. The big Indian that set next to me sure had a terrible smell to him. Most of them didn't smell very good any time, but that one was worse than any I'd run up against. After a bit I found some reason to get up and when I sat down again I picked a seat on the other side of the fire, as far from the smelly one as I could get. Then I could see that he had a dead woodpecker braided into his hair, which was the reason for his particular perfume.

In Doc's crew, that summer, there was a young fellow who had a kind of hitch to one leg when he walked and the boys called him "Trigger Leg." His first name was Charlie and I don't believe I ever heard his last name. He was a green hand and he used to ride with me a good deal and ask a lot of questions.

We had gathered a big herd and were ready to cut out some cows and calves, so we could brand the calves. Charlie had never done any cutting, before, and he asked me, "What'll I do?" I saw Doc was getting ready to start cutting the main herd right there where Charlie and I were setting on our horses, so I told him, "You stay here, an' when they start to bring them out of th' herd you head th' little ones back in th' herd again." Then I loped on around to the other side of the herd.

Pretty soon I saw Doc run a cow and her calf out of the bunch. Charlie edged the calf back into the herd. The next cow and calf they brought out he did the same thing. Then I saw Doc ride up and say something to Charlie and Charlie lifted his arm and pointed across the herd at me. Doc said something else, and after that Charlie didn't run any more calves back in the herd.



## CHAPTER FIFTEEN

AFTER the roundup broke up in July we moved over toward Merino, where we branded calves, shipped some beef, and cut out a trail herd for Montana. We were ready to start the trail herd toward Wind River, and the ranch, from where it would be taken on to Montana, and had camped for dinner near Merino pretty close to the spot where Frank Nefsy had been killed by lightning the year before. While we were eating we got to talking about Frank's death, and one of the boys remembered that he had been killed exactly a year ago, to the day.

While we ate our herd had scattered along both sides of the creek, so, after dinner we rode out to throw the herd together again and put it back on the trail. Billie Few-clothes rode up one side of the creek and I took the other side. As we neared the farthest stragglers we began closing in from both sides.

An old range bull had drifted in with our trail cattle and I was thinking that I'd have to cut him out and throw him back on the range, as he didn't belong with our herd. The old bull and a few other cattle were grazing on a little knoll about where Billie and I would come together. It was a bright sunny day without a sign of a cloud in the sky, so it like to scared us to death when, as we were

within a few yards of that little bunch of cattle, there come a terrible crack of lightning and thunder.

The lightning struck the ground a few feet from that old bull's nose and the dust flew up in a cloud. The old bull come out of the dust a-bellering, with his tail curled over his back and a-heading for the hills as hard as he could go. He never stopped running, as long as we could see him. It sure made a fellow feel funny, having lightning strike out of a clear sky like that, and almost on the spot where it had killed a man a year ago that day.

It seemed like that part of the Wind River country was kind of hard on cowboys, some way. A year or two before I went out there three of the boys from the ranch had gone to a dance, over in the hills some place. It was winter and the weather was freezing cold. Towards morning the boys started home, all of them fairly well drunk.

Just after breakfast two of them rode in to the ranch and met Porter in the yard. He asked where the other cowboy was. They told him that he had got off of his horse at the old cabin on Wind River and wouldn't come any further, so they had come on and left him there.

Porter told the boys to hitch a team to the sled and he'd go right over and get the missing cowboy. He took another fellow with him, and when they got to the old cabin they found the cowboy in there, setting in a chair, froze to death.

Porter and the other fellow carried him out to the sled. Since he was froze stiff they couldn't straighten him out to lay him in the back of the sled, so they had set him in the seat, and Porter sat beside him and drove home.

We drifted our herd on down Wind River to the Belle Fourche, and was only six or eight miles from the ranch when Porter met us with more cattle for the trail herd.

We shoved the two herds together, and our outfit turned and headed for Montana with 4300 head of Wyoming two's and Texas three-year-olds. The Texas cattle had come up the year before and had spent a year on the Wyoming range, and now both the Texas and Wyoming cattle would be finished on the Montana range.

We trailed up Deer Creek and across the divide to the Little Missouri. The weather was fine and all went well for three or four days, until the afternoon of the day we hit Camp Crook. The old frontier town was located a few miles over the line into South Dakota and directly on the Little Missouri cattle trail.

At noon that day we camped six or seven miles south of Camp Crook. After dinner we threw the herd back on the trail, and I was jogging along on the point\* when Long rode up to me and said, "Pinnacle, th' wagon's low on supplies so I'm goin' on in to Crook with it and load up some more grub. I'll pull on out and camp th' wagon three or four miles down river, th' other side of town. If I don't get back to meet you, you throw th' herd off th' trail two or three miles beyond Crook, an' send th' first relief in to supper."

I said I'd see to it, and Doc rode on after the mess wagon.

The old cattle trail went directly behind the stores and saloons of Camp Crook. Old Hank pulled off the trail and stopped his wagon alongside the high loading platform in front of the store. Doc went in to order supplies, and Hank headed for the nearest saloon.

When the wagon was loaded and ready to pull out Doc rounded up old Hank and got him back on the wagon. Hank was feeling pretty good by that time, and

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\* Front end of the herd.

he picked up his lines and his whip, let out a yell and laid the buckskin\* onto his four-horse team. The horses lit out on the run, and Hank tried to turn them square around and swing his outfit back on the trail.

At that, he might've made it without an upset, but somebody had moved a building off of an old cellar hole, and left the cellar open, and the hole was almost directly in line with Hank's short cut. The horses missed the hole but the near wheels of the wagon didn't. The wagon, and two tons of grub, went upside down in the cellar, the tongue twisted out of the wagon and the horses headed for timber with it.

Hank was thrown clear and didn't get a scratch out of the mess. He crawled out of the cellar and headed for another saloon. Doc tore out after the horses and brought them back a little later. It cost Doc seven or eight dollars worth of drinks to get the town loafers to take the wagon to pieces and carry it and the grub out of that eight-foot-deep cellar hole.

By the time the blacksmith had put the tongue back in the wagon,† and the outfit was all put together again and ready to go, it was getting pretty late. Doc found Hank in a saloon, dead drunk, so he loaded him on the wagon, tied his saddle horse to the tail board, and drove the wagon himself. A mile and a half out of town it was time to make camp, so Doc pulled off the trail there.

Shortly after I got the point of the herd past town I saw the wagon camped out on the flat, so I began throwing the lead steers off the trail and started back along the herd to send the first relief in to supper. The first rider I met was Billie Fewclothes. "Better go in to supper, Billie."

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\* Leather whip long enough to reach the lead team.

† On the trail we used only one wagon. The men's beds, lashed on top of the wagon, had kept the outfit from being smashed up much.

I told him. Billie stood straight up in his saddle, hollered at the top of his voice, then fell off his horse flat on his face. He just laid there, so I knew what was the matter with him. "You darn fool," I told him, "you can stay there 'til you're sober enough to get up by yourself."

I saw, pretty quick, that all the boys had hit the saloons as we came through town. Only two or three of them wasn't too drunk to get on into camp for supper, and I was the only man, able to work, that was left with the herd. I sure had my hands full for a while; we were close to timber and the steers kept trying to scatter into the trees.

After quite a while the boys came straggling back from supper. They'd had to cook it themselves, as Hank was still plumb drunk, and Doc had tipped a bottle a few times, himself, while he was hunting up his cook.

I went in to supper then. It was about dark, and I was plenty tired and hungry. Old Hank was under the wagon, asleep. Doc was setting on his bedroll, holding his head in his hands. The wrangler was still holding the cavvy in the ropes so I caught and saddled old Greuyer, then went to the fire to see what I could find to eat. It wasn't much, for those half-drunk cowboys wasn't much good, as cooks. While I was scraping some grub out of the dutch ovens old Hank came crawling out from under the wagon, and asked Doc if he could have a horse and go back to town.

Doc said, "Hank, you been drunk enough for one day. We'll be going through here again in two or three weeks, and you can get drunk and stay drunk all the way back to Wyoming, and I'll have the boys do the cooking, turn about."

That made old Hank so mad that he hauled off and kicked a dutch oven and hurt his toe. He picked up his foot in his hands and hopped around among the ovens

until he lost his balance and fell over. He laid there and cried awhile.

I went on eating my supper and Doc sat there holding his head. After a while Hank got up and said, "Guess I can go to town if I quit, can't I?" Doc never said a word, just pulled his checkbook out of his pocket, wrote out Hank's check and handed it to him.

So there set Doc, a big herd on his hands, not too many men, and no cook. I wondered what he was going to do. Pretty soon he said, "Pinnacle, will you wash up these dishes, and get breakfast in the morning?" I said "Sure."

Hank was still standing by the fire, so he spoke up, "Pinnacle, if you're goin' to get breakfast you won't have to stand no night guard, so you won't need your horse. Can I ride 'im inta town?"

I told him he could, and he somehow pulled himself up onto old Greuyer. Now old Greuyer would travel in whatever direction you headed him, and keep going that way until you turned him some other way. So I knew if I headed Greuyer toward Camp Crook old Hank was sure to get there, even if he was too drunk to know which way he was going. The last I saw of Hank, for that year, he was holding on to the saddle horn with one hand, and on to the cantle with the other, and old Greuyer was jumping sagebrush like a black-tailed deer; as they went out of sight on the way back to town.



## CHAPTER SIXTEEN

WHILE I was washing up the dishes the wrangler came in from putting the cavvy out to graze and hobbling the horses that were apt to stray too far away. We didn't use a night wrangler on the trail, by then, as the horses were nearly all trail broke and used to staying together. I asked the wrangler to go back to town and get my horse for me, and when I was through with the dishes and had things sort of lined up for breakfast I went to bed.

Next morning, as the fellows on last guard were going out, they called me to get breakfast. I got up and found a quart bottle of whisky sticking out from under each end of my pillow. Old Hank had sent them back to me by the wrangler for a present. By that time, though, the boys had had enough whisky; the two bottles lasted the outfit all the way to Montana, where we turned the cattle loose.

After breakfast that morning, Doc stood around the wagon, wondering what to do about a cook for the rest of the trip. Finally he said to me, "Pinnacle, if you'll go ahead with th' cookin' until I can get another cook I'll raise your wages. I can give you directions for locatin' camp an' I won't have to go along an' camp th' wagon, like I did with Hank. That way I can take your place an' help with th' herd."

I agreed to take over the cook's job for awhile. I didn't mind; as I wouldn't have to stand night guard while I was cooking, and I'd get more sleep and more pay.

That noon we made camp at the mouth of Slick Creek. I didn't know how the grub was loaded in the wagon, so I just about had to unload the whole wagon to find what I needed to get dinner with. It was quite a mess anyway, the way those town fellows had loaded it up after the upset the day before. I loaded up again, to suit myself, but when I got through I had a hundred-pound box of dried apples left over. The wagon was plumb full and there was no place to put the apples, unless I unloaded and loaded up again different, to make a place for the case of apples. I sure wasn't going to do that, and I didn't like dried apples much, anyway.

I didn't want to leave the box setting there on the prairie though, so I looked for a place to get rid of it. None of the boys had come into camp yet, and there wasn't anyone around but me, so I picked up the box and went over to the creek bank. The creek was almost dry, except in some places where the water stood in "potholes." The potholes were generally pretty deep, so I dumped the apples, box and all, into one of them, and it sunk to the bottom, out of sight.

I drove the wagon and did the cooking all the way to the Montana range. I got along pretty well with the cooking. Maybe it was because I wore my six-shooter all the time that I didn't get any complaints about the grub. Still, I'll bet the boys missed old Hank's brand of grub. He had kept cake and pie baked up for us most of the time, but I cooked mostly beans and dried fruit, with plenty of beef of course, and I made pretty good biscuits; no light bread though.

Near Ekalaka, the day before we turned the herd loose,

we met Johnny Pierce with his string of horses. Johnny was being sent back to Wyoming with our wagon; as he was to take Long's place, as wagon boss, on the second trip back to Montana, and Long was to go out with another wagon on the home range.

When Johnny rode up to our wagon and saw me driving he liked to died a-laughing, and finally he pulled out his six-shooter and offered it to me saying, "Here, you might need another gun." The last time he'd seen me I'd been breaking broncs and he seemed to think it was quite a comedown from broncbuster to cook.

We turned our herd loose and started back. On the back trail we met other outfits coming north with herds and one of them was the Three Seven wagon that had brought a herd up and was going home. They were letting some of their men go as soon as they got home, so Doc hired one of their men, a fellow by the name of J. Case, to cook for our wagon, and I went back to riding again. Case cooked for our outfit the rest of that season, until we'd finished shipping in the fall.

About two weeks after I'd taken over Hank's job we got back to the mouth of Slick Creek, and camped in about the same place we had going up. Doc happened to ride up on the creek bank to unsaddle his horse. All of a sudden he yelled, "What the hell is that in th' creek?" All the boys went over to see what Doc meant. I knew what he saw, all right, but I went over too, to see what those dried apples looked like by then.

They had swelled and swelled, until the pothole was full of apples. There was no sign of the box, just a haystack-sized pile of dried apples. Doc and the boys tried to figger out what the mess was. They guessed different things, and I guessed maybe it was an old excelsior mattress that somebody had throwed in there. Nobody made

any better guess, and I never did tell anybody what it really was.

That fall we camped near Belle Fourche and shipped a herd. The last day, after loading out the last of the herd, the boys stayed in town for supper. With no supper to get, Case and the wrangler went to town, too. When he took the cooking job Case had sold his saddle so he had to ride a horse, bareback, to town.

The old town of Belle Fourche was built on sloping ground, with wooden sidewalks along the fronts of the street buildings, and, in order to keep the walks on a level, they were several feet high at the lower end of the street.

Case got pretty drunk that night in town, and when him and the wrangler went to get their horses to go back to camp, Case declared that somebody had stole his saddle. The other fellow tried to tell him that he didn't have one and had rode bareback to town, but Case wouldn't believe him and kept pointing to a spot on the ground, near his horse, and saying "I left it right there."

Two strangers, from somewheres East, had followed the boys to where the argument was going on, and one of them spoke up, "We've always heard that these Western towns were wild, with lots of shooting going on, and we haven't heard any shooting since we've been here."

Case pulled his gun and hollered, "You're goin' to hear some now," and he began popping bullets into the boardwalk at their feet, and the fellows lost no time taking to their heels down that walk. The walk was about level with the ground, there at the upper end of the street, but, at the lower end of the street, it was four or five feet above the ground, where it came to an unguarded end.

The Easterners' heels were cracking on the boards, pretty lively, for a short time, but they quit all of a sudden when they came to the end of the walk, in the dark.



## CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

WE PUSHED on down the trail toward the home ranch. When we had started out for Montana Porter had told us that when we got back to the ranch we could have a two- or three-day layover to rest up. That had sounded good to us, for men and horses alike were tired from so many weeks of hard, steady work. But I didn't see the home ranch at all that summer, for, as we were within about thirty miles of the ranch and pushing right along to get home that day, Porter met us with another herd of four thousand head of Montana trail cattle.

After turning the herd over to our outfit Porter and Long rode back to Porter's wagon to spend the night; as Porter was laying over until the next day to class the herd out to us, ready for the trail.

That night we camped between the Little Missouri River and Prairie Creek, not far from their junction with each other. The wagons were camped on the other side of the creek and we held the herd between the streams. We had planned on sleeping at the ranch that night, instead we were out there on the trail, singing a herd to sleep, and what a night it was.

Soon after dark another of those bad thunderstorms came up and it rained nearly all night. The storm was so

bad that Pierce stayed out most of the night, trying to help the regular guard hold the herd on the bed ground. But it rained so hard that the cattle began to drift ahead of the storm, towards the river.

Billie Fewclothes and I were on second guard, and should've gone out to the herd about ten o'clock, but the other fellows couldn't leave the herd long enough to come in and call us, until about eleven o'clock. Then it let up enough so one of the first guard could come in and get us out. We routed Art Delabaugh out of bed and took him out with us; as we figured we might need an extra man out there in the storm. When the three of us got out to the herd Pierce sent the first guard in to bed but he stayed out with us, and in a little while it was raining as hard as ever.

The storm drifted us right upon the riverbank. Along there the bank was ten or fifteen feet high, and the cattle piled up all around us, the ones on the outside edge pushing against the rest, trying to get away from the beat of the storm. It seemed like some of them would be pushed over the edge into the river, but none of them was.

In the lightning flashes I could see Fewclothes about a hundred yards up the river, both of us just setting there on the edge of the riverbank with the cattle up against us. There was nothing else we could do, and the thunder and lightning was terrible.

Pretty soon a streak of lightning came so close to me that I felt like I'd been hit over the head, again, with the same broomstick that had hit me the summer before. Old Greuyer was scared so bad by that bolt that he tried to climb over the backs of the herd to get away from there, and the cattle tried to run too, but couldn't, because of the push of the herd, farther out, and the river in front.

In the next lightning flash I saw Fewclothes up the

river, and was sure glad to see that the lightning hadn't hit him. He yelled, "I see it didn't get you."

I hollered, "No, but I feel like I'd been hit on the head."

He yelled back, "One of my arms is so numb I can't use it."

Then things quieted down a little, and after awhile the storm let up some, so we could drift the steers back away from the riverbank and begin to bed them down. Pierce rode around to us and said he was going in and go to bed, and, if we got the herd bedded all right pretty soon, to come in and call two men who hadn't been on guard yet and get ourselves a little sleep.

The herd settled down pretty good, so Art Delabaugh, who was carrying the watch, came over and said it was three o'clock and he guessed it was time to go to camp and call the next guard. He rode off, but pretty quick he was back. He told us the creek was thirty feet deep already and he wasn't going to cross it in the dark.

I said, "We got to swim it anyway, to get to camp, so I'll go call 'em." I knew my big old Greuyer could swim it all right and I went across and called our relief, but I didn't tell them the creek was up. I knew they'd find it out soon enough, so I crawled into bed and they made it all right. After breakfast we had to swim the creek again to get to the herd, and then swim the herd back across to be classed out.

The lightning that night had scared old Greuyer so bad that, afterwards, if I even struck a match to look at the watch, it scared the dickens out of him, so I had to quit carrying the watch and let my pardner on guard take care of that.

When Porter and Long came back to the herd that morning we started stringing the cattle out for the tally. A couple of men set their horses, one on each side of the

trail, and we pushed the cattle through between them in a thin string. As they went through Porter called them out: "Wyoming two-year-old, Texas three-year-old, spayed cow, etc." Long set beside him on his horse and marked each one down in a tally book as Porter called it to him. As there was a little over four thousand head in the herd it took quite a while to class them all. It was terrible hot, and Long told me afterwards that he sure had to fight to keep awake to take the tally that day.

I was on the point of the herd when we started to string them out and Pierce told me, "When the cattle get to coming through here nice and quiet, you go on down and see where the lead is going to." So I worked there until they were coming through easy, and by that time some eight or nine hundred head had gone through. Then I loped on down the river to see where the leaders were going. They had gone down the river a couple of miles to where the wagon was camped by the crossing but, instead of spreading out to graze on the flat, every blamed critter had turned into the crossing and, one by one, had swum the Little Missouri and scattered into the timber on the far side.

I swum my horse across and tried to head them out of the timber and start them back across the river. But by then they were coming across the river in a steady stream, and so many was already over, that one lone fellow couldn't do much with them.

I was fogging around over there as lively as I could when Sherm DeFord rode up on the far side of the river, and set there on the high bank watching me. The river spread out in front of him in a sort of slough, and that morning the water was high enough to cover the cattails that grew there. I thought Sherm was going to come on over and help me, but he didn't make a move.

Finally I rode up to the riverbank on my side and hollered, "I've seen fellas that would come over and help a man when they see he's got more than he can do."

"Oh," he said, "you need some help?" and he jumped his horse off the bank into the slough below, and bogged down 'til only the back of his saddle stuck out of the water. Then DeFord set there in the river and grinned at me. "Looks like I'm waterlogged," he said.

After a minute he stepped off his horse in water up to his neck. He hung onto his bridle reins, with one hand, and whacked his quirt down on his horse's rump, with his other one.

The horse made a jump that took him out of the mud, landed him over in swimming water, and jerked the reins out of DeFord's hand. DeFord watched his horse swim on across to where I was, then he laid down on the water and began to paddle. He was wearing heavy boots and spurs and had his quirt on his wrist. That was a lot of extra weight and I was afraid he wouldn't make it across, so I stayed there on the bank, in case I'd have to go and pull him out. But he got across all right, got on his horse and came to help me. After a while some more of the boys came over and we got the dogies rounded up and back where they belonged.

As soon as the herd was ready, and we could get the wagons across the creek, Porter and Long went back to the ranch and Johnny Pierce headed our outfit for Montana.



## CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

THE second day on the trail down the river we met a man riding bareback, and with a piece of rope around his horse's neck instead of a bridle. He said to us, "Yo' all didn't see a drowned horse with a saddle on, up th' riveh, did yo'?"

The poor fellow had come up from Texas with a trail herd, the XIT, I believe it was, and had crossed some big rivers on the way, then had lost his horse and saddle crossing the Little Missouri, while it was flooding so bad from that big rain.

We hadn't seen anything of his horse or saddle, and he went on up the river to where he had drowned his horse. He didn't find any of his outfit though, so he came on back to our camp for supper and stayed all night with us. The next morning he went back up the river, still looking for his saddle. That night when he came back to our wagon he was riding his saddle and feeling pretty happy. He said he'd found his saddle hanging in a tree where it had lodged while the water was high. His dead horse had swelled up and busted the cinch and let the saddle loose in the river.

The 101 headquarters in Montana was on Little Beaver Creek, but we took our second herd two or three days'

drive on north of there, to the far northern edge of 101 range and turned it loose on Lame Jones Creek.

On the trail south next day we met Mulkey, foreman of the Montana ranch, who turned a herd of eleven hundred head of beef over to us. We trailed that herd down to Fallon, Montana, and stayed there three days while we loaded it out for Chicago.

We camped on the prairie a few miles out of Fallon, cut out our beeves and drove them to the loading pens in town as fast as we could load them out. The Fallon agent's wife had a little ice-cream business of her own there, in the fall, when it was cold enough to freeze ice. Then, whenever an outfit came in to ship beef, she made up a freezer of ice cream and sold it to the cowboys. It was dark by the time we'd finished loading out the last of our beef the third day.

Billie Fewclothes and me and another fellow was just ready to start for camp when the agent's wife came out and told us she had a little ice cream left in the bottom of the freezer and we could have it for free, if we wanted it. So we went in and finished the ice cream. There was more of it than we'd figgered on and I soon had all I could eat, so did the other fellow, but because it was free Billie kept on eating 'til he'd cleaned out the freezer. It was too much, even for him, and he was sure sick all the way back to camp.

Four or five days out from Fallon we met Mulkey again and took over another beef herd, which we took back to Fallon and shipped. The third time we met Mulkey's outfit we were quite a ways further down the trail, so we took that herd on down to Belle Fourche and shipped it from there.

Each time we'd met Mulkey he had sent for me to come over to his wagon. The first two times he'd told me

that he wanted me to go with his outfit and ride his "rough string."\* He said he'd send one of his men along with Pierce's wagon to ride my horses and help Johnny in my place. I wouldn't stand for that, so the third time when Johnny told me that Mulkey wanted to see me over at his wagon, I said, "What does he want now? Does he want me to ride his rough string?" Johnny said he didn't know, that it was me and him for it.

I said, "Well, he'll likely fire me if I don't ride for him, this time, and I suppose you'll fire me too, if I turn him down again."

"No," Pierce said, "I won't. I'll pull the wagon out and go back to Wyoming, before I'll fire you for not ridin' for him."

I rode over to Mulkey's wagon, but that time he said, "You take your horses and go in north of Belle Fourche 'til you strike Charlie Morse's Three V wagon, an' rep with him. When his wagon gets through you can go with any wagon that's still workin' in there. Stay as long as there's a wagon workin' there."

That was all right with me, so I pulled out and went over there, throwing in with the Three V wagon late in October.

The weather was getting colder every day and, late one chilly afternoon, we made camp near a creek crossing where the grass was tall and thick. It was a good place to camp except that there was no fire wood handy.

The wrangler hadn't got to camp yet, to get in the wood, so the boss and me and two or three other fellows rode up the creek a ways and roped some old dead limbs and logs. As we drug the wood into camp we scared up two or three rattlesnakes and saw them go crawling

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\* Horses so mean and hard to ride that the regular crew wouldn't ride them.

through the grass. I said, "Gosh, I don't want to camp here among these snakes." I never had much use for any kind of snakes, anyway.

The boss said, "What's th' matter? Are you afraid of snakes?" I told him I was, so he said we'd move camp on up the creek three or four hundred yards. By the time we had moved the outfit it was getting later and colder, and we didn't see any more snakes.

The next morning it was pretty cold, when we left camp to go on circle, and not light enough to see much. I came into camp that noon, unsaddled my horse and caught a fresh one. As I started for the mess wagon I scared up a big rattler. He crawled through the tall grass and went under the edge of a tepee. I went around the tepee to the other side where the door was. The night wrangler had been asleep in that tepee and had just crawled out a few minutes before. We went in there after the snake, and by that time the other boys were coming into camp and scaring snakes out of the grass all over the place. We'd spent the night in a regular rattlesnake town, and hadn't known it 'til the sun warmed the varmints up at noon.

A little later on we were holding about a thousand head of beef when the weather turned bad. The wind switched to the north and by evening it was snowing and pretty cold. We camped on a bluff above a creek, and I could see that that high, open bluff would be a cold place to stake a horse, and leave him stand most of the night.

So I got on old Greuyer and had one of the boys hand my bedroll up to me. I rode down in a gully below the bluff, where it was out of the wind and nice and warm. It looked like a good place to spend a night like that, so I unrolled my bed in an old cow trail under some buffalo bushes, and tied old Greuyer to some brush. I told the



Pinnacle Jake, age fourteen, third from left standing, at school in Maxwell, Nebraska in 1886. Others are Billie Dolan, on crutches, Artie Plummer (next to Billie), and Jim McCullough, fourth from left, standing.



A. B. Snyder (Pinnacle Jake) photographed at North Platte, Nebraska, with Tyler Maxon of Green River, Wyoming. This was in 1890 when Pinnacle was about 18.



This was Pinnacle's Shack on Squaw Creek. Pinnacle is sitting under the tent at the back of the mess wagon, and standing is Sama Marant.



Wedding picture of Pinnacle Jake and Miss Grace McCance.



Pinnacle's cattle and horses the day he moved them from Squaw Creek to the Patterson place he had just bought. The men on the horses are, left to right, Artie Plummer, Pinnacle, Charlie Sullivan and John Snyder.



Texas longhorns in the feed lots of the Ames Ranch



George Searshey and Arthur Williams of the Ames ranch just as they were preparing to pull out for the Alaskan gold fields, complete with rubber boat and other equipment. Shortly afterwards they changed their minds and decided to stay in Ames.



A. B. "Pinnacle Jake" Snyder in 1953.

boys where to find me when it came my turn to go on guard, and went to bed.

When I woke up I was so warm I was sweating. I raised up and knocked four or five inches of snow off my bed. It had kind of snowed me under, down in the gully. I saw it was morning, so I got up and went up on the bluff to see what was the matter up there. All the night horses were on the picket ropes, every horse backed up, as far as he could get from his picket pin and standing there with his back to the wind, all humped up with cold. I called the boss and asked him what had happened. He said the boys had lost the herd in the storm so they had come on in and gone to bed.

We found the herd over on the next creek to the south, where they had drifted ahead of the storm. We brought it back to camp, and cut out the range stuff that had drifted in with our cattle during the night. Then we took the herd on to Belle Fourche and shipped it out.

While we were shipping the Three V outfit had camped at Indian Springs, about ten miles west of Belle Fourche, and when we'd loaded the herd out the boys broke camp and loaded up, ready to head for home. The Springs was a nice place to camp and I had a good tepee set up there, to sleep in. When the rest of the outfit was loaded and ready to leave I still hadn't taken my tepee down or saddled my horse.

One of the boys said, "101, what're you goin' to do?" (A fellow repping with another outfit was usually called by the name of the ranch he represented.) I said, "Oh, I guess I'll winter here. It's a nice place." The cook dug into his wagon and pulled out a tin cup that he threwed over to me. "If you're goin' to stay here you'll need a cup to get a drink of water with," he said.

They pulled out, and after a while I saddled up and

went on into Belle Fourche. I found that there wasn't any other wagon working that range by then; as it was getting pretty late, but I knew Pierce and Mulkey would be pulling in before long with beef herds to ship, so I thought I'd wait and help them.

The grass was good at Indian Springs and my horses were willing to stay around there, resting and filling up. I loafed in Belle Fourche for three or four days, riding back to the Springs every evening, rounding up my horses and catching a fresh one, then crawling into bed.

The 101 wagons hadn't pulled in yet by the fourth day, when a stranger came up to me and said, "They tell me you're a 101 man."

"Yes," I said, "I am."

"Well," he said, "so am I. I'm stationed here to help them ship out their beef." I kind of doubted that because I'd been helping ship out of there and I hadn't seen him before. He went on to tell me that I'd better go meet Pierce, or Mulkey, and help them bring in their beef. He said there was a lot of mail piled up there in Belle Fourche for Pierce's outfit and I could take it to them. I wanted to meet Pierce's wagon anyway, so I said I'd go, and, I said, "If you're a 101 man, like you say, you can pay my hotel and livery-stable bills for me." I'd been eating at the hotel in town and stabling my horse at the livery stable, during the days I'd waited in Belle Fourche. He said he'd take care of the bills.

Later that winter I saw the fellow down at Ames. He'd bought some steers out in Utah, for the 101, and come on down to Ames with them, so I guess he was a 101 man all right.

I took the mail and lit out to find Pierce's wagon, but at noon that day I met Mulkey's outfit. I left my horses on the other side of camp from Mulkey's cavvy and

stopped for dinner with the boys. Before I could get away after dinner Mulkey said for me to put my horses in his cavvy and come along with him. I told him I was looking for Pierce's wagon but he said, "You're workin' for me now, so put your horses in my cavvy and come along."

I knew Pierce only had seven men in his outfit and Mulkey already had twelve, but I had to do as he said for he was the top boss on that part of the 101 range. So we went on back to Belle Fourche and loaded out his herd of beef.

The day we finished shipping Mulkey's herd it began to snow. Pierce hadn't pulled in yet and I knew he might have trouble holding his herd in a storm, being short handed the way he was. So I lit out to find him and give him a hand.

By late afternoon it was almost a blizzard and I could hardly see where I was going, but just before dark I found Johnny's wagon and delivered the mail. We held his herd that night and brought it on back to Belle Fourche and shipped it out.

That was the end of our beef shipping for that year. I had figgered on going back to the ranch with the wagon, but Pierce wanted me to go on down to Ames with the old cull cows and steers that we still had on our hands.



## CHAPTER NINETEEN

I WENT alone from Belle Fourche with the first train-load of those old longhorns. We pulled out about four o'clock in the afternoon, and the next afternoon I found a big old steer down in the car, with one of his horns run between the bottom slats and the car floor. The horn was stuck fast and he couldn't get up. Every time the train stopped I tried to pry him loose but couldn't manage to do it. The other steers were tramping all over him and it looked like he was in bad shape.

Toward morning we pulled in to Ames and unloaded all the cattle except the steer that was down. The wood-pile wasn't far from the loading chutes, so I went over there and got an ax. After I'd chopped part of the bottom slat away I got the conductor and brakeman to help me, and we got the steer loose. He got up and walked out of there by himself. That forenoon I went to his pen to see how he was, and I couldn't tell which one was him. Those old longhorns were downright tough.

My second winter at Ames I helped fill the big barn. The barn was filled with big steers that the company shipped in from Utah and I'd heard the boys say they dreaded the job of stalling those big, wild critters. I found out why, before the job was done.

Four men on horseback worked in the cutting pens, classing the steers up by color under the direction of Jim Scilley, and putting them in the barn that way. All the reds together, and the same with the roans, the spots, the blues, and the blacks and whites. You found about every color there is among those old longhorns.

We sorted the steers in to bunches of fifteen head, weighed each bunch, then shoved them into a little three-cornered pen that funneled into one of the barn alleyways. There wasn't room for a horse to work in the barn, so the men in there had to work on foot.

One man worked on the floor and carried a gate. The gate was a solid oak panel fastened to stout oak sticks that stuck out past the sides of the panel. The panel part was as wide as the alley, the sticks wider. The gateman carried the panel endways, and followed the steers down the alley. If a steer turned around, or tried to back up, the gateman set his gate across the alley with the sticks inside the nearest stall posts. Sometimes he stopped the steer, that way.

Other men carrying prod poles walked on the rafters above the alleys, out of reach of the wicked horns, and helped haze the steers down the alleys to their stalls. When a steer was stalled a man on the rafters dropped a stout oak stick into slots on the rear stall posts, behind the longhorn. Once in his stall the steer stayed there for the next six months or so. He could lay down and stand up, and that was about all.

By four o'clock every afternoon us fellows on the horses got ahead of the boys in the barn and then we'd have to go inside and help stall steers. Those big fellows all had horns, most of them with a spread of three feet or more, nearly as wide as the stalls. Every once in a while one of those old, wild steers got on the fight. I don't remember

that anyone on that job ever got hurt, but one day I saw a big steer back into an empty stall and come out facing the gateman. The steer charged and the gateman set his gate across the alley and dived into the nearest empty stall. When the steer hit the gate with his head he smashed that stout oak panel to smithereens, and went on out the way he had come in. Some of those steers never tamed down all winter, but kicked and sulked to the day they were shipped out. It took about four weeks to fill the barn, and it was tough, hard work.

One day, towards spring, I was in the barn when Mr. Allen came in to look at the steers. "Ah, ah," he said, "About June they'll be ready to ship to Liverpool. I should get seven cents a pound."

I had already gone back to the ranch before the steers were shipped to England, but I was told that, by June, they weighed seventeen or eighteen hundred pounds apiece and were sure slick and pretty. After so long in the barn without exercise, and being so heavy, they had to be handled mighty careful when they were moved out of the barn and loaded, so as not to break their legs.

I remember that Frank Watt, Billie Fewclothes and Frank Norris came down from the ranch and worked in the big barn one winter, or maybe two, feeding and caring for the steers. They said they had to punch a time clock, every so often on that job, to show they were keeping busy, and not sleeping, in the warm barn.

The barn had a big bathroom in it and the men who worked inside changed their clothes when they went in to work, and took a bath and changed back to their "outside" clothes when they left it, but in spite of all their baths, they couldn't get rid of their barn smell. The barn crew had to bunk and eat together, in their own boardinghouse, and, because of their smell, they weren't

allowed to come to the dances that were held every few nights at the dance hall. It seemed that the barn men found themselves pretty well cut down to their own company. For that reason Allen had told the foreman not to fire any of the boys who would come down from Wyoming to work in the barn (as it wasn't so easy to get barn men), for any cause.

After the barn was filled I went to work in the feed lots again, and, about Christmas, we started shipping out of the pens. It was my job, that winter, to keep a horse up and be ready to put the cattle in the loading pen, when the train came in. The cattle train to Chicago was due at about seven in the evening, but a lot of the time it didn't pull in until two or three o'clock in the morning. Just the same I had to stay there and be on hand when it came.

It was pretty cold, waiting around there those winter nights, but I soon thought of waiting in the elevator engine room. There was a rug on the floor, alongside the engine, and the room was as clean as a parlor, and nice and warm. When the train was late I laid down on the rug, beside the firebox, and caught myself some sleep.

Johnny Pierce had come down to Ames, for the winter, with the last of the old cows and steers. Johnny and Hugh Scilley had fixed up a room for themselves, in the back of the old office building, and I used to go over there of an evening and yarn with them. They were both fine fellows.

Now and then some of us fellows from Ames used to ride over to North Bend, a town a few miles west of Ames, and we hardly ever got away from there without tangling with some of Hershey's men. Hershey was a big cattle feeder there, though he didn't have near as many men as the Standard Company. His was a tough outfit, anyway, and we used to have some hot old times.

A bunch of Ames boys, including a white-haired Swede kid we called Gus, had gone over there one night. A good many men wore hard hats, in those days, but usually they were older men. That kid, Gus, wore one though, and early the next morning I saw Gus come riding into Ames in an old hack, wearing only the brim of his hard hat, with his white hair sticking up through where the top had been, so I figgered Hershey's men had got the best of it, that night.

Another cowboy that used to work there was a fiery little fellow named George Searshey. O. L. Taylor told about one time in '88 or '89 when about seventy-five Ames men rode over to North Bend to a Republican rally. They all got drunk, before the night was over, and George and a bunch of the fellows was in a saloon, where the other boys took a notion to put George in the big refrigerator where the beer was kept. They put him in and shut the door, but Searshey was wearing two guns and he pulled them and began to shoot. The boys wasn't long getting him out of there. Searshey was a nice little fellow, though, and the boys all liked him.

Taylor, a native of the Ames country, had gone to work for the company when it first located there in 1887. He worked up through a good many different jobs, until he finally took the job of plough boss and field foreman about 1896, in place of Jack Dugglesby, who had the job when I was there.

The winter of '94 I stayed at the Dodge boardinghouse, which was run by a Mr. and Mrs. Patterson. Mrs. Patterson raised a good many turkeys as a side line to boarding cowboys. Shortly after I went there she told me that she had lost about thirty of her turkeys and didn't know what had become of them.

Along in November I found her turkeys in the timber

down along the river in the feed lots. They had "gone wild" but they were so tame when I found them that I could ride right up to them and they wouldn't fly. So I told Mrs. Patterson that I had found some wild turkeys down on the river, and I asked her if she'd cook them if I caught them.

She said she'd have turkey every Sunday if I'd bring her a couple on Fridays, so she'd have plenty of time to get them dressed. The first two or three weeks I got the turkeys, easy enough, by knocking them down out of the trees with a club or the end of my rope, but after that they began to get wild and I couldn't get close enough, with those kind of weapons, to kill a turkey.

It was against orders to carry a gun of any kind in the feed lots; a gunshot was apt to scare the cattle into a stampede. So I went to the office and told Nat Johnson that a bunch of wild turkeys had come across the river and was roosting on the feed bunks in the river lots. I asked him if he'd loan me the .22 rifle they kept in the office, so I could shoot the turkeys. The turkeys hadn't been roosting on the feed bunks much, yet, but they probably would've been, pretty soon, and they would've made the bunks pretty messy. Nat loaned me the rifle, and every Friday I shot my two turkeys and then hid the rifle in a hollow log in the feed lot.

Mrs. Patterson cooked the turkeys and was glad to get them. About fourteen of us stayed at the Dodge house and two turkeys made us a good Sunday dinner.

One evening I was riding out of the feed lot with two big gobblers tied to my saddle when I met Jim Scilley, our cow boss. He asked me where I got the turkeys and I said I'd shot them. Then he asked me if I didn't know I wasn't supposed to shoot in the feed lots. I told him my story about the turkeys roosting on the feed bunks, and that

Johnson had loaned me the .22 as it didn't make much noise, and I hadn't done any damage with it. As I talked I was untying the biggest gobbler from my saddle. I handed it over to the cow boss, and he grinned and rode on without saying anything more.

The turkeys had got pretty wild by late winter. They could sail into the tallest trees on the river without any trouble at all, but I got the last of them before I left in the spring, and Mrs. Patterson hadn't found out that she'd fed us her own turkeys all winter.

Again on a day in early March I met Allen and he said, "Ah, ah, Snyder. Don't you think you'd better be starting for Wyoming?" So a couple of days later I was on my way back to the ranch.



## CHAPTER TWENTY

BACK at the ranch, ahead of the rest of the roundup crews, I started in to break a new bunch of horses. I was the only fellow at the bunkhouse for a few days and, late one afternoon, I saw a man on a fine big pinto horse ride in to the ranch. I was resting in the bunkhouse at the time, and after a while I saw the stranger out in the park in front of the bunkhouse, going round and round in a circle and quirting himself on the legs.

I went out and asked him what was the matter. He stopped chasing himself and said, "The cook here won't give me nothin' to eat." I thought that was queer, as the cook had never refused to feed a man yet, so I said, "You come on over to the mess house with me and I'll see that you get something to eat."

At the mess house I said to the nigger cook, "Luke, this man says you won't give him anything to eat." Luke said, "Why Mistah, I was puttin' grub on th' table as fast as I could when he up an' walked out."

The stranger set down then and ate his supper, afterwards he followed me back to the bunkhouse. He told me his name was Bob Lewis. There was plenty of empty bunks in the bunkhouse, with all the boys away, but I had been sleeping in my own bed on the bunkhouse floor.

Bob said he wanted to sleep with me and I told him he could, if he wanted to, but I thought he'd be more comfortable in one of the bunks.

He went to bed with me though, and he kept talking about wolves. He said he had stayed at the Johnson horse ranch the night before and that a wolf had come up and looked in the bunkhouse window at him, and he had shot at the wolf. He did have a six-shooter and I was about half scared of him, but I told him there wasn't any wolves around here, so he'd better go to sleep. (We had plenty of wolves but I figgered I'd better not tell him so.)

After breakfast the next morning he saddled his horse to leave. About then Porter came across the yard and Lewis told him that the fellow he'd slept with had stole his quirt. Porter brought him over to the bunkhouse and told me what he had said. I said, "Why, th' old liar. He had his quirt last night, when he was goin' around in a circle out in th' yard, an' quirtin' himself. I haven't seen it since." We looked around in the bunkhouse and found the quirt on the window sill. Then the poor old crazy fellow rode off.

A few days later I was camped, with our wagon, six or seven miles from the Shipwheel ranch. Wiley was staying at the Shipwheel and I met him that day. He said old Bob had come from the 101 to the Shipwheel and had stayed all night. Bob had told Wiley that he'd heard the Bar FS wanted a man or two and he was on his way over there to hire out to them. The next morning he had started for the Bar FS, but before night he was back at the Shipwheel and said he couldn't find the Bar FS. Every morning, for several days, he'd started for the Bar FS, and every evening he'd be back at the Shipwheel. Wiley was getting scared of him. So, the day before, he'd told him a tall yarn of some sort, hoping to get rid of him, and that

evening a kid on a little black horse had rode in to the Shipwheel and stayed all night.

The kid and Bob had both staked their horses, for the night, on the grassy flat back of the ranch buildings. Early that morning Bob had said he was leaving, and had gone out to get his horse, but he had brought in the kid's little black horse, instead of his own big pinto. When the kid went out to get his horse and found it wasn't there he'd gone to Wiley about it. That was when they discovered Bob with the black horse, pulling sagebrush out of his tail and getting him all trimmed up, seeming mighty particular about the looks of the horses he rode.

Wiley'd had quite a time explaining to Bob that he had the wrong horse, and getting him to trade back with the kid. Bob had finally taken his own horse and rode off, and I never heard of him, or his big pinto, again.

Late in March Porter told Herman Summers, who was the ranch blacksmith and carpenter, to take a helper and take two four-horse loads of lumber over to the Shipwheel and fix a flume there. It was about fifteen miles from the ranch to the old Shipwheel and the Belle Fourche River had to be forded three times on the way. The river was high and Porter was afraid the fords might be bad, so he sent me along, on horseback, to cross the fords ahead of the wagons and make sure they were safe.

Old Badger was in the bunch of horses they put in the corral and Porter said I'd better take him, as the ride would do him good. I caught him and put my good hackamore on him. The hackamore was a fine rawhide affair that had been given to me by my friend, old Joe Bush, a half-breed Indian. Joe had made it himself and I was mighty proud of it.

We pulled out from the ranch after dinner. Old Badger behaved all right, even though that was the first time he'd

been rode since the fall before. The fords weren't bad and we pulled in to the Shipwheel that evening.

The boys turned the wagon teams out in the pasture, but I thought I'd better keep old Badger in the barn and make sure I'd have him the next morning. They had a good solid log barn there and I tied him to a manger and started to the bunkhouse. Before I'd got around the corner I heard all kinds of a racket in the barn. I ran back, and there was old Badger in the manger on his back, with all four legs sticking up in the air, and kicking and squealing like all get out.

I ran to the bunkhouse and called the boys to come and help me. The manger was deep and there was no way we could get the horse out of it except to cut off the good new posts at each end of it, so he could roll out. When we had him on his feet again I left him loose in the barn with the hackamore on his head, and shut the barn door tight as I went out. I even put a big log against the door, just to make extra sure old Badger didn't give me the slip.

The next morning I pulled the log away and opened the door, and Badger wasn't in the barn. There wasn't any other door or window to the barn, just the door I'd put the log against. The barn was well built of solid big logs and I didn't see how the horse could've got out of there.

I went outside and looked at the barn. It was a long narrow building, with an icehouse and a machine shed built under the same roof. The barn at one end, the icehouse in the middle, the machine shed next. The log walls that partitioned the icehouse off from the barn and machine shed were about eight feet high and with a three-foot space from there up to the roof of the barn. The icehouse was full of ice, with a thick layer of hay on top.

There was a couple of mowing machines against the partition wall in the machine shed. The sickle bars

were standing straight up close to the wall and I noticed quite a lot of fresh horsehair and hide hanging to them. Then I saw that the hay on top of the ice was all scuffed up and some of it had been pushed off onto the mowing machines.

I went back in the barn and looked at the partition wall from that side. I never did see how he could've done it, but old Badger had, somehow, climbed that eight-foot log wall and kicked and squirmed his way across the top of the ice in that three-foot gap below the roof, and fell off over the sickle bars and mowing machines. He'd sure got away, and he had my good hackamore on him.

I borrowed a horse and rode out in the pasture to find him. When old Badger saw me coming he threw up his head and lit out. Pretty quick he came to the river but he never stopped, just jumped off the high bank into deep water and swum on across. He came out running, and I didn't try to follow him any further, but stopped my horse on the near bank and watched him. A little beyond the river was a four-wire pasture fence. When Badger came to that fence he just sailed over it and kept on going.

One of the 101 wagons was over in the Waggoner country about then, gathering horses to be used on the spring roundup, and they ran on to old Badger a little later, and got him and my hackamore back. Poor old Badger. I don't suppose he had ever been shut in a barn before, and he didn't like it. Some of those old wild horses could outsmart a man pretty often.

One evening that spring a sheriff and his deputy from Douglas, away south on the Platte River, drove into the ranch in a buckboard and said they were after a couple of horse thieves that were supposed to be heading north. They stayed all night and the next morning the sheriff borrowed a saddle horse from the 101 and rode on north

to the Johnson horse ranch, up near the Devil's Tower. The frost had gone out of the ground and he hoped to pick up the outlaw's tracks in the soft earth.

The sheriff left his deputy, a fellow he called Bob, there at the ranch, ordering him to go on into Moorcroft and send telegrams up and down the line, so the whole country would be on the lookout for the thieves. Bob was a big fellow, sort of on the fat order, easy weighing two hundred pounds or more. He rode off to Moorcroft on a 101 horse, every morning, and jogged back to the ranch every evening. I don't know if he really did any hunting for the horse thieves, or just crawled in some place and slept all day.

The sheriff stayed all night at the Johnson ranch, borrowed another horse there the next morning, and rode on north. That day he picked up some tracks that he was pretty sure belonged to the outlaws; as they pointed toward the old Missouri cattle trail, which he figured they were heading for.

Shortly after dark that night he smelled the smoke of a campfire, so he stopped where he was for the night. Shortly after daylight he found the warm ashes of the campfire. The tracks of two horses, leading away from it, headed toward the cattle trail, which wasn't far away. So the sheriff cut a wide half-circle and came into the trail quite a ways away. Riding back up the trail it wasn't long until he sighted the two horsebackers.

As soon as they came in six-shooter range of the sheriff the two men jumped off their horses and drew a bead on the sheriff, with their six guns, over the tops of their saddles.

The sheriff jumped off too, pulled his express rifle out from under the saddle fender, and threw down on the thieves from behind his own horse. He told the outlaws

that they'd just as well throw their guns down; as he could shoot them just as good, with that high-powered rifle, through their horses as not.

So the men surrendered and the sheriff handcuffed them and shackled their feet together under their horses' bellies. Two days later, shortly after supper, he rode up to the 101 corral with his prisoners, and a couple of the other boys and I went down to the corral to take care of the horses.

"How do you feel, tonight, boys?" the sheriff asked the outlaws.

"My ankles are sure awful sore," one of them said.

"Well, tomorrow," the sheriff told him, "I'll take the stirrups off your saddles so they won't hurt your ankles."

The sheriff unshackled their feet so they could get off their horses, then he handcuffed them together and herded them up to the bunkhouse, where they flopped on a bunk and leaned back against the wall, just about plumb wore out.

After they'd rested a little while the sheriff took the handcuffs off them so they could wash, and then took them up to the mess house for supper. When they'd eaten he handcuffed them to the big deputy, one on each side of him, and marched them all to a bedroom in the big house, where he locked them in. "There," he said, "I guess they won't run away with Bob tonight."

The next morning they pulled out for Douglas, three or four days' traveling down the trail, with the horse thieves handcuffed and shackled to their horses, and the sheriff and his deputy riding in the buckboard.

Herman Summers was a big German who had worked for the 101 outfit for years. His regular work at the ranch was carpentering and blacksmithing, but he was a good

cow hand too. Herman hated to go on the roundup though. After every roundup Porter would tell Herman he wouldn't have to go, next year. That would make Herman happy, and in the spring he'd say, "I not haf to go on roundup, this year. Porter, he say I not haf to go." Then, as the outfits pulled out, Porter'd tell Herman to come along and go with his wagon, and Herman would feel pretty bad. Herman was a good cow-puncher and he knew that country well, so he was a good man to have along.

Herman had eight or ten horses in his string that nobody else would ride. One of them was an old horse by the name of "Two Belly"; only Herman called him "Double Belly." One morning Herman, on old Two Belly, was riding along with five or six other fellows. They came to a creek and the other fellows rode across, but old Two Belly didn't want to get his feet wet, so he wouldn't cross it. Herman tried and tried to get him into the water. Finally, he rode away back from the creek and quirted the horse into a run. Herman thought that if he came to the creek on the run old Two Belly would jump it, but he didn't, he stopped sudden at the edge of it, and poor Herman went over his head and lit in the middle of the creek. Herman was sure mad at "that demned old Double Belly."

Herman owned some horses of his own too. He let them run with Dickinson's horses, over on the west side of the Black Hills. He had seen Dickinson that winter and told him that if he was breaking any horses for the 101 he could break some of his bunch for him, too.

When Dickinson came over in the spring with some of the horses he'd broke for the ranch, there was a pretty good young horse of Herman's in the bunch. Porter told us fellows to cut us out a horse apiece and try them

out. So Herman caught his own horse and saddled him up. The horse went off quiet enough for about a hundred yards, then he bucked Herman off. Herman got up, caught the horse and came leading him back to the corral.

Charlie Andrews was setting on the corral fence. He pulled two or three five-dollar bills out of his pocket and waved them at Herman. "Heah," he said, "Ah'll buy yo' ho'se. Yo'all cain't ride him." Herman hurried over and grabbed the money.

Then Charlie led his new horse over to me and said, "Albe't, Ah'll give yo a dollah if yo'all get on this ho'se an' take it out of him." I got on him and spurred him around a while, but he wouldn't pitch any more. Then Herman slipped up to me and said, "*Make* him pitch, Pinnacle, make him pitch effer time you ride him. Make it cost him twenty-fife dollars."

That fall, toward the end of the roundup, I was working with Porter's wagon. The weather had turned so chilly that Porter had set up a tent. One evening a bunch of us was setting in the tent, yarning, and Art Delabaugh got to joshing Herman and trying to make out that the big German was still a green cow hand.

Art had come from Iowa only a short time earlier, in '91 or '92, and had shucked corn at Ames before coming on west and learning to punch cows. He thought he was a pretty good cowpuncher though, and he argued with Herman quite a while, about which one knew the most about punching cows. Finally Herman got about half mad and he yelled at Art, "Well, I don't care. I know I've punched longer cows as you." Which he had; as he'd worked on the ranch for years.

The first time I'd seen Herman had been funny too. That was the time I stayed all night at the ranch, before

riding Mr. Bones to catch Long's wagon back in '93. When I'd pulled in to the ranch, that afternoon, some of the boys had been finishing putting a shingle roof on the bunkhouse, in place of the old dirt roof, and Herman was bossing the job. It seemed that Herman had a chest of tools of his own and he was pretty proud of his outfit. One of the tools was a ball peen hammer, only Herman called it his "bald-faced" hammer.

About the time I rode up Herman was hunting for his "bald-faced" hammer, but he couldn't find it. He'd hunted for quite a while when he noticed that Dell Storms was using his hammer. Dell hadn't done it on purpose, he just didn't happen to know Herman's hammer from the ranch hammers, but it made Herman mad.

Dell was a kind of a small fellow and Herman thought he could whip him, so he jumped on to him and they fought for a long time. Neither one could whip the other one, and finally they both played out.

They backed off and stood looking at each other, both so wore out that they could hardly stand up, and trying to get their breath. Herman looked at Dell, all wore down from the fight, and panted, "Golly, if I only had my vind, now."

The last time I was in Sundance, in 1941, I heard that Herman had a nice ranch a few miles from there, so my wife and I drove out. When I went to the house Mrs. Summers came to the door and I asked her if Herman was there. She showed me where he was harrowing a little patch of corn. It was a warm day but Herman was wearing a big sheepskin coat and walking behind his harrow.

I went over and said, "Hello, Herman." He stopped and said, "Who are you?" I said, "Don't you remember Snyder, that used to work for the 101?" He said, "No Snyder

effor work for the 101. I work for the 101 all the time it wass in Wyoming. Neffer no Snyder work there." Then I said, "Well, do you remember Pinnacle Jake?" A big smile come over his face and he jumped over a corn row and grabbed my hand. "Yess, yess," he said, "sure I remember Pinnacle Jake." He was glad to see me and we had a nice little visit.



## CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

PORTER liked to start one or two wagons out a week or more ahead of the general spring roundup, as he could get several thousand head of cattle gathered and thrown back on the home range before he pulled out to meet the other wagons for the regular roundup. That third spring at the 101 I went with Porter's wagon (Charlie Andrews was wagon boss) down to Edgemont, where we gathered a herd of four thousand head and took it back to the Belle Fourche range.

On the way up, as we were moving past Merino, we camped for dinner near the long railroad bridge. We didn't have any herd to hold so we were all in camp, waiting for the cook to holler "dinner."

I was taking it easy, leaning back against my bedroll, when I saw a bunch of wild horses, coming on the run, but traveling like they were pretty tired. An old black mare was about played out and lagging way behind, the fellow that was running the bunch was still further behind, on another tired horse. The wild horse bunch crossed the railroad tracks, near our camp, and headed on into the hills, all but the black mare, who turned between the rails and followed the ties. When she came to the bridge she hardly stopped, but stepped right out on the

ties across the river. She reached away out with her front feet and caught every seventh or eighth tie, and never missed a step all the way across. The wild-horse man went on across the tracks after the main bunch, and paid no attention to the old mare. Once across the bridge the old mare headed toward her home range, alone.

I never saw any other horse cross an open bridge on the ties, like that, but I've heard of one or two others that did it.

On the way back to the Belle Fourche with our herd we'd got as far as the timber on the Buffalo and had camped for the night. Early in the evening Charlie told me that Porter had told him to bring the herd to the timber on the Buffalo and camp, then next morning to bring it on to the mouth of the Buffalo, where it joined the Belle Fourche, and be back at camp by noon. It was ten or twelve miles to the mouth of the Buffalo, so that was quite a drive with a big herd.

"We neveh can do it, Albe't, we neveh can do it." Charlie told me. "It's too fah with that big a herd."

"You put three more men on last guard with me, Charlie." I told him, "and I can do it."

So Charlie put four of us on the last guard and well before daylight we pushed the herd off the bed ground and started it down the river. We kept the sides thrown in and moved them right along. After breakfast the rest of the boys caught up with us and took the herd over, while we went back to camp to catch our day horses and eat our breakfast. Then we caught the herd again and helped move it on down to the Belle Fourche, where we turned it loose.

The clouds had been thickening up all morning and it was snowing pretty hard by the time we got back to the camp in the timber at noon, and dinner was ready. Frank

Watts was with us on that drive and, a few years later, he built himself a nice ranch on that same campsite. Frank still lives at Moorcroft.

Our camp was only twelve or fourteen miles from the home ranch and Porter had rode in to the wagon while we'd been gone with the herd. After dinner he said to me, "Catch out your string of horses, pack your bed and go to the ranch." It sounded like I was being fired.

I caught a horse or two and turned them loose outside the ropes. I noticed another fellow, Bert Wade, lead a horse out of the corral and turn it loose. I asked him what he was going to do and he said Porter had told him to catch his horses and go to the ranch. So I told him we'd just as well go together.

We faced the snowstorm all the way to the ranch, but we fogged right along and wasn't long getting there. When the supper bell rang and we went over to the mess house we found Porter there, smiling and jolly, and saying nothing about why he'd sent us to the ranch. Anyway we were glad to be there, and not camped out in four or five inches of snow.

We laid around the ranch for about a week, doing nothing, then Porter sent Wade over to the U Bar L to rep on that roundup. A day or so later I was still loafing in the bunkhouse when Porter came in and asked me if I'd like to go wolf hunting. I said, "No. I don't know anything about huntin' wolves." Porter said he didn't either, but that he had promised Wiley to go hunting with him and Wiley was planning to go the next day. I still said I didn't care to go, and Porter said, "Well, if you're afraid of running your horses too hard I'll loan you a good horse." I told him my horses were plenty good, and that I wasn't afraid of running them.

Wolves had got so bad on the range and had been kill-

ing so many cows, calves and horses that Allen had started shipping hounds out to Porter so he could start cleaning them out of the country. So Porter had got a wolf-hunting outfit together. As the hounds came in from different parts of the country he had fixed up a tent and grub wagon and a four-horse team, and hired a nigger to cook and look after the hounds. He had put the outfit in charge of Wiley DeLashman and had told him to take it into the hills and stay away from the ranch, for he didn't like to have the dogs around. They killed old condemned saddle horses and wild horses to feed the hounds, and Wiley and his cook took to eating the horse meat too; as it saved them the bother of butchering beef. I was careful never to eat a meal at their camp.

They carried dynamite in their wagon, for blasting out wolf dens, and the nigger sure was afraid of that dynamite. It was his job to drive the wagon; as Wiley travelled horseback, and Wiley told me that, one time when they were going through some rough, rocky country, the nigger was walking away out from the wagon, as far away as he could get and still hang on to the lines, just in case the dynamite blew up.

We started on the wolf hunt about an hour after sunup. Porter was riding a cracking good big horse, one of his own private string, and I had a good fast horse too. Wiley's horse wasn't so fast or so good a stayer, as ours, and he had a gun and a spade tied onto his saddle. We had fourteen hounds along. Wiley thought a lot of one of the hounds, a big old fellow he called Scotty.

A little way down river from the ranch we came to a patch of old dead cottonwood trees. A good-sized flock of hawks was roosting in the bare branches and Wiley wanted Porter to try out his gun by taking a shot at the

hawks. Wiley's gun was a big new rifle of some kind and he hadn't used it any yet.

Porter and Wiley got off their horses, Wiley give the gun to Porter and held both the horses by their bridle reins while Porter took a shot at the hawks. When the gun went off one of the horses went one way and one the other, and they both jerked away from Wiley.

I went after Porter's horse first. He had crossed the river, and was still going as fast as he could with his bridle reins dragging and his head held sideways to keep from stepping on them. The river was deep enough that I got somewhat wet going after the horse, but I headed him off and brought him back. Porter was cussing because he'd found that the gun sights had been set to shoot a half a mile, and by the time he got them lowered the hawks had flown away.

Wiley's horse had run to the top of a hill a half a mile away and stopped. I caught him and brought him back to Wiley, and we started again. Pretty soon we jumped a wolf and the dogs took after him, with us right behind. We ran the wolf several miles, and he was about tired enough for us to get him when a fresh wolf came across the trail, between the tired wolf and the dogs. The whole pack took after the fresh wolf.

I could've roped the first wolf easy, there, and I don't know why I didn't, but Porter and I followed the hounds and the fresh wolf, and let the first one get away. Wiley had got too far behind to do anything about either wolf.

Pretty soon the dogs began to play out and quit. Finally there was only Porter and me and the big hound Scotty still chasing the wolf. Old Scotty was so tired he could hardly go, but we kept sicking him on and he was still on his feet. The wolf was tired too, and sort of circling around, when we saw Wiley ride up on a ridge ahead of

us. We had the wolf headed toward that ridge and we figured Wiley could easy shoot him when he came close enough, so we pulled up and watched.

Pretty soon we heard a shot, so we jogged along up to Wiley and Porter asked him if he got the wolf. But Wiley had missed him. He'd got off his horse to use the new rifle, his shot had missed and his horse had run away again. If he'd stayed on his horse and used his six-shooter he'd most likely have got the wolf.

I brought Wiley's horse back, and I could see that Porter was mad. He didn't say anything to Wiley though, just pulled out his watch and looked at it, and said, "We've just got thirty minutes to get to Moorcroft to meet th' train and help unload a bunch of Russian wolf-hounds."

Porter quirted his horse and lit out as hard as he could go. We were five or six miles from Moorcroft, and we'd already chased the wolves some fourteen miles that morning, but I took out after Porter, leaving Wiley to round up old Scotty and his other hounds. Porter never slowed up all the way. When he came to the river he went right on in on the high run, and on across. We got to Moorcroft just as the train was pulling in.

We helped unload five dogs, each one in a crate of his own, and they were the biggest hounds I ever saw. The wood-rack and team from the ranch was there to get the dogs and we helped load them on the rack. Porter went in the depot to pay the express. He didn't have much use for dogs anyway, by then, and he was cussing and growling about the express charges on the hounds. Allen had shipped the dogs out from Boston and the express was about \$180.00. "Range expense, range expense! A hundred an' eighty dollars express on dogs—range expense!" Porter was growling, when he turned away from the office

window and a fellow walked up to him and stuck out his hand.

Porter looked him over and said, "I don't know you." The fellow chirped, "Don't you remember Will Gough?" Porter said, "Yes, an' you stole a horse an' saddle and a bed from me. Now you get on that train an' go back to Texas."

The train was headed north, but Porter kept cussing the fellow and telling him to get on it and go back to Texas. "You get out of this country or I'll take you to Sundance," he told him. He was jumping onto the fellow so hard that the people from the train were crowding around to see what the trouble was. I was afraid Porter was going to get so mad that he might shoot the man so I stepped in behind him, where I could grab his arm and stop him if he reached for his gun.

The agent was afraid there might be trouble so he called Porter back to the office window to tell him something, and this Will Gough went outside and eased up along the depot wall with some of the other passengers. Pretty quick Porter went outside too. He was still hopping mad so I stayed right with him. He saw Gough and jumped on him again, still telling him to get out of town quick.

The station agent came to the door and called Porter inside, hoping to keep him from starting any real trouble, and when we went outside again the train had pulled out. We didn't see anything of Gough but Porter wanted to make sure he'd left the country.

The year before a fellow by the name of Lew Robinson had put up a store in Moorcroft, a frame building with a tent storeroom on the back. Porter went in the store and looked behind the counter and clear through to the tent in the back. Satisfied that the man had left town he

went out and got on his horse and lit out for the ranch, on the high run.

I took out after him, and about halfway to the ranch I said, "Porter, who was that fellow you gave such a warm welcome to?" Then Porter pulled his horse to a walk, for about the first time that forenoon, and told me about Will Gough. It seemed he had come up from Texas to Orin Junction, with a herd, a few years back and had asked Porter for a job. Gough didn't have a saddle or a bed, so Porter had bought him both, and put him on a 101 horse and took him along with his outfit.

A few days later Gough had sold the bed to one of the other men for about twenty dollars and rode the horse and saddle away, and Porter hadn't seen him since, until he offered to shake hands there in the depot. Porter said he sure would have taken him to Sundance and turned him over to the sheriff there, but every time he did that with a man the sheriff just turned him loose, and put the expense on the ranch.

I couldn't understand why the fellow had made himself known to Porter, anyway, after pulling such a trick on him.



## CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

WE WERE back to the ranch for dinner, after the wolf hunt and the fracas at the depot, and Porter still hadn't give me any orders, so I loafed around the bunkhouse for another day or two. Then the sheriff, a man by the name of Armstrong, came over to the ranch from Sundance. He stayed all day, talking with Porter, and spent the night at the big house.

The next morning he came over to the bunkhouse and said to me, "I deputize you to go over to Joe Agee's ranch and look for George Curry and Bob Smith and their gang. I've heard they're workin' through here ahead of th' roundup, gettin' all th' mavericks they can find." I told him I hadn't hired out to look for rustlers, and he said if I didn't go he'd take me to Sundance and make it cost me fifty dollars.

I asked him why he didn't go over there himself, and he said, "I'm expectin' them to come by here today, and I want to be here to pick 'em up if they do." I wondered why the sheriff wanted me to go to Agee's if he was expecting the rustlers at the 101 the same day, but I didn't say anything and pretty soon he went on out.

George Curry and Bob Smith was a pair of rustlers that hid out over in the Hole-in-the-Wall country and

rustled quite a bunch of mavericks. I heard later that they got enough, that spring, to bring twenty-five hundred dollars, down at the mouth of the Little Missouri where they sold them.

After a while Porter came in the bunkhouse and asked me if Armstrong had deputized me to go to Agee's to look for Curry's gang. I told him that that was what Armstrong had said. He asked me what I said, and I told him. "Well, I don't blame you a damn bit," Porter told me, "but I want you to be down at Belle Fourche by May 19 to work on that roundup, and if Armstrong monkeys around and takes you to Sundance you can't make it in time." He studied awhile and then he said, "I don't hardly believe you'll find 'em over there, so if you'll go I'll have Charlie go hunt up old White Cloud and bring him in for you to ride."

White Cloud was a fine, big, gray Oregon horse that I'd seen around the ranch, but I'd never seen anybody ride him. I didn't know what kind of a horse he was but I sure liked the looks of him. I told Porter I'd go, just to get to ride that horse.

Agee's ranch was twelve or fourteen miles down river, and there was a kind of a mountain between there and the 101. The mountain was steep, and covered with heavy standing timber and lots of down logs, a rough piece of country all right. Porter told me that if I did run onto the rustlers I could ask them if they'd seen a certain 101 horse over that way. "Then, when you leave those fellows," he said, "try to keep your eye on 'em, and if they try to stop you just head that White Cloud straight for the top of that mountain, and no horse in Wyoming can stop you."

I rode over to Agee's and looked around. There wasn't anybody home, or anywhere around the place. I didn't

find any sign of branding fires, or anything else that looked suspicious, so I rode back to the 101 in time for dinner. That White Cloud horse was sure fine to ride, though I didn't get a chance to try him out, but I had found out what I was supposed to do and, a day or so later, I started for Belle Fourche with my string.

Before I left Porter told me that he'd try to meet me with his wagon and take over the cattle I gathered. He gave me a card with seventy-six different brands on it, and told me I was to watch for all those brands and shove them home. A lot of them were cattle the 101 had purchased, the rest cattle that neighboring ranches wanted brought back, in exchange for the same service they were doing for us on some other part of the range. Porter said there should be a lot of our cattle over in that country; as the man he'd sent over there the year before hadn't done a good job and had let a lot of 101 cattle get by him.

That morning while I was cutting out my string Porter came to the corral and got up on the fence. He counted my string and looked them over, then he asked me, "How does it happen you got so many good, young horses in your string?"

I guess I did have about the best string of horses in the outfit. I told him, "Some of 'em are horses Doc cut out to me when I first went to work here, some are horses the other fellas couldn't ride and I fell heir to 'em. Two or three are horses I've asked you for, at different times, and you said I could have 'em if they wasn't in anybody else's string."

Porter said, "Well, there's a couple of hundred of those Texas horses in the outfit yet. Everybody ought to have two or three of them in their string." There was some awful good horses in that Texas bunch but most of them was getting a little old.

I told him I could take a couple of them along to pack my bed on, but he said, "No, you fellas that like all young horses in your string better learn some of 'em to pack your beds."

"All right then," I told him. "If you'll help me I'll put my bed on the 'Well Digger.'"

"I'll help you," he said, "but I don't think you got much respect for your bed."

The "Well Digger" was a little black horse, caught wild in '93 and broke by Ed Goodridge the spring I hired out to the 101. A fellow had been digging a well near the corrals while Ed was breaking the little horse. The well digger had asked Ed to let him ride some one of the broncs, one that didn't seem like a very bad actor. So Ed let him try riding that little black, but the horse threw the well digger every time he got on him, and the fellow gave up after two or three tries. That was how the Well Digger got his name, and he had kept on being an outlaw and had been running with the outlaw bunch for the last couple of years.

I had got hold of him about the time the roundup started, three or four weeks earlier, and had been riding him right along. I liked him all right, but I had never tried to put a pack on him.

He was a nice gentle horse to handle, but he was a nifty little buckner. I used to ride him on circle. As soon as we'd throw our cattle in the herds around the camp we'd go for our wagons on the run. I'd reach down and thumb the Well Digger in the neck and he'd pitch all the way to the wagon, fence-rowing as pretty as you please, but not hard to ride. Pretty soon he got so he'd pitch to the wagon without any thumbing. I guess he figured it was a part of his day's work.

So I caught the Well Digger and put my good rawhide

hackamore on him, then I led him and old Greuyer over to the bunkhouse and tied the Well Digger to a big tie-log by the bunkhouse door. Porter blindfolded him while I made up my bedroll. We put the bed on him and cinched it down good with a diamond hitch. Before I took the blindfold off I tied the little black's head to old Greuyer's tail with a short lead rope. I turned him loose and the Well Digger tried to pitch but he couldn't get his head down to get started, and old Greuyer kept him in line so he couldn't run away with my bed.

Wiley was riding with me as far as Sundance; as he had a six weeks' take of ninety-some wolf scalps that he was taking over to collect the bounty on. As we left the ranch he said to me, "You and Porter are pretty hard on dogs. I never did find eight of the hounds we took on that wolf hunt."

We planned to ride through to Sundance without stopping, and make it there by dinnertime. Sundance was about thirty-five miles from Moorcroft, by the stage road over Inyan Kara Mountain, with heavy timber along both sides of the road.

I had twelve horses, besides old Greuyer and the Well Digger, in my string, and Wiley had a pack horse in the bunch. We had the horses strung out on the road ahead of us and we were plugging along up the slope of Inyan Kara, two or three miles past McKean's road ranch. It was a nice spring day, sunshiny and peaceful and quiet there on the road through the trees, when all of a sudden a bicycle came over a hump in the road ahead of us.

I can't remember that I'd ever seen a bicycle before, and it kind of startled me, but it just about scared the daylights out of our horses. They snorted and broke for the trees on both sides of the road, old Greuyer headed for timber on one side of the road, the Well Digger for

timber on the other side. My good hackamore broke and Greuyer took it with him, hanging to his tail.

I said, "Gosh! What'll we do now?" for I knew we'd never catch our horses in that heavy timber. Then I figgered they would probably head for home and maybe they would come back into the road between us and McKean's ranch. If they did we had a chance to head them off, so we tore back toward the ranch as hard as we could go. Wiley was riding a pretty good horse, his Ship-wheel Brownie, so he was able to keep up with me.

We got to the ranch just a jump ahead of the horses. Both bunches came into the road at about the same time, a little ways above the ranch, but they were still so scared that we couldn't stop them.

The McKean ranch house was on one side of the road, the corral on the other, and the big corral gate was open, so we rode our horses into the gap in the road and headed the runaways into the corral. We decided we had better leave them there awhile to get over their scare and settle down some. I got my hackamore off Greuyer's tail and was sorry to see it was broke pretty bad. We stayed for dinner at McKean's road house, and while we were eating the fellow on the bicycle went pedaling by.

I hazed my string on to the Three V ranch, intending to go along to the roundup with their wagon, but the wagon had pulled out the day before I got there. The foreman told me where to catch the wagon the next day, then he showed me a bale of rope that his wagon boss, Bert Crouse, had forgot to take along on the bed wagon and asked me if I could take it along on my pack horse.

I was still using the Well Digger for a pack horse and he didn't like it any better than he had the first day, so I told the foreman that I'd take the rope if he'd help me get the pack on my horse. I stayed all night there at the

ranch, and the next morning I cut the gunny-sack wrapping off the bale and strung the rope out in my bed in long loops, then rolled my bed up around it and got it into a bundle we could load on the horse.

I caught the Three V wagon at their noon camp near Belle Fourche. I had my rope down, ready to rope my pack horse and get my bed off him so I could load it on the bed wagon, when Crouse came out and said, "You'd just as well leave your bed on th' horse as I'm not hauling any rep's beds this summer."

I said, "Well, I don't have to carry that bale of Three V rope all summer, do I?" I unrolled my bed and dumped the rope out on the ground, and I didn't care if I did tangle it up. I was plumb mad. Putting a bed on a pack horse every morning is a dang nuisance. The 101 had always carried all the rep's beds, even if they had to load some of them on top of the mess wagon and rope 'em down.

I ate dinner with the Three V wagon and we pulled through Belle Fourche and on out to Hay Creek. The Cross Anchor wagon was camped there, and I knew the boss, Walter Scott, pretty well; he had been a wagon boss for the 101 the first summer I worked there.

I asked Scott if he wanted any reps with his wagon on that roundup. He said, "You bet. I want all I can get." I'd just met a Half Circle L fellow by the name of Joe Graham, who was repping with the Three V wagon. He seemed like a mighty nice fellow, so I asked him if he wouldn't like to go with a wagon that would haul his bed. He said he sure would and I told him we could throw our beds on the Cross Anchor wagon, so we went back to the Three V wagon, cut our horses out of their cavvy, packed our beds and moved over to the Cross Anchor wagon.

A few days later the D wagon came down to join the

roundup and Joe and I threw in with them for the rest of the roundup. The D ranch was only thirty-five or forty miles north of the 101 and the two ranches sort of worked together. By going along with their wagon it would be easier to get my cattle close to home with their help. One of the Driskill boys was owner of the D outfit and Tex Martin was boss of that wagon.

We had worked down on to the Little Missouri by the last of May, when a bad snowstorm caught us. Several wagons had joined the roundup by then and they all had to lay over in camp, along the river, until the weather cleared.

I was standing by our campfire, that stormy afternoon, when I heard the cook tell the D boss that he'd have to butcher a beef before supper. Our wagon wasn't holding any cattle, and the rest of the fellows in our outfit were in their tepee, sleeping, so I figured I'd likely be picked to go out in the storm and hunt up a beef to butcher.

Jess Driskill's T Cross T wagon was camped across the river and down a way. A little later one of his men, a fellow by the name of Gurnsey Mudd, came over to our wagon and asked the cook if he could borrow a quarter of beef. Our cook told him we were plumb out ourselves, and would have to butcher before supper. Mudd rode on to another wagon, and came back in a little while with a quarter of beef across his saddle.

By that time we could see Jess butchering a beef, over at his camp. He was holding a herd so they didn't have to go far to get a beef. Jess saw Mudd at our camp with the beef quarter and he yelled at him, "Take it back."

Mudd talked kind of slow and he turned to me and drawled, "What did he say?" I said, "He said, 'Leave it here.' " I stepped over to him and reached for the meat, he gave it to me and I hung it on our meat stick. That was

a lot easier way to get some meat for supper than hunting up a beef in a storm.

Gurnsey Mudd rode on across the river to his camp and Jess asked him, "Why didn't you take that beef back, like I told you?"

Mudd said, "Why, 101 said you said for me to leave it there."

Jess snorted, "Ain't you been on this roundup long enough yet, to know you can't believe anything 101 tells you?"

While I was repping on that roundup I met old Doc Middleton. He was with the Spade outfit and Jeff De-France was his wagon boss. That was about two years after Doc had rode in the famous one-thousand-mile horse race from Chadron (Nebraska) to the entrance of Cody's Wild West Show in Chicago. Doc was still using the fancy saddle blanket he had used in that race, a nice velvetlike blanket with the words "Chadron to Chicago" on it.

The first time I saw Doc was one cold, windy morning in the Deer Lodge Mountains. There had been a big rain the night before and the T Cross T Mexican wrangler hadn't come in with their horses, that morning. The T Cross T boys rode out and found enough of their horses to go on circle with, but they didn't find their wrangler or the rest of their horses.

I left on circle with Jess Driskill and some of the other boys. Six or seven miles from camp we found the T Cross T wrangler, walking and hazing a bunch of his horses ahead of him. He told us that his horse fell down with him during the storm that night and got away from him. The poor fellow had his handkerchief tied over his head, as he had lost his hat, and he was cold and lost and driving his horses away from camp.

We caught him a horse, and gave him a rope to put

around its neck so he could ride it. We were up against a creek so we helped the Mexican get his horses across the water and headed him towards camp.

It was boggy along both sides of the creek and the horses didn't want to get their feet wet, so we had a time getting them to cross. I was riding the Well Digger and he kept edging up to the creek bank. All at once he jumped off the bank into the water, where he bogged down clear to the saddle skirts, and couldn't move.

Just then old Doc rode up on the creek bank and set there, looking down and laughing at me. He was a funny-looking old fellow, with long whiskers that he braided and tied to his belt with an old necktie, so they wouldn't blow in the wind. I was mad enough, anyway, at that darn Well Digger, and Doc's laughing at me made me madder. I yelled at him, "You old switch-tailed son-of-a-gun. It looks like you'd help me get out of here instead of settin' there laughin' at me."

The old fellow like to of fell off his horse, laughing, then. A "switch tail" was a horse that switched his tail all the time. If a fellow had to ride a switch tail he'd tie the tail to his back saddle strings to hold it still.

Doc finally quit laughing long enough to throw me a rope so I could pull myself up the creek bank, then Doc and some of the other boys got their ropes on the Well Digger and pulled him out of the mud.

After that Doc liked to be with me and was very friendly. One day he came by our wagon and asked me to ride over to the band wagon with him. The band wagon was an enclosed wagon, pulled by a four-horse team, and sent out by a big Belle Fourche clothing company. Loaded with boots, California pants, a saddle or two, and other cowboy goods, those wagons followed the big roundups and were pretty handy for the boys.

Doc had won some money in a poker game and he was on his way to get himself a new pair of boots. When he'd picked out his boots he said to me, "Now, Pinnacle, you try on a pair. I want to get you a pair, too." But I didn't need any boots, and I refused the generous old fellow's offer.

Doc had been in the pen some years before. One day, when he was riding with me and visiting, Doc told me that when they sent him to the pen he'd vowed to kill every man who had helped to put him there. "But you know," he said, "after I'd been there a year or two I didn't want to kill anybody, nor I ain't killed anybody since I got out." Doc was a fine, square shooting old fellow, even if he did get tangled up with the law.

While we were working there on the Little Missouri I came in to camp one evening and the D wrangler said, "101, you're short three head of horses this evening." I said, "Yes, and I can name 'em. They're a roan, a black and a sorrel." "That's the ones," he answered me. "A fellow's horse threwed him this afternoon and his horse pitched into my cavvy, with the saddle on, and stampeded th' bunch. Them three horses took out toward Powder River. When I got to the top of th' first hill they was goin' out of sight over th' next one, two miles away."

The black horse that got away was the Well Digger. Him and the roan had been wild horses and they had headed home toward their old range. The sorrel was a good, big Oregon horse that had taken up with the Well Digger and the roan, so he had quit the bunch with them. I never saw the Well Digger or the sorrel again, but I heard later that they had caught the Well Digger, and that when a man rode him on circle he'd start in pitching as soon as he headed for the wagon, after a drive. Half the

time he caught his rider unaware and threw him. He still seemed to think that was part of his job.

One day, on that roundup, while the wagon was camped near Belle Fourche, Joe Graham and I happened to be in town at suppertime so we thought we'd eat there, instead of riding back to the wagon for supper, and loaf around town for awhile that evening.

We went to a Chinese restaurant and set down at the long table. There wasn't anybody else in the room except a fellow across the table from us. His name was Robinson and he was working on that roundup with us. I think he owned a little ranch in the Belle Fourche country some place. Robinson had already had too much to drink that evening. He finished his supper before ours came from the kitchen, so he pushed his dishes out of the way, and laid down on his stomach across the table and went to sleep. He was wearing a six-shooter and it stuck out of his holster, right in front of us.

A Chinaman came out of the kitchen with our suppers, but before he got to the table he seemed to get all excited. He turned around and run back to the kitchen with our grub. In about a minute three Chinamen came out of the kitchen, all carrying big butcher knives and chattering away at each other. We didn't know what in Sam Hill was up but I was wearing my gun so I pulled it and stood up. I pointed it at the Chinamen and told them to get back in the kitchen and get our suppers. Joe reached over and pulled Robinson's gun out of its holster and held it ready.

The Chinamen skittered back to the kitchen and one of them came back with our grub. When we'd finished eating we woke Robinson up and took him out of there with us. I never did know what the Chinamen had meant to do.

We walked Robinson around in the fresh air a while, until he was able to go by himself, then we put his gun back in his belt and turned him loose. Next day, on the roundup, we saw him and asked him how he had made out the rest of the night. He said, "Just fine." Then he told us that he woke up that morning in a nice room with pretty curtains blowing in the breeze. The room was up over the bank, but he didn't know who it belonged to or how he got there.

Later that day I cut an old 020 cow out of the bunch and put her in my cut; as the 020 was one of the brands on the card Porter had gave me. Robinson saw the cow in my bunch and asked about her. I told him that was one of the brands I was supposed to cut and he said, "That old cow's been on this range for the last four or five years." I said, "Well then, I suppose you owe the 020 four or five calves, don't you?" he grinned and rode off without answering.

I repped with the D wagon until the roundup was over. Old Charlie and a kid met me twice and took herds of seven or eight hundred head off my hands and back to home range. At roundup's end I had a herd of fifteen hundred head that I took home myself, with the D outfit's help. Altogether I gathered over three thousand head of cattle off the Belle Fourche range, that summer.



## CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

PORTER was at the ranch when I pulled in from that spell of repping. He told me that he wanted me to ride over on the mouth of Mitchell Creek, where it joined Powder River, and look up some wild-horse men there. The wild-horse men, Sam and Andy Ditto, made their living by catching wild horses to sell, and Porter had heard that they might be rustling a few that wasn't wild ones. He told me to stay with the Ditto boys a few days and see what they had and what they were doing.

It was a day's ride of forty miles, or more, over there, and I pulled into their place the next evening. The Ditto boys were holding about a hundred and fifty head of horses. Most of their horses were safe to turn in the day herd, with a hired man herding them, but they corraled them at night. They also had quite a few horses tied to logs, or hobbled, around the camp.

I rode with the Ditto boys for several days, and they sure treated me fine. They caught up some of their own cracking good horses for me to ride while I was there, and we ran a couple of wild bunches but didn't catch anything.

Sam and Andy showed me eleven head of horses in their herd, that had fresh-worked brands on them. They

had found the horses a while before, and one of them had been carrying a full-stamped Meanea saddle and had a rawhide rope dragging from its neck, like he might of got loose from a picket pin. There was also a running iron\* stuck down through the side jockey of the saddle. The boys had been holding the horses in their bunch until somebody claimed them, and they asked me if I had any idea who they belonged to. They said they'd heard that maybe the outfit belonged to Bob Smith, the rustler.

When I was satisfied that the wild horse outfit wasn't bothering anybody else's horses I headed back toward the ranch. Towards evening I ran into the D wagon so I thought I'd just as well stay all night with the boys.

After dark we were loafing around the fire and visiting, and I told them about the eleven head of horses and the Meanea saddle I'd seen at the wild horse camp. I said I thought maybe they belonged to Bob Smith, and I wondered if somebody had shot him and his outfit had got away.

When I'd finished telling my story a fellow stepped out of the dark and came up to the fire. He said, "Hello, fellas. A man has to get away from home to hear the news, don't he?" He was Bob Smith, and he'd heard what I'd said about him.

I said, "Hello Bob. I supposed somebody had picked you off that horse."

"No," Bob answered, "it ain't my outfit. I ain't been in this country for five years."

I went on to the ranch the next day and Porter asked me what I'd found over on Mitchell Creek. I told him everything seemed to be all right with the wild-horse outfit, then I told him about the fresh-branded horses and

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\* A straight branding iron, generally the kind used to change or "work" a brand.

the saddle. Porter asked me why I hadn't brought the horses home with me. I told him I hadn't had any authority to do that, and he said, "Tomorrow you go back over there and bring those horses back here th' next day."

I started for the mouth of Mitchell Creek again the next morning. I had two horses, a big buckskin and a bay, riding one and leading one. At noon I met the Quarter Circle L trail wagon and stopped with them for dinner. Collins, a man I knew, was wagon boss, but I didn't know any of the other fellows in the outfit. I said "Howdy" to Collins, ate my dinner, and lit out again for the wild-horse camp.

When I pulled in to their place, that evening, I told the Ditto boys that Porter had sent me back after those horses. They said I was too late, and told me that they had seen a man up on a hill east of their camp at daylight on the morning after I left them. As soon as it was light enough for him to see down in their canyon he had rode down and claimed the saddle and horses. He hadn't told his name so I asked them what kind of a looking man he was, and they described Bob Smith. He was a fine-looking big fellow with a nice brown mustache.

Bob must've rode all night, after he left the D camp that evening, to get to the wild-horse camp by daylight. I was glad the horses were gone; as I wouldn't of wanted somebody I didn't know to catch me with a bunch of horses with fresh-worked brands. So I rode back to the ranch and went with Porter's wagon to help gather and ship some more beef.

Tom Hunter was in charge of Porter's wagon, whenever Porter had to be gone a few days, and old Hank Allen was our cook. The wagon was camped on Mule Creek, one of those times when Porter was gone, and I was riding in at noon when I met old Hank with his coat over his arm

and a fogging it for Moorcroft afoot. I pulled up and asked, "Where you goin', Hank?" He told me that he'd sent to town, the day before, for a bottle of whisky and Hunter had hid it from him, so he was quitting.

I said, "Gosh, Hank, you come on back to the wagon and I'll find your whisky." He turned around and started back, and I loped on in to camp. I asked Tom what he'd done with Hank's whisky and he said he'd hid it in the pickle barrel.

When Hank came hoofing in I clumb up on the wagon and fished his whisky out of the pickle barrel. He had quite a bit to drink that afternoon, but he didn't get drunk and he had a good supper ready that evening. I was glad I'd met him that day and got him to come back, as I sure didn't want to lose as good a cook as Hank was.

We worked on over to the Little Missouri and gathered a beef herd. We had the herd ready to start for the road when Porter said to me, "Pinnacle, I wonder if you'd go over to the old Mitten ranch today and look for that roan horse that got away from you this spring. Get him, or kill him, an' you better take a lunch along."

The Mitten ranch was about a day's ride from our camp. Nobody lived there anymore, so I had the cook wrap me up some grub, which I tied in my slicker on the back of my saddle, and I pulled out. I thought I'd camp at the Mitten, that night, and start looking for the horse the next day.

I pulled in to the old ranch that evening and found a Cross wagon camped there, holding fifteen or sixteen hundred head of cows. Old man Biddle owned the Cross outfit. Three of his men were with the wagon, Joe Bush, my half-breed Indian friend, Dick Perkins and a cook. I had supper with them and stayed all night at their camp.

Next morning their cook put me up a fresh lunch, I

tied it in my slicker and lit out to look for the roan. Twelve or fourteen miles from the Mitten I saw him, along with an old mare and several young horses. I started to run the bunch, but, as they were fresh and fast, it looked like it was going to be a long run. So I reached back and untied my slicker and lunch and let them go, figuring that the lighter his load the longer and faster my horse could run. I never saw the lunch or my slicker again.

I run the bunch quite a ways, maybe fifteen or twenty miles, before we hit a pasture fence. We followed the fence a mile or two and come to a big horseshoe bend pen. Horse pastures were often built that way. The horseshoe was set into the big pasture, with the narrow opening in the pasture fence, and with a wooden gate on the far side of the big bend. A couple of men could put a bunch of horses into a pasture with a bend like that, without much trouble. After they'd run the horses in the horseshoe one man set on his horse in the neck and kept them there, while the other man rode to the far side and opened the gate. Then they hazed the horses on into the pasture.

I chased my bunch in to the pen, and set on my horse in the horseshoe neck while he rested and got his wind. The wild horse bunch kept on running around and around the pen, looking for a way out. When my horse was rested I crowded the bunch ahead of me over to the pasture gate and swung it open. It only took me a minute but the horses saw their chance and dodged past me and tore out through the neck of the bend. I was right on their heels, and my horse had rested some, while they were getting tired, but even then, I had to run them another three or four miles before I got them headed back.

When I put them in that pasture and shut the gate I thought I had them for sure. This was new country to me

and I didn't know where I was, so I followed a road along the pasture fence for five or six miles until I came to a ranch. It turned out to be the Forked Lightning, and the boss was a fellow by the name of Hy Hanse. Some years later Hy was marshal at Belle Fourche.

Dinner was over, by the time I pulled in at the ranch, and I'd been on the high run for a good four hours that forenoon. I had a lunch at the Forked Lightning, and told Hy about putting the horses in his pasture. He said, "Wait 'til towards evening when it gets cooler, and I'll go down with you an' we'll run th' horses up here and corral 'em an' you can get your horse."

Along towards evening we drove the horses to the ranch. We got them to the corral wings before they saw what we meant to do, then they broke and scattered on us and we couldn't hold them. It was then too late to do any more horse running that day.

The next morning Hy pointed out a big, bald-faced horse and told me to take him and see if I could catch my horse. I saddled him up and lit out. About twenty miles from the Forked Lightning I saw the roan again. He and the old mare was alone. I suppose the young horses had played out by then and couldn't keep up any longer.

A point of rocks ran out onto the prairie, close to where the two horses were grazing. They hadn't seen me yet, so I circled a way around and came up on the rocks from behind. I slipped up easy, leading the bald face, and got down among the rocks. I pulled my six-shooter, rested my elbow on a rock and took a good aim, but it was a long shot for a six-shooter and I missed. The bullet must've come close to the roan though, for he stood straight up on his hind legs and spun around, then him and the mare tore out of there like greased lightning.

My horse was r'aring and jerking on the reins, trying to

get away too. By the time I calmed him down and got on him again the roan had quite a start on me, and before I caught up with him again the bald-face horse went lame. I was the rest of that day getting back to the Forked Lightning with the lame horse.

I hadn't caught the roan or killed him, either, but I headed for our wagon the following morning. I pulled in at suppertime and found that Porter had gone on somewhere and left Hunter in charge of the wagon. Tom said to me, "Pinnacle, Porter said if you come back without that horse I was to tell you to go back after him, and stay 'til you got him or shot him."

I said, "All right. Let me take a man and some grub along, an' I will."

Tom said to go ahead, so I told DeFord, "Get your three best horses an' come along. You're workin' for me now."

I took three good horses too, and some grub, and we pulled out the next morning, headed for Duck Creek. The Ditto boys had told me that they kept a grub cache on Duck Creek, and we thought their cache might come in handy if we had to be gone quite a while looking for that horse.

We had only one tin cup in our outfit and we cooked our coffee in it too, only DeFord liked his coffee straight while I took sugar in mine. So the first cup of coffee we'd make was DeFord's, the next one, with sugar in it, was mine.

At noon we stopped in Mitten Spring Canyon to eat our lunch. We pulled our saddles off and staked our saddle horses and turned our four loose horses out to graze close by. DeFord knew this country pretty well, and when we'd finished eating he told me there was a fine spring about a hundred yards up the canyon, where we could get a good, cold drink.

We took our tin cup and started up to the spring. The trail run along the side of the hill, with a bank a little higher than our heads on the upper side and a ten or twelve foot drop, to the bottom of the canyon, on the lower side. I was hiking along in the lead when, all of a sudden, I heard a buzzing. Before I could even dodge, a rattlesnake whizzed in front of my face and plopped down on the canyon floor below the trail. It was August and I suppose the snake was blind, or he wouldn't of missed me.

We were plenty scared. DeFord never wore a gun, but I generally did, and he wanted me to shoot the rattler. I said, "No. If I do it'll scare our horses clear out of th' country, and anyway the snake can't bother us now, down there where it is." But DeFord declared he wouldn't go on by if I didn't shoot the snake, and that our horses were staked and his old Nig wouldn't get scared anyway. So I shot the rattler, and before it had finished its first flop we heard the stake ropes popping and our horses tearing out of there.

I said, "There they go, and we're afoot. Now we're in a dickens of a fix." But DeFord wasn't worried. He said, "We'll be all right. Old Nig won't go far, he'll stop on the first hill an' I can catch 'im there." So we went on up to the spring and got a drink.

Back at camp I set down on my saddle and told DeFord, "All right, you go catch old Nig." Sure enough, he did, he caught him on the first hill, where the whole bunch had stopped. DeFord thought a lot of his old Nig.

We saddled up and went on about ten miles further and ran onto the roan. He was alone, standing out on the flat, asleep. We slipped up on a sagebrush covered knoll above him, and I pulled my gun. I rested the gun barrel in a sagebrush fork and aimed at the roan, broadside. I couldn't of missed him, that time, but just as I pulled the

trigger DeFord knocked the gun barrel up. The roan woke up in a hurry and whizzed out of there.

DeFord said he hadn't wanted me to shoot the roan because he liked to chase horses. I told him he'd get plenty of it now. I didn't care to run horses, and I'd thought we wouldn't have to run that one any further.

As we went on to Duck Creek we watched a big black cloud making up in front of us. DeFord said it looked like we would have rain for supper. At the creek we hunted for the grub cache but we didn't find it, so we staked and hobbled our horses, made our camp and went to bed. The only dry place in that country, that night, was under our tarps. It sure rained hard, but the storm was over by morning.

When it was light enough to see we saddled up and pulled out for the basin, ten miles or so away, leaving our beds and the staked horses at our Duck Creek camp. We didn't expect to find the roan again until we got over in the basin, but five or six miles before we reached it we rode up on a hill and saw him grazing out on the flat below. As we started down the slope twenty-five or thirty horses came out from under the brow of the hill and joined the roan. They had probably all drifted out of the basin ahead of the previous night's rainstorm. They saw us and the whole bunch broke into a run and lit out of there.

I pointed out a high pinnacle, four or five miles to the south of us, and told DeFord to get on top of it and stay there, and I would try to head the horses past him. Then he was to take over the chase on his fresh horse, while I went back to camp to change horses.

I must've chased the horses thirty miles or more by the time I got back to that pinnacle with them—and DeFord wasn't there. So I kept after the bunch and they ran right

through our Duck Creek camp. I jumped off there and saddled a fresh horse and took after them again. I called the horse "Boot" because he wore a Boot brand. He was an awful pretty big Oregon horse and I think he must've been used for chasing wild horses in Oregon, for I couldn't hold him when I got after that wild bunch with him. He crowded them too close and they began to split up into smaller bunches.

I kept after the bunch the roan was in, and that bunch ran out onto a high rocky ridge that poked out into the basin. Every few minutes some of the horses took off down either side of the steep ridge, down among big boulders and jagged rocks. They must've been considerable damaged before they reached the bottom.

Only the roan and a big wild stallion kept on to the point and went off over the end. I didn't see how anything could go down over there, and live. I couldn't stop my horse so I jumped off of him, just before he went over the rim, and hung onto him there.

When I got him cooled down some I rode back to camp. It was about noon so I started to make myself a cup of coffee. Pretty soon DeFord came plugging into camp. He said that I was gone so long he'd decided I wasn't coming back past that pinnacle so he'd rode over to another hill, several miles away, and waited there for quite awhile. Then he'd give me up and come on to camp.

We finished our bread and coffee, saddled some fresh horses and hiked out towards where I'd last seen the roan. It wasn't long 'til we run onto him and the stallion and four or five old mares that had caught up with them.

I told DeFord the direction I thought we ought to run the bunch, so as to hit the Forked Lightning pasture fence. I judged it was fifteen or sixteen miles from where we were, and if we could strike that fence maybe we could

get the horses in the pasture there. We lit out, riding a mile apart; so as to be able to swing the bunch the way we wanted them to go.

DeFord didn't push them hard enough from his side and when we sighted the fence I saw we were about to miss the southwest corner of the pasture. I pulled up some, hoping DeFord would hurry up a little and swing the bunch north, but he didn't and they missed the corner and went on east, DeFord right after them.

I followed along, but pretty quick I met up with the stallion. He had played out and quit the bunch, and he was on the fight. He wouldn't let me by, but came at me with his mouth open every time I tried to pass him, and I'd have to back up. I suppose I should've shot him but he was such a good-looking horse that I hated to do that.

My horse was getting tired too, and I didn't see much use in going on, so I turned north to the pasture gate I'd used before and went on, seven or eight miles, to the Forked Lightning. I had supper there and went to bed, and about midnight DeFord pulled in.

He said he'd left the horses way down on the north fork of the Little Missouri, thirty miles from the Lightning ranch. His horse had lost a shoe and he'd had to quit chasing the roan. The next morning he shod his horse and we started back to Duck Creek.

It must've been twenty miles or more back to our camp and, on the way, darned if we didn't run onto the roan and a few head of the wild bunch. They must've turned right around where DeFord left them and traveled all night, to get back to that valley where we found them again.

They were about run down and we didn't have to run them very far before I got close enough to rope the roan. His hind feet were wore out and bleeding, so we had to

take it slow with him back to camp, where we stayed all night. The next morning we went on about fifteen miles to the Ditto boys camp and pulled in there about noon. We had dinner with them, and that afternoon I shod the roan. We let him rest overnight and started home the next morning.

We were all day getting back to the ranch, a forty-five-or fifty-mile ride, and pulled in a little after supper, and turned the roan in the pasture with the rest of our horses. As we started for the mess house we met Porter. He asked me if we got the horse and I pointed to him, standing out in the pasture too tired to move. Porter never said a word. I don't know why he wanted that horse back so bad. The ranch had plenty of horses, and the roan was wore out anyway by the time we caught him, and besides it had taken two men several days, running good horses, to get him.



## CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

WHEN we rode up to the corral that evening, with the roan, DeFord said, "Looks like Porter's gettin' high toned an' havin' th' cowboys sweep out th' corral." The corral did look like it had been swept out, all smooth and clean.

While we'd been gone Hunter's wagon had come on to Moorcroft and shipped the beef herd, then pulled on down to the ranch for a day or two, so the boys were all there that evening. Another fellow, a man by the name of McFarland, was there too. I had known him up in the Green River country some years before, but hadn't seen him since. During the evening McFarland came over to me and asked me if I knew anything about a 101 horse named Plenty Beddin'. I said, "Yes, I broke him. Why?"

"Well," he said, "Porter hired me to ride a rough string for him, and today I caught that Plenty Beddin' horse. He was so mean to handle that I tied a cowhide around his neck, to gentle him some, and he chewed it plumb up. So I tied another one on him and he chewed it up too. Then I told Porter I wouldn't get on that horse for the whole 101 ranch."

It was old Plenty Beddin', tearing around in the corral, and fighting the cowhides, that had swept it out so clean.

Porter had bought a bunch of half-broke horses and

he had them put in the corral the next morning and told each of us to catch a horse for our strings. Tom Hunter picked a nice roan horse as his choice of the bunch. His wagon was getting ready to pull out that morning, to gather another beef herd, and I supposed I was to go with it. I was helping get the horses ready to leave when Porter came up to me and said, "You ain't had much rest this summer, have you?"

I said, "No, I guess I haven't." So Porter told me, "Well, pull out your horses and stay here at the ranch a few days, and get rested up." I knew there was a joker in it, but I did as I was told. After the wagon pulled out I noticed that they had left old Plenty Beddin' in the ranch cavvy.

I laid around the bunkhouse that day, and that evening Porter said, "Pinnacle, I hear that good men go by this ranch every spring, and don't stop to ask for work because they hear we got so many bad horses in this outfit. Know anything about it?"

I told him I'd never heard anything like that. Then he asked me if I knew anything about the Plenty Beddin' horse. I told him that I'd broke the horse, and had heard, later, that he'd got to be a sort of an outlaw.

Porter told me about hiring McFarland to ride the rough string and that he wouldn't get on Plenty Beddin'. "So," Porter said, "there's plenty more bad ones for him to ride, but if you'll ride old Plenty Beddin' I'll get you a new hat or whatever you want' down to Robinson's store in Moorcroft."

The lame boy, Charlie, was riding fence and choring around the ranch that summer, and when he brought in the cavvy, next morning, Porter caught a horse and left the ranch. I cut old Plenty Beddin' into another corral and caught up a fine blue roan horse that I had in my

string. The blue roan was such a good-looking horse that Porter had put him in his string, some time before, but the horse had thrown him several times so I had finally got him in my string. I named him Johnny, after Porter, and he was one of the best horses I had, a top roping and cutting horse, and good any place I used him.

Johnny and I worked on old Plenty Beddin' most of that day. I roped and threw him time after time, tied his feet and got on and off of him, and so on until he was wore out. In the late afternoon I went off and left him standing in the corral with the saddle on.

Porter was back for supper and I said, "Porter, if you'll go with me, we'll give Plenty Beddin' a good ride outside the corral." He said he would, but he had already turned his horse out. I told him I had a horse up and he could ride him. In the summertime supper at the ranch was early, so there was plenty of daylight left, for a ride, after we'd finished eating.

Out at the corral Porter saddled up my blue roan and I got on Plenty Beddin'. Porter opened the corral gate and turned me out and we rode off. Poor old Plenty Beddin' was so wore out that he trotted off like a broke horse. Porter didn't say anything, but he kept watching me like he didn't believe it.

If he'd seen Johnny and me, working on the horse that day, he'd of known why he was so gentle that evening. I rode old Plenty Beddin' the rest of that summer as one of my regular string, and he never gave me any more trouble, but I heard he went bad again after I left the 101. I picked me out a good pair of California pants at the store, and charged them to Porter.

After gentling old Plenty Beddin' down I laid around the ranch a week or so, then Porter said, "Pinnacle, I guess we better cut out our horses and pack our beds. Hunter's

wagon will be in Merino, shipping, and we better go down there."

We joined the wagon at Merino about noon, and Porter sent Hunter to rep with another outfit and took over the wagon himself. We went on gathering and shipping beef, and when Porter had to be gone, now and then, on other ranch business, he left me in charge of the wagon.

We had shipped out a big herd and were ready to gather some more cattle the next day. That night we had our first hard frost, and the following morning was pretty cold and nippy. At daylight we all rode up on top of a knoll, as usual, so Porter could start us off on the drives he wanted us to make. Our outfit was working alone, with only about fifteen men in the crew, so we had to scatter ourselves pretty thin on circle.

Porter said, "Pinnacle, you take four or five men and drive Iron Creek." Porter should've known better, but, as he spoke, he stuck out his arm, pointing out the direction he wanted me to go, and his sudden motion started my horse pitching.

It being such a chilly morning the horses had humps in their backs anyway, and from up on top of that knoll they had a good chance to pitch all the way to the bottom of it, before we could stop them. I had my hands full for a minute, and when I got my horse stopped I saw the other boys' horses pitching all over the place, and down at the bottom of the hill Porter was getting up off the ground, with his watch hanging out of his pocket.

He dusted his pants off and got back on his horse. "Damn these horses," he growled, "you can't even spit off of 'em on th' first frosty morning that comes along." I sure wanted to laugh, but I didn't.

After a few days Hunter came back from repping with

the other outfit and joined our wagon again. I noticed he had a bell on the roan horse he'd picked from the new bunch, back at the ranch, and didn't seem to be riding him any. After a day or two he said to me. "Pinnacle, I'll give you a dollar if you'll give that roan a good riding." I said, "All right."

The next morning the other fellows went on ahead up to the corral to brand some calves that had been missed in the spring roundup. I caught Tom's roan and saddled him up. He didn't do anything and I rode him up to the corral, but I thought it'd be a good joke if I didn't take the bell off his neck. When I rode up to the corral, with that bell a-jingling on what he'd thought was a bronc horse, Hunter sure gave me a mean look.

By fall the wagon had worked down on the Little Powder, and we camped by the river one cold, windy night. When the nights had began to get so cold DeFord and I had doubled up with our beds; and all the blankets in one tarp had made a big, heavy bedroll. When we looked for a place to spread our bed we saw a deep little gully close to the bed wagon and DeFord and I thought it would be warmer if we slept down in there out of the wind.

While we were making camp I'd seen an Indian come up on the bluff above our camp and lay down on the bank, with his head sticking over the edge, watching us. Pretty soon two or three more Indians slipped up and laid down beside the first one. The Indians kept coming until there was ten or a dozen of them lined up on the bluff with their heads sticking over the bank.

It was DeFord's turn to carry our bed from the bed wagon to the bed ground, so I helped him get the bedroll up on his shoulder, and he started down the slope to the gully. It was too good a chance to miss, and I stuck my

foot out and give the end of the bedroll a good push. It was enough to send DeFord and the bed end over end down the hill.

In about a minute the whole bunch of Indians was down off the bluff and into our camp, laughing and making a big fuss. They all came up and shook hands with me, and pointed to DeFord down in the bottom of the gully, and laughed some more, 'til they could hardly stand up. DeFord didn't like it too much, but he grinned. He was used to things like that, by then.

That night I helped bed the herd down, and stayed out with the first guard a while after the rest of the boys had gone into camp and gone to bed. By the time I started to camp it was plumb dark and had started to snow. Old Greuyer was feeling his way along, when all at once something big and white showed up in front of us. Old Greuyer snorted and tried to leave the country.

I got him stopped and headed back toward camp, when somebody said, "How." I knew then that there was an Indian around. He was wearing a white blanket and riding a white horse, which had made him look so fearsome in the dark.

I said, "How," and the Indian said, "Heap hungry."

I took him into camp with me and looked for something to feed him. I built up the fire and put a dutch oven on to heat, then I cut some big steaks off the hind-quarter of beef that was hanging on the meat stick and put them on to fry, while I sliced some bread. When the meat was fried a little I put a slab of steak on the bread and gave it to him. The old Indian gobbled it down and reached for another one. I thought I'd see if I could fill him up, for once, but it took a good many slices of bread and steak to do it. He must've got enough though, for he finally put a slice of meat between two pieces of bread and

stuck the whole thing in his blanket somewhere. Then he got on his horse and rode off in the dark.

The next morning was cold and stormy. Part of the boys went out with the herd and the rest of us stood around the fire a little while before we went to work. After a bit eight or ten Indians rode up and stopped to warm themselves at our fire.

The Indian I had filled up on bread and beef was in the bunch. He had a nice new saddle blanket on his horse and one of the boys offered him three dollars for it, but he refused that offer. They sign-talked for a while without making a deal, then the old Indian took me off to one side, pointed to the blanket and held up one finger, so I got the blanket for a dollar, which showed how much an Indian valued a friendship.

One of the Indians was a big fat fellow who must've weighed over two hundred pounds. He was wearing an old Walk-a-pomony coat and a little 120 pound cow-puncher by the name of Lorry Reed offered him fifty cents for the filthy thing. They dickered quite a while and Lorry finally got the coat for his four-bit offer.

The fat Indian stood around a while, shivering in the raw wind, then he pulled the saddle off his poor old pony, took the dirty old saddle blanket off the horse and put it around himself. The pony had a big, raw sore on his back but the Indian saddled him up again and rode away, wearing the blanket himself.

After we pulled out from camp I asked Lorry what he wanted with that lousy old coat and he said, "Oh, I just wanted to see that big Indian freeze."

We had about finished shipping beef off the range and I had planned to go down to Ames with one of the last bunches of old culls, but Porter said he wanted me to stay and help gather some cattle over on the east side of the

101 range and throw them back on the Little Powder range where the feed was better.

We gathered three big herds, working as far east as the timber on the west side of the Black Hills, and threw them back on the Little Powder. Over in that country we ran on to a lot of big old renegade steers. Those old steers were slippery as the dickens; as they'd been used to getting away from the herd at night for a good many years, and they just about couldn't be held in a night herd. When we'd pick up a few of those old fellows we'd take them to the Cabin Creek or 101 pastures, and not try to hold them in the herd.

One day some of the boys picked up one of those old renegades, over on Inyan Kara Mountain, and put him in the herd we had on hand. He was away the biggest steer I ever saw, a red fellow, with a white face and a bobtail, and wearing a Shipwheel brand.

That night, Porter told each guard to be sure to turn that Shipwheel steer over to the next guard, and see that we held him 'til morning. DeFord and I was on the last guard, and when we went out the third guard pointed out a big steer on the outer edge of the herd, and told me he was the Shipwheel steer, but it was so dark that I couldn't tell if it was or not. With the first light of day Porter rode out to the herd to see if we had the big steer, but he was gone.

I'd finished my breakfast and caught my horse, when Porter said, "Pinnacle, you go back where the boys found that steer yesterday, and get him, or stay there 'til you find 'im."

I lit out in the direction of Inyan Kara and pretty soon I heard a horse coming behind me. I looked back, and there came DeFord. He rode up alongside of me and asked where I was going. I told him I was going back

to look for that big Shipwheel steer and he said, "That's where I'm goin' too." He asked me if Porter had told me to stay 'til I got him and I told him he had. DeFord grinned and said, "Well, we can winter over in there all right. I'm acquainted with the settlers there." He seemed happy about it.

We loped along for eight or ten miles, then I thought I heard a critter bawling. We rode up over a ridge and saw the old steer, trotting along toward his home range and bawling every once in a while. We turned him around and headed back towards the herd.

Later that day, after we'd cut some other old renegades out of the herd, we took them and the big Shipwheel steer to the Cabin Creek pasture and turned them in behind the fence, taking no more chances on trying to hold him in a herd. We threw the rest of the cattle over on the Little Powder and pulled the wagon in to the ranch.

Old Charlie Andrews was with us when we went over to the Cabin Creek pasture to round up those big steers and bring them back to the 101. When he saw the big red bobtailed steer he said to me, "Albe't, Ah know that Shipwheel steeah. He froze his tail off when he was a two-yeah-old, th' wintah of '80 or '81." So by the fall of '95 that steer was seventeen years old and I would've guessed him to weigh two thousand pounds or more.

We also rounded up the 101 pasture, and altogether took four carloads of those big old steers to Moorcroft, where we loaded them out for Ames.

While we had been gathering those cattle along the edge of the Black Hills I met a man named Lee Mulholland. His home was over in the edge of the Hills and he was repping with the 101 wagon, looking after his own cattle.

He told me about a fine big horse he owned that he'd

like to sell me, cheap. He said he'd sold the horse twice before, once to a Nebraska man and once to a South Dakota fellow, but he'd pitched both owners off and got away and come back to the Black Hills. The South Dakota fellow had written that the horse had pitched him off and got away with a brand new saddle, and he'd like to have the saddle back, but Mulholland said the saddle was gone when the horse got back to his place.

The wagon had to lay over at the ranch one day, so Mulholland and I rode over to his place. We found the horse in with some of his other horses and ran the whole bunch in the corral. I looked him over and liked him all right. He was a nice big bay and I paid \$22.50 for him. I named him Mac.

Later I found that Mac was terrible scared of trains. If I was meeting a train I'd get off and snub him to a telegraph pole and hang onto him that way. If a train came up behind me I'd hold him the best I could, but he'd run anyway 'til the train got past us. He never got over being scared of trains, but he was a good horse, otherwise. I kept him for three or four years, then traded him off. So far as I know he never tried to go home to the Black Hills again.

Porter sent Sandy Morrison and me down to Ames with the four carloads of big steers. Sandy's folks had been neighbors to mine when we were boys living near Republican City, Nebraska, so I had known him a long time. He'd worked for the Cross outfit when he first came out to Wyoming but had been with our outfit on the roundup that summer.

Sandy was a small, redheaded fellow, but about as tough as they come. He admitted, himself, that he was so tough his spit would bounce. Most times, if he needed to, Sandy could whip three men at once, although I never

knew him to be one to pick a fight. Earlier that summer he'd had a fight with a big Cross outfit fellow and he'd nearly been whipped. When Sandy saw that the big fellow was about to get the best of him he'd broke away and started galloping around the wagon, the other fellow right after him. The second time around Sandy saw a hatchet in the jockey box of the wagon. He didn't have time to get it then but the third time around he grabbed the hatchet, which made the fight about even, so he turned around and whipped the big fellow.

Sandy and I were taking a saddle horse apiece along to Ames, the one I was taking being the Mac horse I'd bought from Mulholland. We put the two horses in one end of a cattle car and wired a heavy plank gate, which Porter had made for that purpose, across the car behind them. We filled the rest of the car with about eighteen head of the big steers.

The last time I ever saw Porter was that evening; as our train pulled out of Moorcroft leaving him standing there on the depot platform, but I saw Doc Long again, thirty-one years later, at Belle Fourche where he was deputy sheriff. While we "rode the past" for a little spell there he told me that DeFord had died years before. Sherm was herding sheep when a big snowstorm hit. The snow got to a depth of four feet on the level and the going was tough. Poor Sherm took pneumonia and died, alone, in his sheep wagon.

A little, dark French Canadian, always good humored and smiling, he had his own happy way of saying things. He never "roped and busted" a critter; he'd "hooley ann" it and "go south." If he got "put out" with his horse he'd threaten it thus, "You behave, or I'll send you where the whang-a-doodle mourneth, the grasshopper singeth, and the woodbine twineth."



## CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

THE first time the train stopped, after daylight the next morning, Sandy and I looked at our steers. The plank behind our horses was smashed to slivers, but the horses kept those old longhorns out of their end of the car all the way to Ames. Every time a steer came too close they slashed away with their heels.

That trip the roadmaster of the Burlington Railroad was riding in our caboose. We got to talking and he told me that he had been in Newcastle, helping clear up a train wreck, when old Chief Young-Man-Afraid-of-his-Horse broke his neck, two or three years earlier. They had worked at the wreck nearly all night, and about two o'clock in the morning an old Indian had come and got him by the sleeve, wanting him to come along with him. He followed the Indian to a wagon where he saw an old dead Indian, wrapped in a blanket. The dead Indian was the old chief, and one of his tribe had brought him to town, wanting him taken back to Rushville, Nebraska to be buried. The roadmaster said he showed the Indian where to load the old chief on the train, and promised to look after the body and put it off at Rushville, which he had done.

Old Hank Allen went down to Ames, on that cattle

train, with Sandy and me. He wanted to get to Omaha or Fremont, or some place down that way.

At Grand Island, something over a hundred miles west of Ames, we had a layover from seven or eight in the morning until nearly dark that night, before our cattle cars were switched from the Burlington line over to the Union Pacific, to complete the haul. Shortly after we were sidetracked in Grand Island I found a steer down in one of our cars and I was pretty busy, for a while, trying to get him up. I tried to get the car pulled down to a loading chute, so we could unload the other steers and get that one up. The U.P. wouldn't pull the car for me, and the Burlington didn't have an engine there to do it with. After a while the Burlington office wired to Lincoln, nearly a hundred miles on east, for an engine to come up and move the car. We kept on working to get the steer up, and by the time the engine pulled in we had managed to get him up ourselves.

When we had the steer on his feet we hurried downtown and looked for old Hank. Hank had quite a lot of money on him, most of his season's wages, and we knew he'd need looking after. Sure enough, we found that a bunch of rounders was getting him pretty drunk, and we figgered they meant to roll him as soon as they thought he was drunk enough.

Either Sandy or me stayed with him, the rest of the day, to see that he wasn't robbed, and that night we loaded him on the caboose, dead drunk by the time the train was ready to pull out. We pulled in to Ames about two o'clock in the morning, and Sandy and I drug Hank out of the caboose and laid him down beside the railroad tracks. Then we unloaded the steers, located a bunkhouse and went to bed.

After breakfast the next morning Sandy and me was

setting on the store porch in the sun when old Hank came along. He had slept beside the tracks the rest of the night, without a cover of any kind, and he was about froze, as it was late fall and getting pretty cold at night. The sun had thawed him out enough so he could walk, but he was hungry and looking for breakfast. I took him over to the Smith boardinghouse and told them to feed him, and sometime that day he went on to Omaha, or wherever he was going.

A couple of days later I rode my horse back to Maxwell and I never saw old Hank again, but I heard later that he came back to Ames and cooked there, that winter. He kept on getting drunk pretty often, and when in that condition he'd take an empty six-shooter and go out to meet the farmers; as they drove into town in their rigs, and hold them up. When spring came I suppose he headed for the range, and a roundup wagon, again.

Another 101 cook was old Pete Bozeman. He had been raised in the Bowery, but had drifted West and stayed there. Pete's left hand was off just above the wrist, he said he'd lost it in an accident while hobo-ing on a Southern train.

Old Pete had come up to Wyoming with a shipment of two-year-old steers for the 101. Long had met that shipment of cattle at Orin Junction and old Pete had asked him for a job, riding, and Doc had hired him. When Doc asked him if he could ride broncs Pete said, "That's where I shine."

The first four horses he tried to ride threw him off, and Doc said, "I thought you said you could ride broncs." "Well," Pete said, "you don't expect me to ride 'em *all*, do you? So Doc put him to cooking for his wagon, and let the cook do the riding in Pete's place.

They took that herd of Southern cattle on to the ranch

and turned it loose to winter in Wyoming. They then gathered a herd of Wyoming two-year-olds and the single-wintered Southern cattle that had come up the year before, and started to Montana with them.

Old Pete was a good cook, and quite an artist with a pencil, too. He drew pictures on anything that was handy, even the wagon canvas. He didn't seem to miss his left hand much either. He'd get a potato between his vest front and his stub arm and peel it as pretty as you please, and he generally had cake and pie baked up for the boys.

They drove four mules to the mess wagon that summer, and Pete got along all right there, too. He'd tie the lines together and hook them over his neck and under one arm, he carried his whip in his one hand and guided the mules by hitting the lines with his stub, and he generally drove his outfit on the gallop.

They had gone up the trail nearly to Ekalaka, Montana, and were traveling on a high, level tableland. That was all new country to Pete, but he went tearing along on the run, just the same, and no one had thought to tell him that the trail down off the tableland to the flat was close ahead, and that it pretty nearly stood on end. Pete was loping on ahead of the herd and when Doc saw he was headed for the rim, with his outfit on the run, he took out after him, intending to head him off and rough-lock the wagon wheels before he started down the hill. Pete hadn't slowed up or looked back, and Doc saw he wasn't going to catch him, in time, so he hollered at him.

When Doc was telling me about it he said that that was the only time he had ever hollered at a man, and that he'd never do it again, for Pete looked around back when Doc yelled, then whipped up his mules, and the whole shebang went over the rim.

Doc and the boys rode down there, expecting to find

Pete and his whole outfit smashed all to pieces. Pete had broke both arms and one leg but was all right otherwise; the mules weren't hurt either, only skinned up some, but the wagon was smashed up pretty bad and the grub was scattered all over the place. Doc said there was a furrow, all the way down that steep slope, where one old mule had set down, with his feet bunched, and slid all the way to the bottom, trying to stop the outfit. Pete explained to Doc that he had thought Doc was yelling at him to hurry up, so he had.

They picked Pete up and got him to the hospital in Miles City, Montana, where it cost the company about five hundred dollars to patch him up as good as new. When he got out of the hospital Mulkey took him over to the Montana ranch and put him to cooking there.

The Montana outfit had built a nice new ranch house, setting it up on posts a foot or so above the ground. They had intended to bank sod around the posts and up to the house floor, before winter, but before they got it done some skunks had moved under the house to live. The smell sort of bothered, so Mulkey thought they'd better try to shoot the skunks.

Mulkey took his rifle, got down on his knees and looked under the house. Pete was down on his knees too, looking under the house from the other side. Mulkey saw the white of Pete's forehead and mistook it for the white stripe down a skunk's head and back, so he blazed away.

The bullet hit Pete square in the middle of the forehead and it looked like Pete was killed, but the cartridge must've been a kind of a dud, for Pete's forehead was only dented a little and he was just knocked out for a little while. He was still cooking on the Montana ranch, the last time I was up there, in the fall of '94.

After delivering that bunch of old steers to the feed yards at Ames I decided to go home and see about getting a start for myself. I was nearly twenty-four years old and I thought it was time I began to settle down and accumulate something of my own.

Anyway the old free days in the West were about done. Already some of the big Wyoming outfits were selling out and quitting business, or moving down into Nebraska onto smaller ranches. The trouble between the big ranchers and the homesteaders had not been settled and rustlers were dealing the big outfits some heavy losses.

The 101 had started to cut down on the Wyoming and Montana holdings, and, by '96, began moving down into Cherry County, Nebraska, so I figured there wasn't much use staying with them any longer.

Allen persuaded Porter to come on down to Cherry County with the outfit, and he sent Taylor, and another Ames man by the name of Elmer Williams, up there to put down wells and build fence in the spring of '98. About midsummer Taylor was made foreman under Porter, in the place of a foreman who was discharged.

The 101 Sandhill ranch was sixty miles long by forty wide, and Allen built three houses for himself there; one at Faddis, another at Big Creek and the third at Pullman—places no longer on the map. Each of his houses was twenty feet square, and no one used them except Mr. Allen himself when he came to visit the ranch for a day or two. The men employed at the three places had other quarters. Taylor helped put down forty wells and build forty windmills, built seventy miles of new barb-wire fence, and strung seventy miles of telephone line on fence posts, so that the Pullman and Faddis ranches were connected by telephone. They also put up three thousand tons of hay there, the first year in the hills. Taylor was foreman in

Cherry County until 1903, when he left the ranch to go back into the sugar business. He is now eighty-one, and lives in Fremont.

Mrs. Allen died in 1902 and was buried in the Ridge Cemetery at Fremont, Nebraska, and the company began to break up shortly afterwards. Nat Johnson, the head bookkeeper at the Ames office, bought quite a piece of the Ames ranch, and also the big barn and elevator. The rest of the big place was sold out in small farms again, and the dwelling houses were sold and moved away, except for a good many that burned down.

The big barn and elevator also burned in December of 1913. The weather was bitter cold and all the water pipes were frozen, so when the elevator caught fire from an overheated stove there was nothing much they could do about it and the whole thing went up in smoke. The light from its burning, that night, was so bright that the citizens of Fremont, six miles east, could see to read their newspapers by it.

Richard Mont Allen died in Texas in 1913 and was cremated there, but his ashes were sent back to Fremont where they are buried beside his wife.

Today the only building still standing in Ames, that was used by the cattle company, is the office building, looking just as it did fifty years ago, and used as the office of the Farmer's Union Company there now. The population sign post, on the outskirts of the little town, now reads, "Pop. 37."



## CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

**B**ACK at Maxwell I baled hay, for the rest of the winter, with my father who had a hay press and ran a baling crew in the Platte Valley, and I put in my spare time, right along, breaking horses for people around there. I broke one horse for Miss May Dolan and her brother, Billie, whose left leg was paralyzed. Billie walked on crutches but he could ride a horse all right, only he had to get on from the wrong side, so I broke the horse to be mounted from either side. When riding a horse that I was breaking for a woman to ride I wore a big apron tied around my neck, and blowing in the breeze, —or an old sack, or most anything that would flop around —to get him used to a lady's long skirts.

In the spring of '97 I filed on a homestead on Squaw Creek, north of Sutherland, Nebraska, and put up a little shack there. The following spring I borrowed some money and bought a little bunch of cows, but before I had moved them to Squaw Creek a Maxwell neighbor, by the name of Dan Fowles, asked me to look after his cattle up in the Cody Lake country. So I put my little bunch with his and spent the summer up there, batching in a little sod shack northwest of Gandy, Nebraska. Another Maxwell friend, Artie Plumer, and his uncle, William Plumer,

also had cattle in that country and I looked after them too, about seven hundred head altogether.

When Mr. Plumer sold his calves that fall, and we rounded up his pasture, he was short some cows and calves. I told him so, but he said I must've missed them in the pasture. I knew I hadn't, that they just weren't there, but he wouldn't listen to me. Later on in the fall, when we rounded up his beef cattle, he was short some big steers and I told him about them too, but he still said I'd just missed finding them in the pasture. I knew those steers, as I'd herded them all summer, and I knew they were gone, but there wasn't anything I could do about it, so I took my own cattle on home, to my father's place east of Maxwell, for the winter.

A couple of weeks later Mr. Plumer got a letter from Dan Haskell of the Milldale ranch, up on the Loop River. Dan wanted to know if Plumer still ran the Ox Yoke P brand, and wrote that a bunch of cattle under that brand had stayed all night in his corral. The letter was dated two weeks back.

Artie Plumer rode out from Maxwell with the letter. He was all excited, and so was his uncle; as they figured that if a rustler had got away with some of their cattle he had a long head start by then. Artie wanted me to light right out for Milldale and get on the trail of their cattle.

It was late afternoon when Artie came out to tell me what was up, but I saddled my horse and started out, heading northeast into the hills. It was soon dark, and I got all tangled up in the big canyons in that country, but I finally saw a light and rode to it, finding a farmhouse where I stayed all night. Next morning I rode on to the Milldale ranch, about twelve miles west of Callaway, Nebraska.

Mrs. Haskell said Dan was away over northwest at his

Whitewater ranch and she didn't know when he would be back. I told her why I had come to Milldale and she told me that Dan had written the letter two weeks before and gave it to her to mail, as he was leaving for Whitewater, but she'd forgot to mail it until two or three days before, which was the reason why it had been so long getting to Plumer.

Mrs. Haskell told me that a man down the creek a way had missed a heifer of his own, right after that bunch of Ox Yoke P cattle had stayed all night in the Milldale corral. The herd, with two men driving it, had passed his place, so he'd caught up with it and got his heifer back. That was all she knew about the deal, so I rode onto the other fellow's place and asked him if he knew where the herd went from there. He said they had gone on toward Callaway.

I got track of them at Callaway, where the two men had tried to sell the cattle to a butcher. The butcher told me he had been suspicious as he knew the Ox Yoke P brand didn't belong in his part of the country, so he didn't buy and the two men had gone on toward Broken Bow with the herd.

I went on to Broken Bow that afternoon, and that evening I noticed a fellow following me everywhere I went. He trailed me from the livery stable to the restaurant and back again, and finally he stopped me and asked if I was looking for some stolen cattle. I told him I was, and then he said his name was Bob Hunter and that a couple of fellows had tried to sell him a bunch of Ox Yoke P cattle, a couple of weeks before, but he hadn't bought them because he wasn't satisfied that they could give him a clear title to the herd.

Hunter went on to tell me that a man by the name of Earnest Sholtz had bought the cattle, and he told me how

to find them. Sholtz lived in the big canyons, about eight miles west of Broken Bow, his pasture being down in the canyons but his house setting up on the edge of a high, flat tableland called Ryno Table. His windmill was up on the table by the house, but his water tank was down in the canyon, almost directly below it, at the foot of the steep hill. Hunter said Sholtz had a tight, four-wire fence and posts set close together, all around that pasture, and the only gate into it was a wooden one that fastened to a post at the corner of the house.

I told Hunter that if he'd tell me how to find the back side of that pasture I wouldn't need a gate to get in to see if the stolen cattle was there. He told me how to get there and, the next morning, I found the north side of the pasture all right, took down the fence and went in.

I hadn't ridden very far before I began to run onto the Ox Yoke P cattle. They had a new brand on them by then, besides Plumer's brand, but every head I'd missed, about sixty of them, was there. I rode on through the pasture, until I came to the water tank, and went on up the steep path to the gate at the corner of the house. As I opened it to ride through a woman came out of the house and asked me what I was doing there. I told her I'd found some cattle, in their pasture, that belonged to a man at Maxwell, and asked her where Sholtz was. She didn't say anything, just pointed to a man shucking corn in a field near the house.

I rode over and told Sholtz what I'd found, and that, if he wouldn't move the cattle out of his pasture until I could get back to Broken Bow and get the whole business straightened out, I wouldn't send the sheriff after him.

Sholtz leaned up against his wagon, then, and looked so sick that I felt sorry for him. He said he'd bought the cattle from two men and had got them pretty cheap, but

he agreed to leave them in his pasture 'til he found out if they were stolen, or not.

I rode back to Broken Bow and wired Plumer that I'd found the cattle and he'd better come on over, then I went to see a lawyer. When I'd told him the story he said, "I know Sholtz. He's a tight-fisted Dutchman and he'll be scared he's going to lose some money. He doesn't have a saddle horse but he'll be in here just as fast as his team can get him here. He'll come straight to me and ask me what to do, and I'll tell him he'd better do as you told him to, then you better have him go to Maxwell and look at the rest of the Ox Yoke herd and talk to the banker there, and satisfy himself, for sure, that those are rustled cattle he bought. That will be a lot better way then if you replevin the cattle from him, and he replevins them back, and you fool around all fall getting them away from here."

Artie came and talked to Sholtz, and Sholtz agreed to go back to Maxwell with him and look into the deal. He came back, satisfied that he'd bought a bunch of stolen cattle, and turned the herd over to Plumer, and was out the \$1591.00 he'd paid the rustlers for a herd of "cheap" cattle. I'd stayed at Broken Bow until they got it all settled, and then I took the cattle back to Maxwell.

Tim Kelleher, Lincoln County sheriff, went to work on our rustler case as soon as we told him what we knew, and Tim figgered that one of the rustlers might be Jim Bailey. A couple of years earlier Jim had rustled some cattle from Old Man Keith, and got caught. He was sent to the pen for a year, and had served his time and got out a while before Plumer's cattle was rustled. Tim knew Jim had been around North Platte that summer as he'd had some trouble with him, on account of Jim going around knocking down every man that had been on the jury that had sent him to the pen.

Tim had an idea who the other rustler was too, so he sent to Lincoln for some rogue's-gallery pictures of Jim and the other fellow. He sent the pictures all over the country, and along about February he got word from Chicago that Jim had been picked up there. He'd been working in the stockyards as a government meat inspector.

Tim brought him back to North Platte, where he was tried in June and sent back to the pen in Lincoln for another five years. Jim had teamed up with another rustler by the name of Wilkinson, and they'd gone to rustle some more cattle out of Keith's pasture; but Keith had already sold his cattle, so they'd gone on to the next pasture and stole Plumer's.

The law didn't get Wilkinson for quite awhile, but he was finally caught over in Boone County. An old man who was a big cattle feeder near a little town in that county had been missing cattle out of his fattening pens for quite a while. He'd lost several carloads of fat cattle and had been complaining to the sheriff there.

One day the feeder met the sheriff on the street and told him that he'd just discovered he was short some more cattle, and he wanted to know if the sheriff was getting anywhere on the case. The sheriff said he hadn't learned anything yet, but that he had a picture in his pocket of another rustler that was wanted in Lincoln County. He pulled out the picture of Wilkinson, that Tim had sent out along with Jim Bailey's, and showed it to the feeder, who took a look and said, "Why that fellow's workin' for me. There he stands now," and he nodded towards a man on the sidewalk across the street.

The old man told the sheriff to wait a minute, while he went over to the hardware store and got himself a gun, and they'd go get the rustler. He got his gun and walked down the sidewalk to Wilkinson, where he pulled the gun

on the rustler and the sheriff came across the street and arrested him. They found the draft for the last carload of the old man's cattle in Wilkinson's pocket. He was tried and sentenced in Boone County for that job, and we never got him back to Lincoln County on the Plumer deal.



## CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

AFTER bringing Plumer's stolen cattle home I went on to my father's place where I looked after his cattle, and my own, for the rest of the winter. I broke some more horses for the neighbors, in my spare time, and also broke some for myself, including three young horses that my father had raised and given to me. One of these was a slim, fast young horse that I liked a lot. I named him Dewey because I broke him in the fall of '98, and Admiral Dewey had been making news in Manila that year. He was a whitish horse, sort of ticked with brown, and he made a fine cow horse. I kept old Dewey until he died at the age of twenty-six.

I had helped bale some hay out of the stacks on one of the Fowles meadows west of Maxwell, early in the winter, and had then moved my cattle over there so I could feed them on the stack bottoms. I was batching in a little old cabin on the place, and one night a heck of a racket woke me up, so I got up and hurried outside to see what had happened.

There was snow on the ground and it was cold, a bright moon was mostly hid by clouds and I couldn't see very good, but I had a glimpse of some big shape drifting around out by the granary and banging and whacking the

granary and the fence. It was plumb scary, and I was wishing I had my gun, when all of a sudden the moon came out from behind a cloud and I could see a little better.

There was an old cow out there with her head stuck in a big salt barrel, and the poor old thing was blundering around, bumping into the fence and the granary. She'd found the empty barrel and tried to lick a little salt out of the bottom of it, but when she went to pull her head out her horns had stuck and she couldn't get loose. I pulled the barrel off her head and shooed her back where she belonged, and I was sure relieved that that was all there was to that scare.

In the spring of '99 Artie Plumer and I moved our cattle up on Squaw Creek. Artie had a claim next to mine and we ran our cattle on good range there, between East and West creeks. I lived in the shack on my claim and helped look after several hundred head of cattle.

One day as I was riding along between the creeks I met a fellow who was a stranger to me. Whenever I found any of my cattle I headed them back towards East Creek, and the stranger, who said his name was John Harshfield, was throwing any of his cattle he ran onto back on his place on West Creek. We rode on together and visited awhile.

Harshfield kept looking at me in a puzzled sort of way and finally he said, "I've seen you before. Do you know where?" I said I'd no idea where he might of seen me, and then he asked me if I'd ever worked in Wyoming. I told him I'd worked at the 101 out there, and after awhile he said, "Now I know where it was. I was with Johnny Collins' Half Circle L wagon, on the trail to Montana, an' you come along one day an' had dinner with us. I thought you was th' crankiest fellow I ever saw, an' I thought you had two of th' best lookin' horses I ever saw. We'd just

started to eat dinner when you rode up. You stepped down, left one horse tied to th' saddle horn on th' other'n, an' got your tools an' went to eatin'. You never said a word to nobody."

I remembered the time, when I was on my way back to the Ditto boys' wild-horse camp, but I know I spoke to Collins, for I knew him pretty well and I was glad I'd run onto his wagon; as if I hadn't I wouldn't of had any dinner, that day.

One evening, that summer, I rode into my place on Squaw Creek after dark. I'd been gone all day and had had my supper at one of the neighbors. I put my horse up and went on to my shack where I began to get ready for bed in the dark; as I had no way of making a light. I had two bunks in my shack, and I was getting into one of them when a fellow spoke up from the other one. I hadn't known he was on the place 'til he spoke.

He said his name was Bert Crouse, that he worked for the UBI, up on the Dismal River, and that he was on his way to North Platte. He'd run onto my place about dark, so he'd stopped and made himself at home. We visited for a while and he mentioned that he'd worked in Wyoming too. I asked him if he was the Bert Crouse that was boss of the Three V wagon one summer, and had made the reps carry their own beds. He said yes, he guessed he was, then he didn't talk any more that night.

The next morning he tried to explain that he hadn't wanted to carry any reps' beds on his wagon, that year, because the wagon was about full and it was a bother to look after any extra beds. Anyway, he said, he was planning to quit the Three V in a few days, so he figgered he didn't have to bother with the extra beds.

The previous winter a bad prairie fire had started somewhere near the head of the Blue River, away north

of Oshkosh, and had burned southeast clear to the Platte. About the only unburned country left in that long stretch was the patch around the mouth of Squaw Creek where Plumer and me were running our cattle. Another fellow by the name of Sam Marant was running his cattle in there too, and the three of us rode together a good deal.

Toward evening we'd round up our cattle and bring them across to the south side of the creek to bed them down, and I'd noticed that if one of our cows got a little to one side of the creek crossing she'd suddenly drop out of sight. In a minute she'd pop up again and crawl out on solid ground. The creek was full of those spring-or sinkholes, only that was an unusually big one.

One evening Plumer, Sam and me were riding across the creek near that big spring hole, Sam was on the side nearest the hole and I was next to him. I kept edging my horse over against Sam's horse, working him over closer to the hole, which was about square in the middle of the creek. I could tell where it was by the swirl of the water above it, otherwise it looked about the same as the rest of the creek.

A bird was calling from down the creek a ways. Sam knew all about birds, their names and the like, and liked to talk about them. He was telling us about that bird when we reached the spring hole, and not paying any attention to where he was going.

Sam and his horse suddenly dropped out of sight, so I slowed up a little until I saw him come up, and his horse came jumping and pawing out on the down side of the hole. I rode on then, and pretended like I hadn't noticed that Sam hadn't been beside me all the time. When he rode up beside me I said, "What did you say the name of that bird was, Sam?" He leaned over, all dripping wet, and looked in my face. "You act too damn innocent," he

said, "I believe you knew that place was there, all the time."

Later that summer, I rode by that spring hole and saw a man walking around it, every once in a while picking up a cow chip and throwing it at something in the hole. When I got close enough I recognized the man as a settler by the name of Bill Chessmore, who lived near the creek. He was all wet and his horse was in the hole. The horse had his front feet on the solid creek bed and was trying to climb out, but wasn't strong enough to make it, so old Bill was throwing a chip at him once in a while, trying to encourage him to try harder. I roped the horse and pulled him out and Bill got on and rode off.

Nate Trego had gone to ranching for himself in the Sandhills, six or seven miles north of my claim on the creek and whenever I had time I rode up to his place to visit, and to eat some of his wife's good cooking.

One day when I was at Nate's, Mrs. Trego took a batch of fresh light bread out of the oven. She emptied the nice, big loaves out on the table and told me she'd give me one, if I wanted to carry it home.

I'd been batching so long that I'd got pretty good at stirring up baking-powder biscuits. I just made a hole in the top of the flour, right in the flour sack, put in some baking powder, salt, and warm lard, and poured in some water. When I had enough flour mixed in with the other stuff to make a dough I lifted the wad out of the sack and shaped up my biscuits. Simple and easy, but I got kind of tired of them all the time, day after day, and, like everybody else, was partial to fresh-baked bread, anyway.

Mrs. Trego's bread sure looked and smelled good and I told her I'd be glad to carry a loaf home with me. She put the bread in a flour sack and I tied it on the left side of my saddle, across from my rope; as that seemed

like the best place to carry it so it wouldn't get jarred up much.

On the way home I had to go through a barb-wire gate. I'd opened the gate and had the gate stick in my hand when something scared my horse and he jumped past me, through the gate and square into the gate wires. He caught his front feet over the bottom wire, tripped himself, and fell flat. He was a big horse and he fell hard, on his left side. I sure hated that, for when he got up my big loaf of bread was as flat as a thin pancake.

During the summer Nate had spent a few days with us fellows there on the creek. We had a keg of beer at my shack one day, for a little refreshment, but hadn't quite emptied the keg. We were gone all the next day and I rode home to my place, alone, towards evening.

A big Swede kid by the name of Oscar Nelson was working for Marant that summer, and he'd rode in while I was gone and found the beer keg. I had nicknamed the kid "Oley Olson," and Oley had helped himself to the rest of the beer in the keg. The beer was stale by then but Oley hadn't minded that and he'd had more of it than was good for him. He was setting alongside my shack, on a barb-wire spool, with his head and his hands sort of hanging down between his knees.

As I rode up a big bull snake crawled out from under the shack, square between Oley's feet. I said, "Hey, Oley, you got snakes in your boots." Oley never said a word, just reached down and picked the big snake up and tossed it over towards the creek.

That big Swede wasn't afraid of snakes at all. One day Trego and Oley and I started to ride over to one of the other fellow's claims. As we left the creek, starting up the long, steep slope of Squaw Creek hill, a whopping big bull snake went crawling across the road. Oley leaned

down from his horse and picked the snake up and used it to whack his horse with, now and then, to make him go up the hill a little faster.

Nate and I kept quite a ways away from him; as we thought it'd be just like him to try to lap the snake around one of our necks, and we kept trying to get him to put it down but he hung onto it for ten or twelve miles, and we kept our distance. When we got off our horses, down at Fowles' camp, Oley threw the poor old snake down, but it was dead by then.

One night that summer I stayed all night with Oley at Sam Marant's place, and in the night I heard some jars and stuff falling off a shelf along the wall. The shelf was just a two-by-four along the shack wall and Oley kept some little glass jars of stuff setting there, only they were on the floor that morning, and one or two was broke.

"Oley," I said, "what was makin' all that racket and knockin' those jars off that shelf, last night?" "Damn that bull snake," Oley grunted. "If he don't quit doin' that I'm a-goin' to put him outa here." And that was the first I knew I'd slept with a bull snake in the same room with me.

Along about the first of August I came home to my shack after dark again. I'd had my supper at Tin Camp (one of Fowles' places, where the shack was covered with corrugated tin sheets; the shack has long been gone, but the place is still known as Tin Camp). I staked my horse and went to bed, and when I woke up, the next morning, I found I had company. Two fellows from down on the Platte had rode in, the evening before, on a couple of old mares, on their way up north some place, and had made themselves at home. They'd turned their horses in the pasture, cooked their supper, washed the dishes and gone to bed.

I started getting breakfast and one of the strangers, an awful tall fellow, asked if he could use my horse to go bring their old mares in with. I told him to go ahead, so he put his saddle on my horse and started out. That horse was a little gray I called Spike, one of the three my father had given me two or three years before, a mighty good little horse but he'd pitch once in a while.

After a little I heard a clackety-banging outside and stepped to the door to see what it was. There in front of my shack the creek spread out in a boggy flat, about sixty feet wide, with a patch of tall cattails out toward the middle. That little Spike horse was pitching like all get out with that tall fellow. Just as I got to the door he reached the edge of the bog and, not wanting to get his feet wet, he turned, quick as a cat, right in the middle of a buck, and that fellow went sailing out over the creek, turned half over, and lit in the cattails eighteen or twenty feet away. He landed so hard that he mashed a patch of the rushes so flat they didn't straighten up all summer, and Spike went pitching on up the creek, with the tall fellow's long stirrups a-whacking together over his back, and joined the rest of the horse bunch in the pasture.

That made both of those fellows mad at me. One of them asked me why I didn't tell them that horse'd pitch and I told him that if I'd known the horse was going to throw him off I would've told him. I wanted to laugh, the way that little horse had thrown such a long fellow so far, but I didn't dare to, 'til after they'd gone on.

I went ahead with breakfast and they took their bridles and went a-hoofing it after their horses, but they had to run the whole bunch in before they could catch their two old mares, and I hurried down and caught myself a horse while they had 'em in, so I wouldn't be left afoot.

After those fellows had gone on I couldn't find my dish pan. After two or three days it still hadn't turned up, and I couldn't figger where it could've got to, until, one afternoon, I was laying on my bed and I saw the rim of it a-sticking over the edge of some boards I had laid on the rafters to make a supply shelf. I got up and got it down. It was heavy as lead and stunk like the dickens, and I found it was full of spoiled biscuit dough.

Those fellows had mixed up a whole dishpanful of dough, and then stuck all they couldn't use up on that shelf and left it there.

That fall we took our cattle back to Maxwell for the winter, but I had planned to ride back up to Nate's and spend Christmas with him and his family. Looking ahead to that visit, I had ordered a gallon of whisky from a Kansas City company that most of us fellows around there done business with. The whisky was to come by mail to Sutherland, and I had ordered it early so it'd be sure to be there, but when I stopped at the Sutherland post office, December twenty-second, on my way up to Nate's, it hadn't showed up yet, they said, or anyway they didn't remember it, or seem to know anything about it.

Once or twice a week a mail carrier went north out of Sutherland, taking mail to some little post offices away up in the Sandhills, so I thought maybe my whisky had gone up with the mail to one of those places. I jogged on up to Nate's, twenty miles or so north, but Nate hadn't heard anything about the whisky. We talked it over and Nate thought I'd better get on over to Jack Palmer's; as he figgered that if Jack got hold of my whisky he'd keep it, and drink it, thinking it would be a good joke on me.

When I got over to Jack's, the forenoon of the twenty-third, he didn't know anything about the whisky, either, but he thought it might have gone to the Lena post office.

I had dinner with Jack and rode on to Lena, which was then located at the old Reuter ranch, but the whisky wasn't there. I rode on to Fowles' Mill Camp ranch and stayed all night. Sherman and Grant Keith were working there that winter, and their sisters, Katie and Ellen were doing the cooking for the boys. After dinner the next day we smoked and talked awhile, then I saddled up and rode down to the Sunnyside ranch, twelve miles or so south. Gordon Jewett had been batching at Sunnyside and feeding calves for the owner, Dan Haskell, and I thought I'd eat supper and spend the night with him.

There was no fences in most of that country then, except around the meadows, so a fellow could cut across the hills and save time. It was after dark when I pulled in to Sunnyside and there was no light in Gordon's shanty, so I supposed he'd gone to bed. I hollered at him as I went in, but got no answer. I lit a match then, and saw that the shack was empty, except for the little box he'd had his stove setting on.

I figgered that Gordon had fed up all the Sunnyside hay and had moved the calves on up to the Three Mile ranch for the rest of the winter, so I headed on back to Nate's. It was eight or nine miles on down there and I rode in about bedtime, on Christmas Eve. Mrs. Trego's father, Alex Wilson, had come up from his place on Clear Creek, that day, and had brought a turkey for Christmas dinner. I told Nate I hadn't had any luck locating the whisky.

Christmas morning Mrs. Trego put the turkey on to cook, but Nate and I was still thinking about the whisky. Nate thought it might be over at the Lilac post office and that we'd better go over there and see. The saddle horse Trego had in was a big black he called Nig, and I was riding a big bay horse by the name of Mage. Trego had an old open buckboard and, for some reason or other, he

thought we ought to drive it over to Lilac, instead of riding over. Neither Mage nor Nig had ever been hitched up in harness and I thought we'd be better off to ride them, but Nate insisted they'd make a good-looking buggy team. We hitched them up and they went off all right, so we drove them to Lilac, several miles away.

The Lilac post office was located at a ranch Fowles had bought a while before, and there was no one there that day except a carpenter Fowles had hired to make some repairs around the place. The carpenter didn't know anything about the whisky, so Nate and I went in the house and poked around. We didn't find the whisky but we found a milk pail with a gallon or so of fresh oysters in it. The oysters were frozen a little, just icy enough to be about right, so we hunted up vinegar and salt and pepper and started in on them.

Fowles had sent the oysters up to his carpenter for Christmas, but the carpenter said he didn't know what they were or what to use them for so he'd let 'em alone.

We ate oysters until we couldn't hold any more, then we drove back to Nate's. By the time we got back it was the middle of the afternoon and Mrs. Trego had had the turkey done since noon, and she and her father had been waiting for us to come so they could eat.

We set down to the table, but Nate and I couldn't eat more than a bite or two. That was what really made Mrs. Trego mad; as we hadn't told her about the oysters. All Nate said to her was that setting there at the table, with her sitting across from him and looking so mad, spoiled his appetite.

By the time we got back to Nate's place, that Christmas Day, I had rode more than a hundred miles since I started looking for that gallon of whisky, and I hadn't found it. The whisky finally came to Whitman sometime the next

spring, and Jack Palmer got hold of it, so I never even got a smell of it.

Before the next Christmas came around I had bought the "Patterson" ranch, six miles east of Trego's place, and was living there. During the fall I'd got myself a turkey and was keeping it around my place, fattening it up and planning to take it over to Nate's for Mrs. Trego to cook for Christmas. Of course I meant to help them eat it.

A week or so before Christmas my turkey came up missing. Trego had rode through my place shortly before I missed the turkey, and when he invited me over to eat Christmas turkey with them I knew for sure that they'd be feeding me some of my own turkey.

By the Christmas of 1903 I didn't have to eat my turkey with the neighbors but could eat it in my own home; I'd married a pretty school teacher, Miss Grace McCance of Cozad, Nebraska, in October of that year.

For a last roundup of the fellows in these pages here is the tally, so far as I know it: Nate Trego lived neighbor to me for nearly forty years, running his T Lazy T, while my spread was the Ten Bar, and joshing each other about never eating our own beef at home. He claimed he knew he was eating T Lazy T beef at my place and I was just as sure that they fed me good old Ten Bar beef at his home. Nate passed on a few years ago, after a lingering illness. Mrs. Trego lives in her nice home in Sutherland but keeps an interest in the T Lazy T and her fine herd of purebred Whiteface cattle.

Jim McCullough and my brother John are both dead, so is Artie Plumer, Sam Marant, Fowles and Billy Dolan. Sandy Morrison went into the real estate and horse business in Texas but he used to come to the ranch, occasionally, to see me, driving a big low-slung foreign

car and having a time on our Sandhill roads with it.

Sandy wasn't married then but he liked kids and he and my second daughter, Billie Lee, took a great fancy to each other the first time they met, when she was just a little tyke. For quite awhile, whenever she thought she wasn't being treated square at home, she used to threaten to leave and go to Texas to live with Sandy.

After Sandy quit wrangling his big car up from Texas to see us he sent us a Christmas card every year, but there hasn't been a card now for the last three years.

I heard that Art Delabaugh took up sheep herding too, and I never heard any more of him after that, but O. L. Taylor said he heard that Art fell off one of those high board sidewalks up in Belle Fourche, a good many years ago, and broke his neck.

Oley Olsen is still living in Lodgegrass, Montana. Dell Storms, brother of Kid Storms, used to have a nice ranch near the Devil's Tower but is now living at Hulett, Wyoming. Jess Driskill died at his Spearfish, South Dakota, home two years ago. Gordon Jewett and his family are living on their big ranch near Big Piney, Wyoming, but Johnny Porter, Doc Long, old Wiley, Doc Middleton, old Hank and most of the other old boys have long gone to their last roundup.

John Harshfield and old Jack Palmer are gone but their widows still live in Sutherland. The Harshfield "boys" still run their dad's ranch on the creek.

Over a year ago I had a letter from Frank Watt of Moorcroft saying they are drilling for oil on some part of the old 101, and that the government is building a big dam on the river, up where the old Agee ranch was, which will back water up to a depth of eleven feet over the spot where the old ranch buildings stood. Frank closed with, "What would Johnny Porter say to that?"

## AFTERWORD TO THE BISON BOOK EDITION

PINNACLE JAKE lived five years after the publication of his book, years made interesting for him by letters and visits from some of the "boys" who peopled the pages of his book, old men now, that he hadn't seen or heard from in many years. Others, Standard Land and Cattle Company men that he hadn't known by name, delighted with the book and the memories relived between its covers, wrote him long letters of reminiscence. Among these was Gus Heldt, the Swede boy of "hard hat" memory, of Scottsbluff, Nebraska; Sam Miller, stenographer and office man at Ames in the nineties, ninety-three years old when he wrote from his home in Palo Alto, California; and Dan Gutleben, San Francisco, an engineer who helped build the sugar factory at Ames 60 years earlier.

Their recollections brought others to mind for Pinnacle, who, no longer able to ride the range in actuality, passed more and more of his time in "armchair horsebacking and back-tracking." I remember Dad best as he looked in those days, in his big chair by the west window where he could see the sun go down and decide what the next day's weather would be. His hair was thin and very white, but his eyes were bright and clear, twinkling with recollections of long past days. I can still hear him chuckle as he recalled some nameless cowboy who wore "a mustache so wide and heavy that he had to lift it out of the way with his fork so he could drink his coffee."

He remembered so many of the little things that told so much, about the men, the times, and the conditions. How, following a good rain, Doc Long would say, "Boys, let's go throw ourselves on water," and they would all ride miles out of their way to reach a lagoon they remembered, a natural basin fresh filled with rain water. The reason was simple. Most of the water in that country was alkaline and bitter, so men willingly rode far off the regular trails for a drink of good water. Men and horses both enjoyed the sweet water, and drank side by side from the lagoons. "After a few days, when the water got pretty full of bugs and the like and wasn't quite so good, we'd shake out our handkerchiefs and spread 'em on the water and drink through them, straining out the bugs."

Or, if a stranger dropped in to camp for a meal, how the cook would advise him to "'climb a wagon wheel or something, for I'm about ready to call dinner and these cowboys will run over you when they come to eat.' And he was about right, for the boys sure did come a whooping and a hollering for their grub."

We buried Pinnacle Jake on his birthday, February 2, 1956, and the words of S. Omar Barker's *The Last Trail*, read at his funeral, were a fitting end to the trail he had traveled for eighty-four interesting years.

It ain't as if lone trails was new to me—  
The prairie's ways have been my ways  
Since jest a boy, a-hankerin' to live free,  
I drifted dreamin' in the haze  
On lonesome mesas where the sun  
Sets friendly like when day is done.

Stars was my pardners and old night a friend—  
It ain't as if from some tight room  
Into the Great Gray Range without no end  
I'd step a'shiverin' in the gloom—  
'Now I'm to go it seems right good—  
I wouldn't turn back if I could.

It ain't as if adventurin' was new  
To me: my life's pack has been light  
Along far trackless trails. So it is, too,  
Now that I drift again tonight.  
The rangeland where man-trails are dim  
Somehow jest touches, rim to rim,  
God's Great Gray Desert, and I find  
His Last Lone Trail friendly and . . . kind.

NELLIE SNYDER YOST

*October 7, 1961  
Box Elder Canyon  
Maxwell, Nebraska*

## A NOTE ABOUT "PINNACLE JAKE'S" DAUGHTER

NELLIE SNYDER YOST was born at Sutherland, Nebraska, and raised in the Nebraska sandhills, so ranch activities have always been familiar to her. She writes the publisher that "I have never been lost or 'turned around' in the sandhills or the canyons, but I am both lost and turned around all the time I am in any large city. I love to visit out-of-the-way and little-known sites of historical interest; also find all sorts of early-day records fascinating; and I love to visit with old-timers." Mrs. Yost's second book, *The West That Was*, appeared in 1958, and she is currently at work on a book based on her mother's reminiscences. "Besides writing, my husband, our canyon ranch home, our son, his wife, and four grandchildren keep me well occupied."



## *"Pinnacle Jake"*

was the nickname bestowed on A. B. Snyder when he was a young cowboy on the 101 Ranch. The horse he drew to ride was elderly, but every time Snyder mounted him he'd light out for the nearest butte ("Poor old fellow; he'd been wild so long he just had to get up on a peak and look around, the way a wild horse does"). The third or fourth time this happened, one of the boys yelled, "There goes Pinnacle Jake!"—and the nickname stuck.

"This good-humored collection of reminiscences recalls more vividly than any history the true atmosphere of the cattle country of Wyoming, Nebraska, and Northern Montana during the late eighties and nineties. It is a book which will rank with the best of its kind, and like a good piece of saddle leather, this is the 'genuine article' . . ."

*Rocky Mountain News*

"One of the best range books I have read recently . . ."

J. Frank Dobie, *Fort Worth Star*

"His yarn covers a lot of cowboy practical jokes and incidents, humorous and tragic, of the old longhorn days. Good reading . . . vivid and enlightening . . . adds one more to the useful personal narratives that increase our knowledge of the West in the open-range period."

*The Westerners Brand Book*

"Anyone interested in a true account of a cowboy and his way of life in the Old West will enjoy reading this book."

Armand W. Reeder,

*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*

*Photo courtesy of State  
Historical Society of Montana*



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